



Soo laest de omgefloot ten naeste by gemacht sal  
 by sal. de Commis Verzuert en de Ract tusschen  
 by de fante doen nemen de fortificatie, de grond set con=  
 cept N<sup>o</sup>. C. twaalf genant sal warden Amstredam, daer  
 al doende graven soo verre veler als sincesmit mit de -  
 bouw. li. de, boeckst. f. en colonides hinnen gemist  
 warden

730  
THE BAPTISM OF THE FORT CALLED  
"AMSTERDAM," APRIL 25, 1625

*(Translation of the text in the original Dutch)*

"As soon as the surrounding moat shall have been almost finished Mr. Verhulst, the Commissary, and the Council shall devote themselves to the immediate construction of the Fortification according to the official plan No. C, which shall be called 'Amsterdam' and they shall employ for said purpose as many people as can be temporarily missed from among the farmers, the sailors and the colonists."







LIFE AND TIMES  
OF PIETER STUYVESANT

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Springfield, Missouri



**LIFE AND TIMES**  
**OF**  
**PIETER STUYVESANT**

**BY**

**HENDRIK VAN LOON**

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Springfield, Missouri

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To  
BERTHA *and* FRANK CASE







## FOREWORD

HIS contemporaries, the men who employed him, the soldiers who fought for him, called him "Stubborn Pete."

His enemies referred to him by a very different appellation.

He did not listen to the former and bade the latter go to the Devil.

He was about as Dutch as anything or anybody could be.

He was headstrong and honest and unbending and pious and humble and arrogant, and often he practiced all of those heterogeneous qualities at one and the same moment.

He knew his Bible by heart and could quote it to good and bad purpose at any moment of day or night.

He could find the exact verse that would justify the extermination of an objectionable tribe of Indians, but during the greatest crisis of his life he was able to defy his enemies by a simple sentence in the Gospel of St. Luke.

He had little regard for the comfort of his subordinates, but cheerfully submitted to the amputation of one of his legs when it had become neces-

## FOREWORD

sary to show his men the way to victory by an act of personal bravery.

He was a terrible tyrant but somehow or other, the little domain over which he held sway offered a greater amount of personal liberty to strangers and stragglers than any other city of the Western Hemisphere.

Above all things he was an individual, proud of his independence, jealous of all authority.

Somehow or other he could never see himself as part of the world in which he lived.

As a child among his neighbors in the little village of his native Friesland, he had been a lonely and solitary figure.

Later on, as a man, the people of Nieuw Amsterdam knew him only from a most respectable distance.

Whenever he crossed the ocean he dwelled in a sphere of his own, as far removed from the rest of the vessel as the quarter-deck of a modern battleship.

And the Governor's house in the New World was almost as inaccessible as the Heaven of his Calvinistic ancestors.

But when the play was over and the curtain had descended upon the last act of the strange tragedy along the banks of the Hudson River, he peacefully settled down among his former subjects and

## FOREWORD

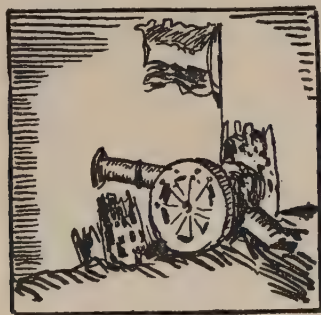
spent the rest of his days reading the Good Book, bossing his slaves, raising his fruit trees and preparing for the hour of death with the quiet resignation of a man who knew that he had done right according to the best of his humble abilities and that the account he was about to submit to the Director of All Things would balance to the uttermost stiver.

And after this little overture, I beg you to take your seat, for the curtain is about to rise.

Choose your exit now.

And if the tale should happen to bore you, do not stay until the end of the performance in order to save my feelings. The subject is an interesting one and if it fails to hold your attention, blame no one but the unfortunate author and your very humble servant,

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON.







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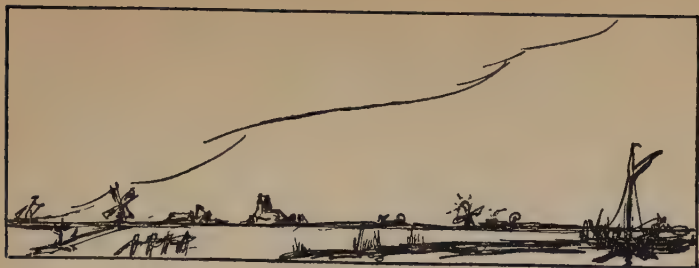
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LIFE AND TIMES  
OF PIETER STUYVESANT







FRIESLAND

## CHAPTER I

### CONCERNING OUR HERO

THE father of Pieter Stuyvesant was poor because he was a clergyman, or a clergyman because he was poor. We have a fairly complete record of his career and it is not very brilliant. An honest man, no doubt, who preached many sermons and taught many little infants their catechism; who married a couple of wives and buried them decently when they died in childbirth; who made it a point to be present at all the meetings of his provincial synod (one might pick up news about a desirable new job); who occasionally engaged in a lawsuit (and invariably lost his case with heavy damages); in short, an exemplary Dominie who spent the better part of his life bringing the Good Tidings (carefully edited by the learned professors of the now defunct University of Franeker) to the godly Frisians who either raised beautiful Holsteins or

## CONCERNING OUR HERO

turned to school-teaching, and invariably made a success of those not entirely unsimilar professions.

The full Christian name of this worthy cleric was Balthazar Johannes. That would indicate that he had seen the light of day some time before the year 1584. For on the tenth of July of that year, William the Silent, the founder of the Dutch Republic, had been murdered by one Balthazar Gerard, and thereafter the name Balthazar had not been popular among the faithful burghers of the United Seven Netherlands. Furthermore, we know from the records of the University of Franeker (founded in the year 1585 to provide the Frisian people with a staunchly orthodox training-school after their own hearts) that one Balthazar Johannes Stuyvesant had matriculated there in the year 1605.

If my guess as to the date of his birth is right, then Balthazar was twenty-one or twenty-two years old when he began his studies. During the latter half of the sixteenth century, most boys went to the university at the age of fifteen or sixteen. But as we know that the mother of our hero was also born during the early eighties, it is quite possible that Balthazar practised a trade in his native town of Dokkum before he took up the preaching of God's word. Such a course would have been quite normal in the days following immediately

## CONCERNING OUR HERO

upon the Reformation, when religion was still a part of people's lives and when a pious congregation would just as lief listen to a simple shoe-maker who had the true inspiration as to a full-fledged graduate of a theological academy who brought his sermons from the nearest book-store and learned them by heart between Saturday evening and Sunday morning.

But all this is of very little importance, as young Pieter seems to have inherited nothing from his father except that obstinacy which gave him his famous nickname and that true appreciation of his own worth and dignity which seems to have been an integral part of the clerical make-up in the seventeenth century.

Whatever qualities of mind and heart were bestowed upon him by his mother, that, alas, we cannot tell. More than likely the poor lady did not have a very happy existence. She was a native of the province of Gelderland. That made her a "foreigner," a "rank outsider" in the smugly self-satisfied, conventional little cities of Friesland where she was doomed to spend most of her married life.

But all this is guess-work on the part of the present author, for History herself is silent. We know nothing definite about the family until the year 1645 when the first Mrs. Stuyvesant "went

## CONCERNING OUR HERO

into a better home," as the Dutch language has it. Two long years the good doctor wore a widower's weeds, and then he took him another wife. But at that time, so it seems, our hero had already left the paternal home and the step-mother therefore does not enter into consideration.

Young Pieter had however a sister who was to follow him to the New World and something should be said about her. For not only was she one of the earliest "notables" (via her brother the Director) in the village of Nieuw Amsterdam, but upon one memorable occasion she even dared to defy the great man. A woman who had character enough to tell His Excellency the Lord General of the New Netherlands when enough was enough should at least have a paragraph of her own.

This older sister, Anna by name, was married to the son of a Walloon clergyman called Samuel Bayard. For quite a long time the Bayards had been established in the little city of Breda, the capital of the modern province of Brabant. That somewhat remote part of the Dutch Republic had passed through strange adventures. When the seven rebellious provinces "went Protestant," defied their legitimate liege-lord, King Philip of Spain, and set up as an independent nation, the southern part of the country, a region of pious little

## CONCERNING OUR HERO

sand-lot farmers, had remained faithful to the ancient faith and had refused to join the rebellion.

Unfortunately for themselves, they had backed the wrong horse, or to be more elegant, the wrong sovereign. In due course of time the armies of the North had conquered the greater part of the South and had pushed the Spanish garrisons back beyond the Belgian frontier. Even then, the simple peasants of this rustic land had refused to accept the Heidelberg catechism and had continued to recite their slightly older tenets laid down by the Council of Nicæa.

As a result, the popish lands of the South were turned into "conquered provinces." They were administered by special committees and their inhabitants, even the most distinguished and learned, became Dutchmen on probation who had many duties and enjoyed few privileges.

This foolish policy had the usual result. The faithful children of Rome who dwelled in these unfortunate parts, acquired the dignity of petty martyrs. They were not actually ill-treated. There was no Inquisition. There were no autos-da-fé. But the Brabantians were kept out of all public offices. They could not hope for a career in the army or in the navy. The tremendous and sudden current of prosperity that swept across Holland in

## CONCERNING OUR HERO

the seventeenth century hardly made itself felt among the inhabitants of Breda or Maastricht.

In short, the Catholics of the South were forever forced to content themselves with "second-best"—like the girls in a co-educational college—and they avenged themselves by a most rigid social boycott of everybody and everything that came from "North of the Moerdijk" (the broad water that separated Holland and Zeeland from Brabant) and by treating the Protestants who came to live among them as if they were a minor species of very thin air.

Except for the few officials who were supposed to administer the laws and the few clergymen (who preached to empty churches while their supposed parishioners went to clandestine mass) and except for the few officers of the little garrisons which were supposed to keep the conquered territory in order (and which were the only disreputable element in an eminently peaceful and incredibly respectable community) few Northerners ever ventured forth into this sandy desert. The Bayards too accepted the first favorable opportunity to escape from their dull surroundings and they moved to Alphen-on-the-Rhine, a pleasant village not far from the town of Leyden, and they celebrated the occasion by having their picture painted, a work of art that still exists and that shows us a lady and a



## CONCERNING OUR HERO

gentleman sitting in front of a large and imposing edifice which may have been their country estate and which may have been the village inn. Anyway, it was an irrefutable proof of their solid standing in the community, for only "nice people" would have dared to sit for their portrait in such a grand fashion.

The husband departed this life shortly after the year 1644 and his widow moved to the New Netherlands and in the year 1656 was granted a lot in Nieuw Amsterdam on which to build a house for herself and for her children.

So much for Pieter's immediate family.

The name Stuyvesant being fairly common in Holland, serious efforts have been made to connect Stubborn Pete with divers other Stuyvesants, important and otherwise, culled from every nook and corner of the United Seven Netherlands. But as His Excellency, the very powerful Director General of the New Netherlands, does not appear to have been bothered overmuch by requests for small favors on the part of near and distant relatives, we have every reason to believe that our hero was singularly favored in a world which is only too full of cousins, nephews, uncles and aunts, and could therefore devote most of his time to his own interests. As a sensible man, he seems to have done this with great success, for his rise in the world

## CONCERNING OUR HERO

was rapid and as he did not belong to that inner circle of merchants and bankers who in less than a dozen years had turned the new republic into their own private possession, he must have been obliged to fight for everything he got.

But Holland in the seventeenth century was not unlike our own America. There was such a terrible lot of work to be done and there were so few people, comparatively speaking, who had any executive ability, that almost any boy who had ambition and was willing to work long hours could get ahead.

Young Pieter started as a clerk with the West India Company, administered several trading-posts in Brazil, then became governor of Curaçao, that fine old smugglers' haunt off the coast of Venezuela, and then tried his hand at a new form of self-expression which almost cost him his life. He placed himself at the head of an expedition which was going to conquer the Portuguese island of San Martin. The expedition failed and the commander was so badly shot through the leg that he had to go to Holland for treatment.

The city of Alphen as I have said before was conveniently near the town of Leyden, where the most famous medical professors taught students from all over the world the secrets of anatomy and surgery. Stuyvesant accordingly went to stay with

## CONCERNING OUR HERO

his sister and the visit was a success. For although he lost a leg (which was no longer a very good one) he acquired a wife who was an absolutely ideal companion for this self-assertive colonial official, as she never said a word or in any way tried to be more than her famous husband's devoted shadow.

At the end of a chapter like this I ought to give a few details about Stuyvesant's personal life. What he drank, how he ate, what he did to amuse himself when not quarreling with his bothersome subjects of the New World, what sort of chair he sat on and whether he could speak English as well as Portuguese. But I would be obliged to turn novelist, did I wish to give you these little facts that are such an indispensable part of every modern biography.

Let me give you an example. Every child knows that the last of the Dutch governors had only one leg. But which of the two legs was missing? We have no pictures showing the Director full length. His contemporaries were silent upon the subject. A few years ago during repairs made in the vault underneath the church of St. Mark's in the Bowery the coffin of His Excellency was discovered and an examination was made of the contents. The Lord General was still in an obstinately good state of

## CONCERNING OUR HERO

preservation and then at last it was discovered which of the two legs had been smashed by the Portuguese cannon ball.

To us in America, Stuyvesant is of course a most important figure. He is part of our own antediluvian period. But the Hollanders of the seventeenth century who ruled half the world could not bother themselves to know the name of every little official who in some obscure corner of the planet held down a job that only paid three thousand a year. And after 1666 if you had asked almost any trader on the Amsterdam exchange who Pieter Stuyvesant was, he would probably have answered, "Stuyvesant? Let me see. There is a Stuyvesant in the leather business right behind the town-hall. And we once had a gardener by that name, but he got rich during the tulip craze and ran away with the clergyman's wife. Now, let me see. Pieter Stuyvesant? Oh, yes! Now I know. The old fellow who lost us Nieuw Amsterdam."

For such is life and such (since it is merely a record of many lives) is History.

The world at large respects only one thing—it respects results.

It asks no questions.

It is not interested in details.

It wants results.

When the results are there, it is contented.

## CONCERNING OUR HERO

When the results are not there, it is angered.

Stuyvesant to the average man was "the old fellow who had lost Nieuw Amsterdam."

That it was the average man himself who through his short-sighted indifference had lost that most valuable part of the American colonies, that again was something entirely different and something which that personage would never have been willing to believe.

But now that poor Pieter has been dead for more than two hundred years, we can discuss the case of Stuyvesant vs. the Judgment of the World with less passionate feelings.

Pieter Stuyvesant, an honest and courageous man, but not a shining intellectual light and too much of a conservative to understand anything about the new era into which he survived, was called upon during a certain crisis to handle a situation which no man alive could have hoped to handle successfully.

The crisis in Stuyvesant's life lasted only a week.

The period of discovery, exploration and exploitation which brought this crisis about, lasted fifty-seven years—almost two generations in that age of primitive medical methods.

Those fifty-seven years of slow decay which brought about the final collapse are of more interest to the student of the political organism than the



## CONCERNING OUR HERO

spectacular shriek with which the patient gave up the ghost.

Wherefore I shall now leave our hero to his fate while I go back a good long while and try to tell you not so much "how everything really happened" as "why everything was bound to happen in just the way it did."

On the whole I think that Stuyvesant will gain from this side-trip into the past. And incidentally you will be able to pick up a few odds and ends of history more interesting than the daily gossip of a seventh-rate village somewhere in a forgotten part of the great American wilderness.

## CHAPTER II

### CATHAY

THE history of the United Seven Netherlands was an interminable record of Man vs. Mud. In pre-historic times the eastern part of the country had been one vast morass protected from the violence of the North Sea by a narrow strip of sand dunes. By and by the swampy wilderness had attracted the attention of some of the hardier forms of vegetable life. The humble creatures had settled down among the endless swamps and had prospered. Next came a few birds and a few otters and beavers and they too had found this a safe and comfortable spot in which to raise their families. Next came man, sticking at first to the narrow rim of ocean and a diet of rabbits, then turning towards the less leaky parts of his lugubrious hinterland, building dykes, connecting islands, commencing that endless struggle with water and mud which has lasted until this very day. Next came the Romans with their inevitable roads, their inevitable law and order, their inevitable frontiers and their even more inevitable tax-gatherers. Next came warfare between the early settlers and their Roman conquerors and then the terrible breakdown of the great Roman com-

## CATHAY

monwealth, the withdrawal of garrisons, the destruction of roads, the disappearance of factory life, the neglect of the dykes, floods, misery, independence and chaos. Next came the period of the great migrations—an incessant tide of humanity that swept across the European continent without rhyme and without reason; hundreds of thousands of people coming from “somewhere,” going “somewhere else,” wearily trekking in the direction of a promised land that was forever hiding “just around the corner.”

The Low Countries did not suffer very much from this eastern visitation. Goths and Longobards and Vandals or whatever their names, they all of them knew a swamp when they saw one. Instinctively they were moving towards the flesh-pots of Italy and Spain and northern Africa. And for almost half a thousand years this outlying district of the great European continent enjoyed the peace of neglect, which is a great deal more profitable than the war which is the result of too much interest.

Then the great Nordic melting-pot began to simmer down. Here and there an ambitious Frankish or Saxon chieftain was able to consolidate his manifold farms and lands into a replica of something that almost reminded the people of the now defunct Roman Empire. Working hand in glove with their



THE PRISON

## CATHAY

new political masters, the eager messengers from the powerful Bishop of Rome were pushing forth into the northern and eastern wilderness and were converting the heathen to a new form of faith which seemed to offer a better security for future happiness and a better guarantee for the peaceful retention of present possessions than anything that had ever come from either Olympus or Walhalla.

Until these carelessly constructed, new little empires went the way of all political flesh and disintegrated and divided and subdivided themselves (after the example of all primitive organisms) and fell an easy prey to a number of energetic highwaymen, who as counts and dukes and bishops and plain knights made themselves the overlords of all of western Europe and replaced the chaos of "man against man" by the more highly ordered chaos of "group against group"—a slight gain, but a gain nevertheless.

The Low Countries too had fallen a prey to this system. The people accepted it not ungratefully and with a sense of relief. A strong man behind the high stone walls of a strong castle might be an occasional nuisance, but in case of danger often proved himself a veritable godsend.

"From the fury of the wild Norsemen, good Lord, deliver us" was more than a hollow prayer in that part of the world which during more than



## CATHAY

three centuries was daily and nightly exposed to their disastrous visitations. Theoretically there still existed a Saxon king or a Holy Roman emperor to defend them against the long-haired cut-throats from the frozen North. But in practice these loving sovereigns lived somewhere in the darkest hinterland and were too bankrupt and too much occupied with their own unruly vassals to maintain so much as a single company of gendarmes for the protection of their outlying districts.

The distant potentate was therefore losing in power but the nearby princeling gained in importance. In his own way, he was quite a tyrant, but as he hoped to live on the revenue derived from his own immediate subjects, it was to his interest to see that as many of those subjects as possible be kept alive and active. Hence the formation of small garrisons posted at regular intervals along the seashore and along the high roads. Hence a gradual cessation of raids by Norsemen and Danes and Vikings and whatever these aquatic lazzaroni cared to call themselves. Hence a slow but steady return of international trade. Hence a modest return of commercial prosperity. Hence, in the wake of this prosperity, a beginning of a little civilization, an occasional school, a very occasional painter and poet, an effort to relieve man, woman and child from the monotony of life in a spiritual jungle.

## CATHAY

Next we must consider what modern historians call the "economic aspects" of the case.

The Low Countries had been niggardly treated by Nature. A wet and dampish soil. A vile climate. Long and dreary winters. Short and windy summers. But the inevitable law of compensation had bestowed upon them one enormous advantage, they were situated upon the main roads between England and Germany and Scandinavia and France. In short, they were an ideal intermediary station for all those engaged in business between the different countries of north-western Europe. At first the little cities at the mouths of the Rhine and the Meuse were too insignificant to take any part in this trade. But gradually they became more bold, equipped an occasional ship, joined the large international commercial combinations which maintained the ideals of a "free sea" in an age when the systematic plundering of peaceful merchants was a recognized profession on the part of both pirates and kings.

And then, through a mere freak of nature, the little towns along the Zuyder Zee were suddenly elevated to a prosperity of which the most ambitious of their inhabitants had never even dared to dream.

The humble herring was at the bottom of it all. This is the way it happened.

The mediæval world was a world of simple faith.

## CATHAY

The Roman branch of the universal Church had gradually destroyed all rival creeds and her law was the law of all the lands that stretched from the Vis-tula to the Thames and from the North Cape to Palermo. The founding fathers of the new creed in their insensate hatred of all manifestations of sex had laid down the rule that the flesh of quadrupeds was of less nutritious value to good Christians than that of the humbler fishes (who were supposed to be less carnally inclined than their mammalian rivals) and that therefore the menu of fast-days and holy-days should be devoid of pork and beef and mutton and veal. This meant no great hardship to those who lived near the sea or near a river. But the folk of the mainland, without refrigerating facilities, were unable to provide themselves with piscine delicacies and to them fast-days were fast-days in the most rigorous sense of the word.

And then, behold! an ingenious Zeeland fisherman discovered a way of curing the patient herring so that the animal could be kept in a semi-edible condition for months at a time and could be transported from one end of Europe to the other.

This welcome addition to the meagre mediæval menu meant millions of dollars to the fishermen of the Low Countries. The herring unexpectedly assisted them by removing itself from the Baltic to the North Sea, thereby bringing the profitable fish-

## CATHAY

ing-grounds to within a few hundred miles from the Dutch coast. Soon all Holland went a fishing. But in those days before the invention of the deep-sea nets and steam dredges and steam trawlers and steel cables, the herring could only be caught during part of the year. For the rest of the time the sly beast moved to the bottom of the ocean, bent upon raising his numerous progeny in solitude. That meant a period of enforced idleness for the sailors of Enkhuizen and Hoorn and Veere and Arne-muiden. It meant also an absence of revenue. It meant hunger for many thousand wives and children. What more natural than that those honest skippers should look for a different form of employment, whenever the herring had turned to his paternal duties? And what more natural than to bethink themselves of those vast granaries that bordered upon the eastern coast of the distant Baltic, the products of which went often to waste from sheer lack of the necessary transportation facilities?

The agricultural methods of the fourteenth century were quite as inadequate as those of the fourth century. As long as man was taught to regard life as a despicable and unbearable blunder, as long as people in general were told (and were willing to believe) that the world in which they found themselves was merely a wicked vale of tears and that

## CATHAY

true existence did not commence until the hour of death, it was impossible to expect any lasting improvement in the condition of most of mankind. It was only when a few hundred pioneers dared to preach the dangerous heresy that Paradise began at home that some of the old barriers against general happiness and physical comfort began to be broken down.

But during the period of which I am writing, the old and wasteful methods of planting and seeding and threshing of the Carolingian era were still held in reverential honor and the only answer to the resultant famines consisted in further appeals to that high and just Heaven which, unfortunately for many of us, helps only those who help themselves.

The mediæval Dutchman was as pious as the rest of his neighbors, but an honest penny was an honest penny and he could see no harm in taking hold of the carrying trade of grain and wheat, as long as no one else was doing it, and deriving great profit from the lack of energy displayed by the other people of northern Europe. He took his fishing-smack, he gave it a thorough cleaning, he turned it into a grain ship, and then set forth to the Eastern Sea (the common mediæval name for the Baltic), filled his craft with the valuable products of the rich black earth of Poland and Lithuania and sold his wares to the hungry Spaniards and Portuguese



## CATHAY

and French and Italians at an enormous profit, thanking an Almighty Heaven that he was allowed to be the humble instrument to keep those good people from starving to death.

The inevitable cycle of the sacred Law of Economic Progress was at work. The casual angler was transformed into a professional fisherman. The herring-fisherman was promoted to the dignity of a grain-carrier. There remained only one more step to be taken, and the grain-carrier would be turned into a full-fledged international merchant.

But just then something else happened, something over which the Dutchman had no control but which for a long time threatened to reduce him once more to the rank of a petty peddler, a mere outsider from the richly laden feast of those who possessed the key to the riches of Cathay.

However much we may write about our ancestors, with whatever care we may try to imagine ourselves into the point of view of those who lived three hundred or three thousand years ago, we shall never quite succeed in capturing a spirit that has long since departed from this earth.

Take our attitude towards so simple and commonplace articles of daily use as pepper or cloves or nutmeg. To-day, a few minutes after the close of the Indian and Chinese exchanges, the spice quotations of the telegraphic news-agencies tell us just



## CATHAY

how many sacks of pepper or nutmeg there are at hand all over the world, how many sacks we may expect during the next twelve months, and what the lowest and the highest prices have been that afternoon and during the previous twenty-four hours. Now try and think yourself back into an age when the presence of a pepper-mill on your table would have identified you with one of the ruling dynasties of Europe, when a single nutmeg was worthy of special mention in a man's last will and testament, when a Burgundian heiress was an object of world-wide envy because she owned two pairs of silk stockings.

If you can do this, you will understand the power and influence of those strange city-republics called Genoa and Venice which divided the entire oriental trade between themselves and guarded every avenue of approach to Calicut and Zipangu with the help of an invincible array of battle-ships. And you will also appreciate why the problem of a new and independent road to the Indies, free from interference on the part of the Turks and the Genoese and the Venetians, was of such vast and desperate importance to such a large number of people.

And then imagine the feelings of northern and western Europe when an Italian adventurer in command of three Spanish ships discovered the way to the golden treasure-house of a hitherto unsuspected

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world; when a Portuguese captain established a direct water route between Lisbon and Calicut; and when the rulers of the Iberian peninsula, by occupying the Azores and the Cape Verde Islands, drew a line of demarcation beyond which no northern skipper must try to pass on pain of spending the rest of their days chained to the bench of an Aragonese or Algarvian galley.

Yet that is exactly what happened.

The original success of the Spaniards and the Portuguese with the Indian and American trade turned the North Sea into a mill-pond, a nice big mill-pond where one could still go fishing, across which one could carry his grain, but the "Big Money" (the money derived from dealing with the Orient) went exclusively to the devout subjects of Their Most Catholic Majesties of Spain and the almost equally devout subjects of their Portuguese rival.

What followed in the wake of the glorious discoveries of Vasco da Gama and Columbus—how the sudden dumping of so much gold and silver upon the disinherited millions of the Old World who had never seen so much as a single dollar during their entire lifetime caused one of the most disastrous crises of all times—how this economic upheaval hastened the spread of discontent against the manifold abuses of a corrupt and all-powerful clerical

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establishment—how this general dissatisfaction found a leader in a bold German monk by the name of Martin Luther—and how the ensuing fight split the whole of Europe into two warring factions—all this does not, strictly speaking, belong to this history.

Suffice it to say that the Dutch sailors, accustomed to the soul-searching loneliness of many midnight watches, trained from childhood to a life of independent action, were much more apt to think for themselves than their southern neighbors, who planted grain, tended goats and upon occasion kissed the stirrups of their liege lords without any feeling of self-debasement; and suffice it to say that the conflicting economic and spiritual interests of the Dutch people and their Habsburg (the Habsburgs, the most eminent land-grabbers of the Middle Ages, had acquired most of the floating real estate around the North Sea as a highly desirable form of investment) led to a quarrel which lasted for almost a century and which ended with the complete independence of the rebellious little principalities.

But ere this happened and long before the tolling of the triumphant bells told the watching multitudes that the preliminaries of the peace of Münster had been actually signed, the small band of heretics was forced to pass through some exceedingly uncomfortable decades of defeat and it was during this

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period of misfortune that they laid the foundations for that curious colonial empire which was to carry the colours of a small German princely family to the furthestmost corners of the seven seas, the seventy lakes and the seven hundred and seventy-seven rivers and estuaries which go to make up the greater part of our amiable planet.

### CHAPTER III

#### ESCAPE

THERE was no cheerful "Westward Ho!" for the lusty heretics, for the line of blockade that stretched from San Miguel to Cape Saint Vincent was closely guarded and besides, what Dutch pilot had ever penetrated beyond the tenth degree longitude or could find his way across the ocean once he had passed the rocks of Finisterre? Towards the east, the endless plains inhabited by Slav and Tartar formed an even more formidable barrier.

There remained one way of escape, the road that led past the North Pole, the frozen route of Strait Vaygach. But since it was their only way of escape, the English and the Dutch sailors decided to take a chance. Their bleached bones underneath the cairns of Nova Zembla, their forlorn little cemeteries on Spitzbergen, an occasional cross on Samoyede Peninsula tell the story.

Meanwhile at home the records of the bankruptcy courts show us what enormous sums were risked upon these futile ventures and how thoroughly the hard-headed business men of that time believed in a cause that was lost before it was even begun.

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For all of them secretly hoped to be the Lindberghs of the north-eastern passage. Fame and glory everlasting awaited the man who first should push his ship past the snow-covered wastes of Cape Chelyuskin.

But Cape Chelyuskin (as we now know) was only



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the beginning—the beginning of a voyage so terrible that only one man has made the trip and has lived to tell the tale. And yet they fully expected to accomplish the impossible and they expected to accomplish it in little vessels of thirty or forty tons, sailing without decent food, without decent clothing, without decent maps, without decent instruments, but with unlimited confidence in their own ability and profoundly convinced that the hard



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verities of the Old Testament would prove as inspiring underneath the Polar Star as they did at home on the familiar waters of the North Sea.

Remains the question: how much did these people actually know?

Let me draw you a little map and show you upon what scanty information they based their great expectations.

The north-western part of the Arctic Ocean had been thoroughly explored by the Norsemen. From the Faroe Islands they had moved to Iceland. From Iceland to Greenland had been a question of a few years. Once they had reached the western shores of Greenland it was inevitable that the Labrador current should carry them across Strait Davis and should deposit them on the bleak shores of Newfoundland.

But the meagre reports that had come from this distant corner of the Arctic Ocean were on the whole so discouraging that few were tempted to try their luck in that direction. Undoubtedly the Norsemen had discovered a vast new tract of land. They were welcome to it! They could keep it or leave it to the mysterious people who carried their faces on their tummies and who enjoyed an unquestionable right of priority!

But the gap—the mythical gap that should lead straightway from the Arctic to the golden realm

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of Kublai Khan—where in the name of St. Elmo and his heavenly fire, where was that gap?

No one had ever seen it. Perhaps it did not exist, and it would be wiser to concentrate one's forces upon the problem of the north-eastern short-cut where conditions were much more favorable. First of all one came to the group of the Lofoten Islands, a busy hive of wild northern fishermen. But anyway, they were Christians and would treat a shipwrecked comrade with crude but satisfying hospitality. Next there was the North Cape which offered no insurmountable difficulties. From the North Cape eastward one could follow the coast until one reached the land of the Samoyedes, harmless heathen with slanting eyes but well disposed towards strangers and eager to bargain a boatload of dried fish for a few trinkets or a blunderbuss.

Then however the difficulties began. In the first place there were the eternal ice-floes which would crack a ship as if it had been the shell of a hickory-nut. Then there was a low mountain range which suddenly arose from the waters and stretched due north for hundreds of miles. This mountain range was merely an island, called the New Island (*Novaya Zemlya* or *Nova Zembla* in the language of the Russians) and it was separated from the mainland by a strait, Strait Vaygach, which led directly into the Kara Sea. But the very name, the White

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Sea, showed that it was forever covered with floating icebergs and it was devilishly difficult to find one's way through it to the next important landmark, Cape Chelyuskin, where according to the best information of that day the Siberian coast came to a sudden end and from where one could reach the Pacific Ocean in less than a day's sailing.

Right here, however, the professional geographers came to one's assistance. The old belief that the North Pole was an enormous and deep pit in which all the big rivers of the earth found their final resting-place was now generally conceded to be a sailors' yarn. The new theory sounded much more plausible because so much more agreeable. Based upon the same subtle arguments which made us believe when we were children that the South Pole was scorchingly hot, it tried to prove that the North Pole was a region of tropical heat, that the Pole itself was covered with an open sea and that all would be plain sailing as soon as one had passed safely through the frigid zone which surrounded Siberia, Greenland and Spitzbergen.

To us, in our enlightened day and age, all this smacks slightly of a moon made of green cheese. But when Stuyvesant's father was a young man this theory was generally accepted as a thoroughly established fact. No one had ever seen that open Polar Sea. But has any one ever actually "seen"

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the law of gravitation? Has any one ever travelled to the planet Mars to observe whether the earth is really round?

In such questions, as in most problems of the past, it does not really matter so much what was actually true as what the majority of the people held to be true. The pilots of the latter half of the sixteenth century firmly expected to be able to go from Europe to Asia by following a straight line which ran directly across the North Pole.

The thing of course can be done.

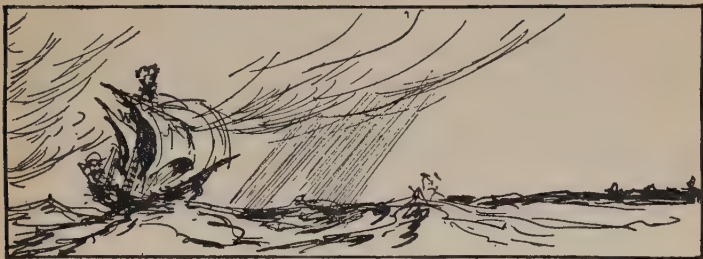
Amundsen and Nobile have done it in an airship. But when we remember the anxiety with which we followed that hazardous expedition in the year of grace 1926, we get some idea of the courage it must have taken to try the experiment in a clumsy little windjammer which could be loaded upon the deck of a modern ferry-boat and which had no other heating apparatus than one small kitchen-stove in the cook's galley.

And now let me give you a short chronological account of what had been accomplished from the end of the fifteenth century until the beginning of the sixteenth when Henry Hudson started for the North Pole and landed in Albany.

Five years after the memorable voyage of Columbus (which was really the third time America was discovered, for the people from northern Asia had

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discovered it first and the Norsemen had been second) two Italian skippers by the name of Cabot, travelling for the benefit of King Henry VII of England, had tried their luck with the north-western passage. John Cabot, the father, a man of many parts, a hardy fellow who had risked his life to visit the holy shrines of Mecca, added a great deal to the sum total of contemporary geographical knowledge. He put Labrador and Newfoundland once more on a map from which it had disappeared a century and a half before, but as far as the pas-



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sage to the Indies was concerned, he discovered nothing that was of any use. His son Sebastian, an indefatigable promoter hiring out to the King of England—to the King of France—to the Republic of Venice, was equally unsuccessful.

The same held true of Verrazano the Venetian and Cartier the Frenchman. The former was the first white man to catch a stormy glimpse of the coast of New York. The latter hopefully entered a



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wide bay which he held to be the long sought gap until he found it to be the mouth of another long river which he called the Saint Lawrence.

Next the English government bethought itself of a plan which Sebastian Cabot had carefully worked out just before his death and which suggested a feasible road to the Indies by way of the north-east. In the year 1553 a small English fleet of merchantmen, commanded by Sir Hugh Willoughby and piloted by Richard Chancellor, sailed for the Arctic Seas. It was too late in the year (no matter when these old Dutch and English explorers left their native ports, it was always "too late in the year" when they reached the polar waters) and a terrible hurricane separated Willoughby from Chancellor as soon as they had rounded the North Cape. Willoughby's journals, found after his death, show that he was still alive in the year 1554. Thereafter we know nothing. The entire expedition froze and starved to death in a part of Norway that is now a favorite playground for summer tourists.

Chancellor, more fortunate than his superior, was blown into a wide bay (since known as the White Sea) and reached land near the present town of Archangel. From there he paid a flying visit to the mysterious King of Muscovy, who received him



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kindly and sent him home with a polite note to his mistress, the beautiful Queen Bess.

Three years later, on a second voyage of discovery, Chancellor was drowned and his successors, Stephen Burrough, Arthur Pet and Charles Jackman, fared little better. It is true that they survived their experiences, and discovered a few bays and promontories and an occasional river. The sum total however of their collected observations and conclusions was most disheartening.

At best, so it seemed, the Arctic enthusiasts could hope to establish profitable commercial relations with some of the Russian traders along the coast of Siberia. We hear the name of a certain Olivier Brunel, a Protestant refugee from Antwerp, who had found a new home in Holland and who, as a member of the famous Russian firm of Strogonoff and Company, travelled all over northern Russia and western Siberia and brought back the first reliable reports about the existence of an enormous river called the Ob.

But all this was most disheartening. One risked one's money to get spices from Cathay and not to get dried fish from the Samoyedes.

And then, as usual, the unexpected happened.

In the little town of Enkhuizen on the Zuyder Zee there lived a boy by the name of Jan Huyghen

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van Linschoten, who was possessed of an irrepressible Wanderlust. First of all he had gone to Lisbon to learn Portuguese. He was of course a Protestant but he was not a fanatic and so he had



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joined the Catholic church that he might go forth and see the world as valet and confidential secretary to the Portuguese Bishop of Goa and he had followed his master to the Indies and had settled down in the town of Malabar.

Five long years Jan Huyghen spent among the

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heathen. All that time he was not only barbering the good bishop, but also learning about life in the Orient. When an attack of inverted Wanderlust drove him back home, he was a walking dictionary of Indian information and he knew the road to the delectable spice-lands as well as the best of the Portuguese pilots. As a good patriot, he then wrote a little book and gave the secret away. His grateful fellow-citizens appreciated his services. They presented him with a handsome medal and turned him into a national hero.

As for the somewhat abbreviated nautical report of the young globe-trotter, it proved to be of the greatest importance to the merchants of Holland. For the first time they now possessed a few tangible facts upon which to base their chances for successful business ventures to the Far East. Soon the Low Countries were divided into two camps. There were those who still held that the road of the North Pole was the most advantageous shortcut to the Indies and there were those who pointed to a century of incessant disappointments and who advocated the direct route by way of the Cape of Good Hope.

The former, avowed monopolists, spoke hopefully of the advantages that would come to those who had a road of their own. They put their finger on Strait Vaygach and said, "How nice it will be

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for us when we shall have fortified these narrows and shall be able to close the door against all others!" They went in for complicated calculations and proved that the distance from Amsterdam to Peking via the North Pole was five times as short as the route via South Africa and Madagascar.

But the others had grown tired of these grandiose plans which invariably ended with scurvy and shipwreck. "A splendid idea," so they replied, "this plan of fortifying Strait Vaygach, but what is the use of a door that leads nowhere?" They did not make light of a voyage of five thousand miles through enemy territory (Pope Alexander VI had conveniently divided the entire planet between his Spanish countrymen and their Portuguese neighbors) but they reasoned that it would be better to put the guns destined for the forts of the North Pole on board a few stout galleons and then trust to luck and to the superior quality of the Dutch gunpowder than to spend further millions investigating so-called "open seas" that were made of solid ice.

Being Dutchmen, they compromised in the usual way. They sent one expedition to the north and another one to the south, while the folks at home filled their glasses and laid bets to see which of the two would be the first to return.

The polar expedition, or rather that part of the polar expedition which survived, was the first to

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come back. In their bearskin coats and their caps of white fox the hardy explorers made quite an impression when they marched through the streets of Amsterdam. Indeed, everybody agreed that they were a very picturesque lot. But the story they told was one of lamentable failure.

Their expedition had been equipped with more than the usual care. The prize of 25,000 guilders offered by the Estates for those who should first navigate the north-eastern passage had attracted world-wide attention. The most competent captains and pilots had been eager to offer their services. The ships, specially constructed for travel in the Arctic Seas, had been provided with all the most up-to-date improvements and comforts.

And yet, from the start, everything had gone wrong.

Almost at the very beginning of the trip, de Rijp, the elder of the two captains, had been separated from his fellow-travellers and while trying to avoid the endless ice-floes that obstructed his progress, he had at last been driven in the direction of a mountainous stretch of land which was thought to be part of Greenland and which afterwards, on account of its many ragged peaks, had been given the name of Spitzbergen.

De Rijp, too, had been familiar with the "hot-polar-region-theory" of the contemporary geog-



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raphers. But the nearer he had come to the Pole the worse the climate had grown. Finally a north-eastern storm had carried him to the Kola Peninsula in northern Finland and there he had waited for news from his companions, who under command of Jacob van Heemskerk had been swallowed up by the fogs and the blizzards.

Early the next spring, Heemskerk and the remnant of his crew had actually returned in the two lifeboats which were all they had saved from their ship when it was destroyed by the floating ice of the Kara Sea. The story of the survivors (duly put down and turned into a perennial best-seller by the ship's barber and doctor, a certain de Veer) was pretty terrible.

Following the western coast of Nova Zembla, they had at last reached the northernmost point which they had called Cape Mauritius. From there on (if the figuring of the learned Doctor Plancius proved correct) they would have had every right to expect an easy voyage that should have led them directly to the eastern end of Asia. But instead of finding open water and a mild climate, they had got into interminable ice-floes which had caused the ship to leak so badly that they had been obliged to abandon the vessel and spend the winter in a little wooden house which they had built out of the left-overs of their former home and which was so thor-



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oughly covered with snow that the foxes and the bears used to walk across the roof.

After half a year of darkness the sun had returned and they had repaired their two life-boats



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and started boldly for home with one chance in a thousand of ever reaching port.

During this trip, Willem Barendszoon, the most competent of the early Dutch navigators and the man who had really saved the expedition from destruction, had died from exhaustion. After weeks

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of misery the others had at last fallen in with some kind-hearted Russian fishermen near the mouth of the Petchora River, who had told them of another "devil ship" that was said to be in those parts. Suspecting that it might be the vessel of their friend de Rijp, they had rowed their open tubs until they had heard the familiar sound of honest Dutch blasphemy and knew that they were once more among their own people.

It was a bitter disappointment. The reward of 25,000 guilders was indefinitely postponed. The polar route was given up as a hopeless commercial failure and the country made ready to await the return of the expedition which had sailed for the south.

In July of the year 1597 word came from Texel that the first of the Indian vessels had been sighted and were on their way to Amsterdam. Of the 250 men who had left the country early in 1595, a mere handful was still alive. The others had died from scurvy or had been killed by the natives. In order to avoid the strongly fortified Portuguese settlements of India, Houtman had made straightway for Java. At first he had been quite successful and had established amicable relations with the subjects of the different local sultans. But soon afterwards at the instigation of his Portuguese rivals the Dutch commander had been taken pris-

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oner and had been held until all the money on board the four vessels had been paid for his ransom.

This had deprived the Dutchmen of the capital necessary to do business. Then one of their ships had sprung such a bad leak that it had to be abandoned. Next two-thirds of the sailors had died from different causes and after a cursory examination of the spice-bearing Moluccas, Houtman had thought it wiser to return home and inform his employers that while the trip was possible, the wholesale exploitation of the Indies would take an enormous amount of money and would demand the absolute coöperation of all the competing Dutch interests. An occasional individual trader, acting as a pirate, might be successful in a small way, but there would be no big results until the monopoly of the Portuguese had been replaced by a monopoly of the Dutch.

Upon this last point all good Hollanders agreed. They were unanimous in their advocacy of a Dutch East India trading monopoly. The only condition upon which they insisted was this, that they themselves be made the managers and the chief stockholders of the new concern and that all their rivals be kept out of it. As such a policy was not quite feasible, nothing came of the proposed chartered company and for a while everything was left to private initiative.

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A veritable craze of "India Companies" swept across the land. Some of these little organizations, which had been started on the proverbial shoe-string, made millions. Others failed for equal amounts. Still others made millions one day and lost them again the next. By and large, it was a highly undesirable development and from the point of view of sound business, a very dangerous one. For most of the fly-by-night concerns were little better than common pirating affairs. Their ships committed every sort of highway robbery and their captains found it much more profitable to plunder peaceful neutral merchantmen than to barter the cloth of Leyden for the nutmeg of Amboina. Soon their buccaneering activities threatened to throw the country into a war with Portugal and for such a drastic step no one was quite prepared. The unobtrusive murder of an occasional Portuguese crew was of no great importance, but such amenities must not under any circumstances lead to war.

Finally, and then only after years of the most tactful negotiations, John of Barneveldt, the most intelligent and far-seeing statesman of the young Republic, induced the directors of the different "universal companies" to forget their mutual jealousies and to combine their interests into one large and truly "universal" India company, a trading concern

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with sovereign rights, a business house which maintained armies and navies, deposed princes, regulated the price of all oriental products and managed to pay an average annual dividend of twenty per cent. for a period of almost two entire centuries.

All this, the reader will argue, is very interesting, but what has it got to do with the hero of our tale?

A great deal, as I will now tell you.

Quite suddenly and with much less difficulty than they had expected the Dutch had been able to crash through the gate which was supposed to defend the road to the Indies against all outsiders. There was, so it appeared, something rotten in the state of Portugal. Except for a few strongly fortified points along the coast of Malabar and Coromandel, the Portuguese were entirely at the mercy of their better armed and better equipped rivals from Holland. Furthermore, and strange though it may seem, the fact that the Portuguese had been established within those regions for almost a hundred years was a distinct advantage to the later arrivals.

The first encounters between East and West have rarely been pleasant. The Portuguese had had a whole century in which to make themselves thoroughly unpopular. Their open contempt for all forms of native worship had caused a great deal of ill-feeling among the natives. No sooner had they



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settled down in a place than hordes of eager-eyed friars descended upon the peaceful aborigines, hell-bent upon snatching their souls from the devil.

The Dutch went to distant lands to make money and not to teach others the principles of the Heidelberg catechism. They felt just as much scorn for the heathenish idols of their new business friends as the Portuguese. They were just as indifferent about the possible values of Buddhism as the hollow-cheeked followers of good Saint Francis. But they were a little more careful to guard their innermost emotions. They did not inform the natives upon all suitable and unsuitable occasions that their gods were false gods and ought to be driven from the face of the earth. Often of course their intentions were better than their practice. Gradually a goodly number of Dominies found their way to the new possessions in the Far East. But they were tactfully persuaded to confine their activities to the servants of the Company, to preach sermons for the benefit of the directors, to keep the soldiers of the "Kompani" upon the narrow path between the right and the wrong, to baptise and marry and bury the wives and children of the civil servants, but not under any circumstances to mix their religion with business. By following this wise and tolerant (one might almost say, this Erasmian) policy, the Dutch escaped a great deal of friction and gained the good-



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will of many potentates who otherwise would have closed their ports to them and would have kept them at arm's length, and it gave them a chance (an undeserved chance, if you care, but a chance nevertheless) to pose as the unselfish friends of many million poor little brown men who otherwise would have been at the mercy of the ubiquitous and ever wakeful guardians of the Holy Inquisition.

In short, their superior ability as ship-builders, their better-trained sailors, their more powerful cannon and their practical ideal of live and let-live allowed them to found and develop a tremendous colonial empire in much less time than any one had ever dared to hope for, while a very strict enforcement of the principle of monopoly gave them a chance to defeat the efforts of those outsiders in their own country who had hoped to get their share of this lucrative trade.

But what good did it do them to own the key to the front gate as long as the back door remained wide open? What earthly use was that fortress on the Cape of Good Hope while Strait Vaygach might be put into a state of defense by almost any newcomer? In short, could the Gentlemen XVII (the official name of the Board of Directors of the Dutch East India Company, composed of seventeen members) ever hope to sleep the sleep of the just and

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righteous when any morning might bring them news of a successful Indian voyage made by some rival, by way of the polar route?

The answer to all three questions was an unqualified "No."

Not until they had obtained absolute control of both the frontal gate and the back door could their Lordships feel that they were the undisputed masters of all the Indies. They knew of course that all further efforts to reach Cape Chelyuskin had ended in the usual way, that the ice conditions in the Kara Sea had forced every ship to return whence it came, that further millions had been lost in exploring a part of the world which raised nothing more profitable than reindeer-moss and was plunged into utter darkness for six months of every year.

And yet—the chance remained that a rank outsider might succeed. Some day, some one might be luckier than all the others. Some day, news might come from Batavia, "Yesterday the good ship *The Double-Headed Calf* arrived here, coming directly from Holland by way of the Arctic Sea and the Pacific Ocean."

Or suppose that the English, who had continued their polar explorations ever since Chancellor had brought them into touch with the Grand Duke of Muscovy—suppose that the English, who now seemed to regard the White Sea as their own

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private lake—should get hold of the route via Siberia!

Or suppose that the King of France, who was moving Heaven and earth to bring the Indian trade of all nations to his own ports—whose diplomatic representative in Holland was known to have opened secret negotiations with the learned Doctor Plancius—suppose that His Majesty should send a fleet towards the north and should turn the land of the Samoyedes into a New France!

Or suppose that that queer Russian potentate who seemed to have the strangest notions about international amenities and obligations should boldly declare that all further European travellers found within his domains were to be impaled alive and that their ships were to be confiscated for the benefit of the Russian crown!

But why go on supposing while there was still time to do something definite?

During the first ten years of the seventeenth century the Amsterdam exchange was a hotbed of polar rumors. Dutch captains with million dollar plans conferred with Dutch clergymen who had discovered the secret of the northern route in one of the more obscure chapters of the Book of Revelation. French diplomats were giving discreet luncheons to exiled financiers from Antwerp and Ostend. Book-keepers and accountants of the East India

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Company had to be watched carefully lest they be approached by quiet-spoken gentlemen whose expense accounts were paid for by the merchant adventurers from London and Bristol.

Under these circumstances the Gentlemen XVII remembered their native proverb which stated that the first blow was worth twenty-five guilders. They hated to waste money on risky undertakings. But when their pocketbooks were in danger, they could be as generous as a drunken sailor.

And early in January of the year 1609 the news-mongers of Amsterdam got hold of something that was better than the usual vague bits of tittle-tattle. Henry Hudson, the most experienced of all the navigators who had ever tried their luck with the polar seas, had been in direct communication with the directors of the Dutch East India Company, he had been offered a contract, and as soon as all the details should have been settled, he was to set sail for the north and explore the north-eastern passage for the benefit of that organization.

The door to the old Road of Escape, for the discovery of which such vast quantities of blood and treasure had been wasted, was to be opened and then was to be firmly closed, that a mere handful of merchants might regulate the price of cinnamon and clove and make a solid hundred per cent. on every one of their invested dollars.

#### CHAPTER IV

### AN UNFAITHFUL SERVANT

WE do not possess a single authentic picture of Henry Hudson, and that is rather curious for he lived in a time when products of the engraver's art were as common as the pictures of the modern roto-gravure press.

We have almost no reliable information about his private life.

But what we know of his official career does not tally with the heroic dimensions of those statues which a grateful posterity has erected to his memory.

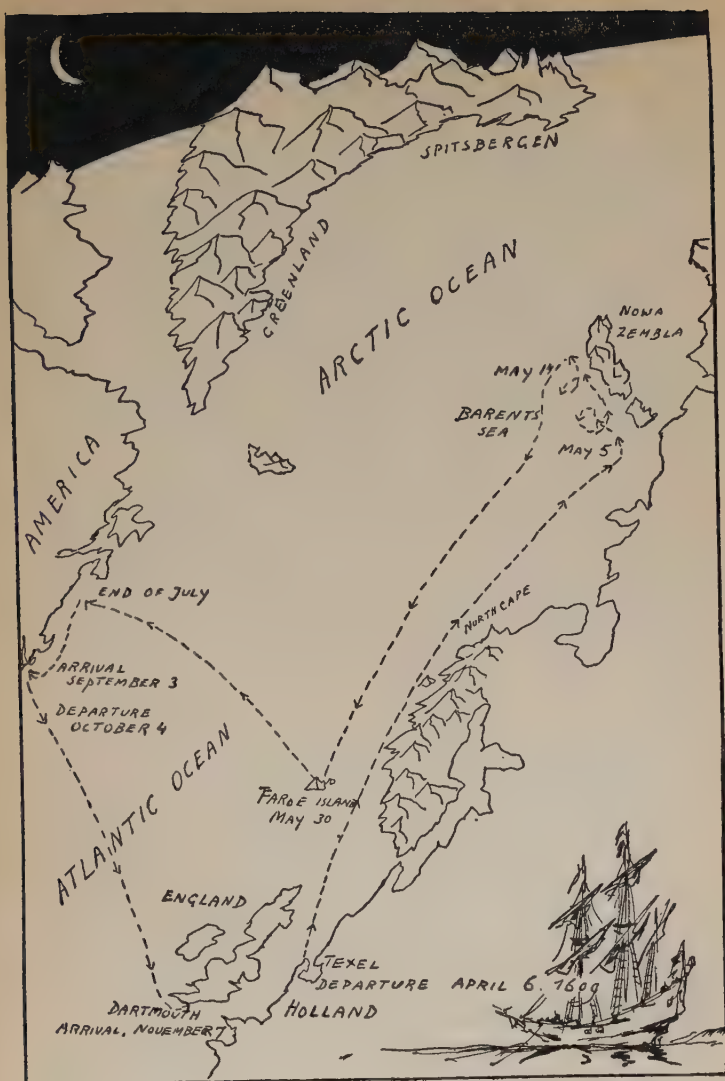
Let it be conceded at once that Henry Hudson knew his job. I will go even further. Let it be proclaimed from the mast-heads of all the ships that ever plowed the seven seas that he was one of the most ingenious and intelligent navigators of his or any other time. For he was possessed of that rare quality which sailors call "a nose for the sea" and where others were obliged to find their way with the help of compasses and charts and sounding-leads and then suffered shipwreck, Hudson "smelled" his way and arrived safely at ports which no man before him had ever visited.

## AN UNFAITHFUL SERVANT

But when we have granted all these extraordinary and brilliant gifts, we come upon certain human traits which were not so pleasant and which often interfered with the success of his expeditions. Of course, much should be forgiven him, for Henry Hudson was a "man of one idea," the victim of the overpowering delusion that he and no one else had been called upon by God Almighty to solve the problem of the polar route to Asia. Hence a sublime disregard for such sordid little items of daily life as contracts and written agreements. Hence an almost total indifference about the moral obligations of the skipper who is entrusted with another man's property. Hence a certain heartlessness towards his subordinates which led to continual friction and not infrequently to open mutiny.

Often this lack of respect for the rights of others got him into difficulties. Then, when called upon to give an accounting, he was thrown into a panic of excuses; the weather had been too terrible for words, the food on board had been bad, the sailors had refused to obey his orders, it had been too late in the year, the conditions that spring had been worse than ever before, and so on and so forth until he had persuaded some new group of ship-owners to give him another chance and let him prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that the northern road did exist and was the shortest and most practical of all routes.





HUDSON'S VOYAGE

## AN UNFAITHFUL SERVANT

He certainly must have been possessed of remarkable powers of persuasion, for although he rarely came back with anything more tangible than a lot of talk about the new capes and bays he had discovered (limited stock-companies preferred dividends to geographical information) he was sent out on four successive expeditions and when finally his crew in a panic of Arctic-night fear left him to the mercies of that vast inland sea which he had been the first to navigate, he could look back upon his career with a feeling of perfect satisfaction.

For if it be true that only that man can be called happy who is able to play the rôle which satisfies him best in his own eyes, then Hudson undoubtedly lived a perfect life. He wanted to be the greatest polar explorer of his own age.

He was.

In order, however, to achieve his ends he had been obliged to ride roughshod over many of the ordinary obligations and prejudices of daily existence—to disregard those countless minor duties which were part of every ship captain's existence! But what of it? When he died, he had travelled farther and wider than any other man who had ever ventured forth into the Arctic Seas.

All the rest, as far as he was concerned, was detail.

His employers in England and Holland had

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fumed and raged about his disobedience and had cursed him for his lack of loyalty.

But he, Henry Hudson, had had his fun.

He, Henry Hudson, had added more to the sum total of the field of geographical knowledge than all his predecessors put together.

And let the money-bags content themselves with this one scrap of sublime consolation: that they would be able to tell their children, "Our name will live, for we were once upon a time associated with Henry Hudson!"

. . . . .

As for the actual period of this man's career as an explorer, it did not last very long, only five years (from 1607 to 1611), but those five years were crammed full with adventures and experiences of a most extraordinary variety.

The first voyage took place in the year 1607, when Hudson was sent out by the English Muscovy Company to find the direct northern route to China. He went north until he reached the eastern coast of Greenland. He followed this until he got to the ice-fields which stretched between Greenland and Spitzbergen and which were such a terrible barrier to navigation that it took three centuries before any one was able to find a way through them. (A Swede, Nordenskiöld, did it in 1883.) Skirting the ice he finally came to Newland (the old name for

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Spitzbergen), turned right-about, saw an island which he called Hudson's Touches (the present Jan Mayen Island), and from there returned to England.

The observations made on this trip had led him to the conclusion that de Rijp and Barendszoon had been right when they suggested that Greenland and Spitzbergen formed one vast continent which lay like a solid block of granite across the entire northern route and that the only two means of escape to the Indies were either the road that went eastward through the passage between Nova Zembla and Spitzbergen (I will now drop the old name of Newland) or the road that went westward through the strait which John Davis had discovered in the year 1585.

Therefore the next year when the Muscovy Company sent him out upon his second expedition, Hudson no longer bothered about Greenland but following a more easterly course he went directly to the Barents Sea (that part of the Arctic Ocean which is bordered by Spitzbergen, Nova Zembla and northern Russia) and tried to find a passage through the ice north of Cape Mauritius. But he failed to find open water, it was too late in the year to try Strait Vaygach, and once more he was obliged to return home without having accomplished anything of a practical nature.

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We can hardly blame him that he now came to the conclusion that the north-eastern passage was an impossibility. He must have been familiar with the literature upon the subject. It was an era of tremendous geographical curiosity. Every little expedition had its penny-a-liner, every polar ship its poet. And where such great pilots as Barendszoon and de Rijp and Heemskerk had given up in despair, we cannot blame Hudson for joining those who felt that the thing could not be done. Once he had reached that conclusion, he was in honesty bound to try the alternative—to try the north-western route.

It was late in the year but nevertheless he made for Cape Farewell (the southernmost point of Greenland) and tried to reach that wide stretch of water which Martin Frobisher had first seen in the year 1576 and which he had hoped might carry him to the "backe syde" of the world and to Cathay. Incessant head-winds prevented him from getting far into Strait Davis before the winter set in and so for the second time he was obliged to return to London and report that the road of escape had not yet been found. But, so he added, there were plenty of big fish in those waters. Even more than the year before. And there was no one to catch them.

The Muscovy Company took the hint. The heathen Chinese of Peking were discarded for the

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more prosaic whales of Spitzbergen and the Muscovite gentlemen switched from problematic gold to less intangible (and therefore infinitely more profitable) sperm-oil.

As for Captain Hudson, he was now in the unpleasant position of a man who was so famous that he was without a job, for no one dared to offer him a trifling position and the big chances were very rare.

When at last he heard of the great interest in polar exploration in Amsterdam, he was eager to be one of the candidates. But he must proceed with caution. For he was a British subject. The information which made him such a valuable pilot in the polar seas he had obtained in the service of British companies. He was therefore a highly valuable bit of floating geographical knowledge to the country which claimed him as one of its own. However attractive the offers from Holland might sound, Hudson must have entertained certain doubts about the correctness of the course he was tempted to follow.

But, as I have said before, Hudson was a man of one idea. He must either find that thrice damned short-cut to Asia or perish in the attempt. And when the Dutch East India Company actually offered to give him a ship of his own, offered to pay him a year's salary in advance, offered to pay his



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wife a bonus if he did not return within a year, he promptly fell for the temptation. He left his native country and moved to Amsterdam. He went even further than that and promised to settle in Holland in case he should be successful and his new employers should wish to avail themselves of his services for the next dozen years.

There was only one fly in this otherwise most delectable ointment of written promises and guarantees: Hudson must, to the absolute exclusion of all other possibilities, agree to stick to the north-eastern route and try his luck "by way of northern Nova Zembla." Under "no circumstances" must he attempt to go to Asia via the western road.

But as good King Henry of Navarre had said only a short while before when offered the throne of France on the condition that he would abjure his Protestant errors, "The town of Paris is surely worth an occasional visit to Holy Mass."

In this instance, the prospect of a vessel all one's own, of unlimited cash, of a crew of hardy sailors, more than made up for a bothersome promise (which, however, was only a paper one) and Hudson willingly signed everything that was laid before him.

There were a few anxious moments when one or two of the more suspicious directors of the Dutch company got exasperated with the haughty be-

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haviour of their new servant and asked themselves: "When this man dares to disobey us right here under our own noses, what won't he do once he is out of our sight?" But the others muttered something about the "unaccountability of genius" and on the sixth of April of the year 1609 Henry Hudson and a crew of eighteen men left the road of Texel and meekly made for the Barents Sea "as per instructions."

This time luck was with the Englishman. All his predecessors who had tried the eastern route had reported that they had come "too late" to find an opening in the ice. Hudson was able to offer the novel excuse that he had reached the Arctic "too early." The Barents Sea, although summer was at hand, was still one vast mass of ice and it was evidently impossible to push further into the Kara Sea. Those who have seen the replica of the *Halve Maen* (which lies rotting somewhere near Yonkers) will hardly wonder that the crews of such vessels were in a constant state of near-mutiny. It must have been devilishly uncomfortable on board such a small, unheatable yacht (the *Halve Maen* was only a yacht) in the midst of the endless ice-floes. Hudson now made clever use of the spirit of discontent. As he explained afterwards to van Meteren, the Dutch consul in London, what was he to do? Several of his sailors had spent the last few

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years in the tropics and therefore were not at all fit for service in the Arctic. They fell sick as soon as the weather turned cold and they complained so violently that the others also lost heart. Besides, had not the experience of the last fifty years shown how absolutely impossible it was to do anything in that region? Wherefore and in consequence whereof, it had seemed fairer, not only to himself but also to the true interests of his employers, to call together a ship's council and ask his men whether they wanted to continue for another couple of months in the Barents Sea or whether they should acknowledge their defeat, turn their back upon the north-eastern passage and try their luck in the west.

Then, when his men had unanimously declared in favour of the western scheme, had there been any other course left to him but to change his plans, sail for the Faroe Islands to get a fresh supply of water and make a quick dash across the Atlantic Ocean before it should be too late in the summer to do anything at all?

All this, when offered as an apology for conduct that bore a very close resemblance to flagrant disobedience, sounded very plausible. But there was one small item in the chain of arguments which looked suspicious. Why did Hudson decide to go to the Faroes? All previous expeditions had used the Lofoten Islands as their base of operations. All

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reckonings had been made with the Lofoten as the point of departure. Hudson must have known this. He also must have reckoned with the chance of falling in with other Dutch ships as soon as he came near the coast of Norway. They would have asked him what he was doing there. In the strictest sense of the word he was a mutineer. Uncomfortable news had a way of travelling fast. The appearance of this vessel (which was supposed to be near Cape Chelyuskin) in the neighborhood of the Maelstrom (the harmless original of Mr. Poe's terrible whirlpool) was sure to be reported to the owners and who knows but in their anger they would send some one after the runaways to call them back. Such a proceeding would have interfered most disastrously with Hudson's secret plan, which he had now placed before the assembled crew and which was nothing less than to find the opening in the North American coast reported eighty-five years before by the Venetian Giovanni Verrazano and vaguely mentioned on a map which just before his departure from England he had received from his old crony, the venerable Captain John Smith of Lincolnshire, Constantinople, Rome and Jamestown.

This John Smith was an extraordinary character, who after a lifetime of incredible adventures had entered the service of the English Virginia Company and was now trying, with the moral sup-

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port of Machiavelli and Marcus Aurelius, to call a bankrupt organization back to a semblance of life and prosperity.

Once more, from the point of view of strict business ethics, a famous explorer was at fault. John Smith had had no business to surrender so valuable an asset as a map of an unknown part of America to a rival who was suspected to having offered his services to a foreign nation. But when we remember that at that very moment a former merchant from Antwerp, now enjoying the hospitality of the Dutch Republic, was preparing an expedition of his own to follow in the footsteps of Hudson with the secret purpose of selling the results of his investigations to the King of France, we come to the conclusion that the year of grace 1609 was very much like the year of grace 1928 and that the slogan "business is business" was not invented yesterday or the day before.

But all these noble observations are a little beside the point. If Hudson had been entirely honest, he would never have set foot on Manhattan Island, there would have been no settlement of the New Netherlands, Pieter Stuyvesant would have remained an obscure colonial official all his life long, and I would not be writing this book. No, I had better accept what History has to offer me and proceed with my tale.



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The *Halve Maen* left the Barents Sea on the fourteenth of May and reached Stromo, one of the larger Faroe Islands, at nine o'clock in the morning on the thirtieth of May. Hudson apparently was in a hurry for he cleaned out his water-vats and filled them with fresh water in less than a day. The next morning Hudson and his men went on shore for a little exercise (the only time during the entire voyage that the captain actually seems to have left his ship) and at one o'clock in the afternoon of the same day the *Halve Maen* set sail for the West.

That evening, so we read in the diary of Robert Juet of Limehouse, Hudson's mate, for the first time in two months they were obliged to steer by artificial light. The polar region had been left behind for good and all.

Straight as an arrow Hudson now crossed the ocean. On the first of July he was close to the banks of Newfoundland. The next day he saw a sail, the next day he passed through a fleet of French fishermen (it sounds like the log of a modern transatlantic voyage) and then, after the usual delay caused by the usual Newfoundland fogs, he entered Penobscot Bay where he decided to remain a few days and get himself a new foremast as the old one had been blown overboard during a storm on the night of the fifteenth of June.

While the carpenters were at work, the rest of



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the crew spent the time lobstering and swapping "red Cassockes, Knives, Hatchets, Copper Kettles, Trevits, Beades and other trifles" for "Beaver skinnes and other fine Furres" with the peaceful natives of that neighborhood. Why Hudson should have allowed his sailors after such a reception to get completely out of hand, to go on a terrific spree, set fire to the Indian village and steal the Indian canoes, that I don't know. The excuse offered by Juet that the visitors had to "take spoyle of the Salvages of the cuntrye as they would have done of us" sounds feeble, to say the least. But discipline was lax on all of Hudson's vessels and this outbreak was only the first of many similar disgraceful episodes.

During the next five weeks nothing happened. Hudson followed the coast of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, suffered from the heat, espied an occasional Indian fishing along the seashore, and finally, during the first days of September reached the spot where John Smith's map indicated the long sought gap.

Early on the morning of the second of September he noticed the light of a great fire and when the sun arose he saw a land "from the West by North, to the Northwest bij North, all like broken Ilands."

Carefully feeling his way with the help of the

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sounding-lead, he next came to a "great Lake of water, as wee could judge it to bee, being drowned Land, which made it to rise like Ilands, which was in length ten leagues. (The region around Sandy Hook.) The mouth of that Lake hath many shoalds, and the Sea breaketh on them as it is cast out of the mouth of it. And from that Lake or Bay, the Land lyeth North by East, and wee had a great streame out of the Bay; and from thence our sounding was ten fathoms, two leagues from the Land. . . . This is a very good Land to fall with, and a pleasant Land to see."

The next morning he waited until the mist had cleared and at ten o'clock weighed anchor and stood to the northward. And at three o'clock in the afternoon he came to "three great Rivers."

The rest of the story is common knowledge.

Hudson, hoping against hope to find something more useful than a mere river, continued his researches in a northern direction.

Instead of finding Cathay, he got to Albany.

Then he gave up the search and after a grand and disgusting debauch with the Indians (shoot them or get drunk with them, it was all the same to the sailors of the seventeenth century) he returned to the lower bay, had a number of further unpleasant encounters with the savages, and leaving behind a trail of killed and drowned and mutilated natives,

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the *Halve Maen* hoisted her "mayne-sayle, her sprit-sayle and her top-sayles" and sailed for the East.

But although the staunch little yacht was eventually to find her way back to Holland, her skipper never returned to the country which had sent him forth upon this memorable voyage. Which brings us to the second mystery in Hudson's career.

On the second of December of the year 1611 the Marquis de Guadaleste, the representative of the King of Spain in the Low Countries, whose business it was to keep tab on the doings of the heretics, wrote to his royal master from Brussels as follows: "Juan Hudson, who a short while ago was sent towards the north by the Dutch East India Company, has returned to England. But has given no accounting to his owners."

What had happened?

Hudson's return voyage had been very easy and there seems to have been no reason why he could not have gone straight back to Holland. Instead he went to Dartmouth and from there wrote to Amsterdam, telling his employers shortly what he had done and asking for money and a few additional sailors.

The answer of the Gentlemen XVII was a peremptory order to report to them at home. Meanwhile the presence in a British harbor of a ship flying the Dutch flag but commanded by an Eng-

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lishman, a former captain of the British Muscovy Company, with a crew composed for the greater part of Englishmen, a ship which was said to have been poaching upon certain territories which by the grace of God and His Britannic Majesty belonged to the Virginia Company, had not escaped the attention of the English authorities. Before Hudson could raise anchor (if ever he intended to do so, which seems extremely doubtful) he and the Englishmen among his sailors were forbidden to leave their native land and all of the ship's papers were removed to London for further inspection.

Eventually the *Halve Maen* was returned to its rightful owners, for soon afterwards the name of the ship once more appeared among the vessels that cleared from Texel, and a few years later we hear of a *Halve Maen* which was lost in a storm near the Island of Mauritius and which was undoubtedly Hudson's former vessel.

But what became of the diaries and the notes and the maps of Henry Hudson?

We do not know.

Whole volumes have been written to prove that this or that or the other map of America which soon afterwards was published or printed in Amsterdam or Florence or Salamanca had "undoubtedly been based upon data brought back by Henry Hudson." But all this is mere supposition.

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We do not know and the chances that we shall ever find out are exceedingly thin. And when, a few weeks after the Captain's return to his native land, it was rumored on the Amsterdam Exchange that a new company was being formed in England, headed by such prominent financiers and social figures as Sir Dudley Digges, Sir John Wolstenholme and Sir John Smythe, that this organization was putting the *Discovery*, a vessel of fifty-five tons in commission for a new exploration of the north-western region, that Captain Henry Hudson had been hired to command the expedition, and when it became furthermore known that on the seventeenth of April, only five months after his return from his Dutch voyage, this same Captain Hudson had quietly slipped away from London without making any further efforts to get into personal touch with his erstwhile employers, the feeling in Holland towards the British pilot was not exactly cordial.

The Directors of the East India Company, never very anxious to take the public into their confidence, have left us no written expression of their sentiments. But Hessel Gerritszoon, the historian of the north-eastern passage, writing two years afterwards, gives us a fairly clear idea of the impression Hudson's strange behaviour had made in the Low Countries. "Hudson," so he wrote, "returned to England without having accomplished anything



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profitable." And in a second edition of his famous book he adds, "but it is generally agreed in these parts that he refrained from following the right course from the very first, that he might not be of any service to our country."



When these words appeared in print, Hudson no longer was able to contradict them. He may still have been alive, but it seems doubtful. His last voyage had ended in a terrible disaster combined with a scandal that is almost unique in the history of the sea.

By the middle of June of the year 1610 the *Discovery* had entered Davis Strait and avoiding the supposed "Strait of Frobisher" (really a large bay, and not a strait at all) it had followed a more western course until it reached the strait which to-day is called after Hudson himself and which separates Labrador from Baffin's Land. A month later the ship had discovered a large inland sea (now called Hudson's Bay) on the shores of which the winter had been passed in great discomfort and amidst endless haggling between the commander and his men.

The morale of the crew must have suffered greatly during the long and hungry polar night, for no



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sooner had the *Discovery* left the mouth of James Bay than the Captain, his son, and seven loyal sailors (including several who were too weak or too sick to work) were placed in an open boat and were left to shift for themselves while the *Discovery* made for England.

On the way home the leader of the mutiny, a certain Henry Greene (whom Hudson had given a job to keep him from starving to death in London), was murdered by the Eskimos, several other sailors died from hunger and the rest, when they reached England, were thrown into jail.

But of Hudson himself, not a trace was ever found. He disappeared as he had lived—a strange man, a lonely man, a ruthless taskmaster, an irresponsible servant of those who trusted him with their commercial interests, but a most brilliant navigator and a sublime egotist, ever aware of his own great mission to be the first to connect the East and the West by way of the North.



In the busy bee-hive of the Netherlands nothing ever remained a secret for more than a couple of weeks. In the end the news of the American discoveries may even have found their way to the peaceful meadows of Friesland.

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Pieter Stuyvesant was eighteen years old when all this happened. He probably heard about the big new rivers and the pleasant island covered with hills and most likely he shared the opinion of his neighbors. "Nothing to it . . . naked savages and poisoned arrows . . . a land without cities and without gold, a land without spices . . . why bother about it when next week there is another squadron going to the Indies? . . . Now the Indies . . . Java, Amboina, Ternate . . . there is a country for you . . . kings with diamonds in their noses . . . elephants with golden tusks . . . towns made of solid silver . . . islands that grow enough nutmeg and pepper to make us all rich by a single harvest . . . but all this talk about America . . . beavers and fish and fish and beavers . . . no, sir! . . . when I invest my money, I buy me a few shares of the India Company . . . they come high, but they are going even higher . . . as for America . . . not a cent, my dear sir, not a cent!"



Meanwhile in the slums of Amsterdam and Leyden a small and poverty-stricken group of religious fugitives from England was painfully trying to make both ends meet and keep its children from being contaminated by the heresies of the "foreigners" upon whose bounty they depended for a

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livelihood. The Dutch, not bothering to inquire into their exact theological status, judging them only by their solemn appearance and their doleful way of psalmodizing, called them Puritans and were mildly amused by their aloof behaviour and by their profound sense of self-righteous superiority.

Strictly speaking, however, these good folk were not Puritans at all but were Brownists and they were honest little tradesmen from certain villages in the northern part of England who had fled across the North Sea in the year 1608 when life at home had become intolerable on account of the persecution to which they were exposed from the side of their beloved sovereign King James I.

Now they were allowed to worship whenever, wherever and in whatever way they pleased. But they were not happy. They found it very difficult, as outsiders, to make a living in a country where the walking delegate was supreme. Their children were going to Dutch schools, were playing with Dutch kids, were falling in love with Dutch girls and in a hundred other ways were rapidly being de-hyphenated. The prospect of becoming the ancestors of a "foreign" progeny was terrible to these middle-class souls from the English backwoods. Furthermore, although the country of their adoption was now at peace, with all the world, the twelve years' truce with Spain would soon come to an end and the Dutch constitution (or whatever these peo-

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ple regarded as their constitution—some sort of a treaty between their different states) provided for general service of all male beings between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, regardless of nationality. That would mean nothing more nor less than that the Puritan boys might be called to the colors for the defence of a country which had only given them a new home but which was not the place of their birth.

It was high time for the little English congregation to look for a change of address.

They had heard vague reports about the fertile new valleys discovered by one of their own countrymen in a hitherto unknown part of Virginia. They sent letters to London and asked questions. The answers were not encouraging. For the moment they were obliged to stay where they were.

But one never could tell!



Forty years later, the minister's son from Dokkum was building a high wooden palisade across Manhattan Island to keep the descendants of the Leyden refugees out of his own property.



A strange story and rather interesting.

## CHAPTER V

### ENTERS THE PROMOTER

ON the evening of the tenth of October of the year 1609 the Indians of Manhattan Island had seen the last of their unwelcome visitor, and during the next four years they were again allowed to live in peace. For although we hear vaguely of a ship called *de Vos* which was said to have obtained a cargo of beaver-skins near the mouth of the Hudson River and although we know that old Le Maire (the most persistent and successful of the East India Company's many enemies) had threatened to establish regular commercial relations with the newly discovered lands of the Sanhicans and the Mackwaas, we are without a single documentary bit of evidence upon this highly interesting subject.

It is more than likely that a few Dutch skippers passed through the Narrows. It is also fairly certain that others tried in vain to find the river which Hudson was said to have discovered, that they failed and that they denounced him as a liar and called his "so-called" explorations a clever ruse by which he hoped to obtain further funds from his employers in Amsterdam. But upon all these interesting subjects we have no definite information.

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For all I know, those who claim that Dutch sailors erected a few wooden shanties on the point of Manhattan Island and that the island was therefore inhabited at least a dozen years before the founding of the city of Nieuw Amsterdam may be right. We just don't know and we had better let it go at that. But during the last week of July of the year 1614 a ship called *de Fortuyn* returned to Amsterdam with a cargo of beaver-skins and a story that was worth the telling.

During the summer of the previous year, five Dutch vessels had crossed the ocean and had made for Cape Cod to work their way in a southerly direction until they found natives with whom they could trade. What became of three of them is not known, but the *Fortuyn* and the *Tijger* safely reached the coast of America and were fortunate enough to rediscover the river which Captain Hudson was supposed to have visited several years before and where the savages were said to be of a meek and willing disposition.

The larger of these two vessels, the *Fortuyn*, was commanded by a certain Hendrick Christiaenszoon (or Christiaensen—don't ask for a correct spelling of names in an age when Shakespeare might be rendered in a dozen different ways) and the *Tijger* had as its skipper a former supercargo or purser by the name of Adriaen Block.





THE FIRST DUTCH SETTLEMENT, ADRIAEN BLOCK, 1614

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Personal data about those two gentlemen are sparse. Of Christiaensen we are told that he was a native of the little German town of Cleves, just across the Dutch border, and that shortly after the year 1616 while he was in command of Fort Nassau (the present city of Albany) he was murdered by an Indian whose two small cousins he had stolen a few years previously and whom he had taken back to Holland to give them the superior advantages of a Christian education and train them for the ministry among their own heathen relatives, a pious proceeding which does not seem to have been properly appreciated by the boys' relatives.

As for the excellent Block, we don't know when he was born or where or why. Neither have we any definite knowledge about the place or the year of his death. Local pride may point with pride to his homestead on Manhattan Island and may claim him as one of the earliest citizens of our far-famed city. But local pride is very apt to take small liberties with the truth. While it is impossible to make a flat statement to the effect that Block, after the year 1614, never again set foot in the New World and that therefore it was impossible for him to depart this life in Nieuw Amsterdam, it is equally impossible to prove that he did. In view of what he actually accomplished, in view of the tremendous

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services which he rendered unto his fellow-countrymen by making them acquainted with the true value of the new territory recently discovered by Captain Hudson, we may well overlook his negligence in not providing us with the desirable "ancestral data." Without his careful charts and maps the settlement of Nieuw Amsterdam might have been delayed for another twenty or thirty years. In the end there might never have been any New York, and Boston might still pose as a metropolis.

Wherefore we give three lusty cheers for old Adriaen and tell you the story of a sad adventure that was turned into a most successful voyage of discovery.

As soon as the *Fortuyn* and the *Tijger* had reached Sandy Hook, they separated. The *Fortuyn* went further south to the mouth of the Delaware River and the *Tijger* went up the Hudson. Again we are left in the dark about certain details which we would dearly love to know. But somewhere between Manhattan Island and the present city of Albany the *Tijger* caught fire and was so severely damaged that she was no longer seaworthy. The date of the accident is uncertain but it must have been during the Indian summer of 1613. Captain Block was left to his own devices. He was three thousand miles away from home, he could not hope

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to communicate with the *Fortuyn* until next spring and he found himself with two score lonely sailormen on a distant and inhospitable shore.

What he did shows him to have been a man of eminent commonsense. He set his merry bargemen to work. First he made them build a few huts in which to pass the winter decently and comfortably. When that had been done, he constructed a small ship's wharf and began to build a boat. It must have been a comparatively mild winter. The men do not seem to have suffered from the usual hardships of stranded mariners and they hammered and sawed with such a will that early the next spring their craft was ready to take to the water.

No pictures have come down to us of this memorable event—the first ship launched in our own part of the New World. But it is more than likely that Block should have followed the model with which he was familiar at home. In that case the little vessel which he baptised most appropriately the *Onrust* or the *Restlessness* must have looked very much like the type of one-masted yawls which were then used on the rivers of his native land and which, with only minor changes, are still used to-day. Those vessels were and are exceedingly seaworthy. They answer well to their rudder. They can stand a considerable amount of buffeting, but they are also very useful in shallow water, advantages which

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were well-nigh ideal for a craft that was to be driven through the whirlpool of Hell Gate and that was to nose its way into all the many creeks and inlets of the coast of Connecticut and Long Island.

No diaries remain to tell us of Block's daily progress, but the information which he afterwards presented to the mapmakers of Amsterdam shows that he explored all of Long Island Sound, discovered Block Island (the Paradise of the modern bootlegger) and continued his researches as far north as Staten Baai which a prosaic modern world knows as Cape Cod Bay. From there he returned to the mouth of the Hudson River where he was picked up by his colleague Christiaensen and leaving the good ship *Onrust* to the mercy of the Manhattanese savages, he climbed on board the *Fortuyn* and returned to his native land which he reached during the last week of July of the year of grace 1614.

The generation of Stuyvesant's childhood, brought up on de Veer's hair-raising account of the winter spent in Nova Zembla, does not seem to have been greatly impressed by the story of Block's shipwreck or his adventures on the little *Onrust*. Otherwise, an era which had such a mania for foreign travel would have presented us with a little pamphlet upon the subject. As far as we know, no such pamphlet was ever printed and it is more than likely that Adriaen Block himself would have been



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completely forgotten but for the existence of a so-called "figurative map" which bears his name, which is still preserved in the Royal Library at the Hague, and which for the first time gave the merchants of Holland a clear and concise idea about the tremendous commercial possibilities of the new territories which Henry Hudson had discovered and which continued to be at the mercy of any and all comers. And it was the information brought back by Captain Block which emboldened thirteen business men of the northern part of Holland to accept the offer of the Estates General of the twenty-seventh of March of the year 1614, by which Their Excellencies promised an exclusive trading privilege to whomsoever should establish direct relations with the country called the New Netherlands and who in proof of their good intentions should back up their claim with an authentic map and a certificate of solvency.

On the eleventh of October of the year 1614 the thirteen obtained their charter. It allowed them to send out four expeditions each year during a period of three years.

The new company had no sovereign powers. It was to be no replica of her big East India rival. It was simply a trading concern. It was given certain exclusive rights over the territory which was supposed to be situated between Virginia and New



## ENTERS THE PROMOTER

France. The whole affair was still in a state of amateurish clumsiness.

But it was a beginning. And the men who were at the head of this first organization that undertook to exploit the present states of New York and New Jersey and northern Pennsylvania seem to have known what they were doing. For they chose the region around Albany as the center of their new colony and near the spot where the French, coming overland from Canada, had built their first fortress in the year 1540 they erected a small blockhouse which they called Fort Nassau. It was the second city which the white man built within the domain of the original thirteen colonies and to-day it is called Albany.

It was the year of our Lord 1614 and six years before the advance guard of Stuyvesant's future enemies made its appearance among the rocks of Plymouth Bay.

## CHAPTER VI

### A SPECULATIVE INVESTMENT

IN the same year in which Hudson had started his memorable trip to the New World and had discovered the river which bears his name, a truce of twelve years had been concluded between the United Seven Provinces and their theoretical masters, Albert of Austria and Isabella of Spain. For Philip II, who like many other princes could be exceedingly generous with things that did not belong to him, had bestowed his possessions in the Low Countries upon his beloved daughter Isabella when she married her Austrian grand duke. On the whole, this was a wise political move. It would have been out of the question for the rebellious provinces to enter into negotiations with a monarch who had been little better than an executioner and a hangman. But young Isabella could not be held responsible for the sins of her father and her husband, a former cardinal, was said to be a fair-minded and generous man.

The Estates General however had refused to accept this peace-offering. They knew, what was no longer a secret to anybody, that the Spanish crown

## A SPECULATIVE INVESTMENT

was hopelessly bankrupt, that the public debt had been quadrupled in less than twenty years, that the treasury department was four years behind with its disbursements, and when Isabella and Albert made their festive entrance into Brussels, everybody was there, but the eagerly anticipated delegates from the northern provinces had failed to make their appearance and the war (for it was no longer a revolution) had continued as before.

During the next decade conditions had steadily grown worse. The prosperous old cities of Flanders, bottled up by the Dutch navy, had been turned into gigantic almshouses. The more energetic element among the inhabitants had been exiled on account of its Lutheran and Calvinistic tendencies, credit was dead and the region between Antwerp and Bruges (the most valuable piece of European real estate during the Middle Ages) was full of "deserted farms." For the first time in the memory of man, wolves were seen in the southern part of Brabant and the Spanish garrisons, for lack of regular pay, were living on whatsoever they could steal from the populace they were supposed to protect.

Their Royal Highnesses therefore deigned to propose a truce and the Estates General, eager to have a short respite and be able to put their house in order, were found willing to discuss terms. The negotiations might have led to peace except for



THE BESIEGED CITY

## A SPECULATIVE INVESTMENT

those unfortunate points upon which neither side would make the slightest compromise.

The Dutch insisted that they must be allowed to trade freely in all parts of the world which belonged to either Spain or Portugal (then temporarily in the possession of Spain), a proposition to which the Spaniards refused to listen, while the Spaniards demanded that the Catholics then residing within the compass of the Dutch Republic should be given freedom of worship, a fairly reasonable request but which threw the Dominies of Holland into a panic of fear which soon spread to all parts of the country and led to innumerable sermons upon the perfidious character of the Scarlet Woman.

The word "peace" therefore was not mentioned and "truce" was substituted. This "truce" was to last a dozen years. Thereafter the two contending parties would do whatever they might see fit to do.

No sooner had the preliminaries been signed than the northern provinces entered upon a veritable orgy of activity. The country had been at war for more than forty years. Eighty per cent. of the national revenue and an equal proportion of the national energy had been wasted upon armies and navies and the maintenance of fortresses and means of communication.

Now the time had come to gather in a golden harvest.



## A SPECULATIVE INVESTMENT

Unfortunately John of Barneveldt, the man who together with William the Silent had been responsible for the foundation of the new state and who regarded the famous "truce" as the greatest achievement of his life, was a liberal. He belonged of course to the established church and on Sundays slept his way through the Court preacher's endless exhortations with due respect and solemnity. But like William the Silent, he was at heart a liberal. Well versed in the classics, he sincerely believed that no one had as yet discovered the exclusive road to salvation (or was ever likely to do so) and in the meantime he was in favor of letting every one follow such footpaths of sanctity as best suited his own tastes and prejudices. And because he was a man of very superior ability, and because his mind most of the time was too busy with more important questions, he failed to understand the danger that would threaten his country from the side of the Calvinistic leaders just as soon as peace should have been declared.

For the creed of Calvin was a rule of conduct for the garrison of a besieged city. It had grown out of the necessities of the moment. Luther, even during the most desperate days of his career, had had the backing of several powerful princes. Those princes were more interested in plundering monasteries than in discussing theological questions, but



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they had needed Luther in their scheme of life and politics just as Luther had needed the princes for the promulgation of his new doctrines.

But Calvin, cooped up in his little Swiss town, without friends, without funds, surrounded on all sides by powerful and treacherous enemies, had been the commanding general of an army of irreconcilables rather than the preacher of a new gospel of justice and love.

We can hardly blame him.

It took a man of granite to see the Geneva experiment to a successful end. Anybody less imbued with the unrelenting spirit of the ancient Hebrew chieftains and murderers would have given up the job long before it was finished.

"To fight a pirate," said an old French proverb, "fight him with two pirates." They might have added, "To defeat the Inquisition, find you a man who will burn his enemies with green wood."

Calvin was that man.

He was superbly fitted for the rôle he was called upon to play and he bestowed upon the world an economic and social and religious system which time and again has proved itself invincible when men and women are driven to despair and have no other choice but victory or death.

Now one of the ways in which we can distinguish between civilized and uncivilized forms of govern-

## A SPECULATIVE INVESTMENT

ment is the use the magistrates make of that form of military dictatorship which is known as "a state of siege." All governments at one time or another are called upon to establish a state of siege. War or revolution or an earthquake or a flood may make it necessary to give the military full control. But civilized countries recognize that such conditions, while they may be "unavoidable," are also "exceptional," that a too long continued rule by men in uniform is bad for the morale of the country and that the civil government should be reinstated just as soon as circumstances warrant it.

Calvinism unfortunately was based upon the expectation that the "state of siege" would last forever. As a result, whenever peace was declared, this creed became a hideous caricature of something that had once upon a time been very useful. And until this day it has never been quite able to shed its one unfortunate characteristic. Calvinism must always have an enemy. It must always be fighting somebody or something. It can never sit quietly on the ramparts of the city and contemplate the peaceful landscape. Behind the distant horizon it clearly discerns a host of wicked foes. The sunset caught by the windows of a painter's studio is really a secret sign to traitors outside the gate. Life is bad. Life is bitter. Let us be up and fighting somebody!

If John of Barneveldt had recognized all this, as

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we ourselves have come to recognize it, he might have died at a ripe old age, surrounded by his weeping relatives and his devoted doctors. As it was, his error of judgment cost him his life. No sooner had he brought peace to his distracted country, no sooner (in the terms of my previous simile) had the state of siege been lifted, than difficulties broke out among the same people who for the last forty years had fought so bravely for the common purpose of freedom.

The priesthood of all religious denominations is apt to attract those young men who feel naturally inclined to lord it over their neighbors. Those among my readers who have ever taken the trouble to study the faces seen in Calvinistic seminaries will undoubtedly have been struck by an abundant presence of that spiritual quality which is called the "will to power."

In the Seven United Netherlands this "will to power" on the part of one single sect now made itself manifest in a very unpleasant fashion. The same Calvinists who had rendered such eminent services to the country in its time of need, who had fought in every breach of every wall, who had eaten mice and rats in every town and village, who invariably had blown themselves and their enemies into kingdom-come rather than surrender their fortress or their ship, became, as soon as peace had

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been declared, bigoted—narrow-minded sea-lawyers—fault-finding spoil-sports—fussy theological hair-splitters—middle-class potentates who tried to recreate all humanity after their own unattractive images. Before they got through they had executed old Barneveldt, undoubtedly the most eminent and far-seeing Dutch statesman of the seventeenth century, they had driven Hugo Grotius, the legal genius of the country, into permanent exile, they had turned hundreds of the more enlightened ministers of the gospel into common tramps, and they had forced upon the whole land a concrete system of thought which made the average follower of Calvin consider himself the beginning and the end of all things and which made everybody else a little less than nothing.

At a first glance it seems surprising that the country was able to survive those terrible dragoons of Heaven without greater damage to its prestige at home and abroad. But let it be remembered that the Dutch Republic was preëminently a commercial organization and that commercial organizations have a sense of the practical which makes it possible for them to lead a double life.

They can plaster the name of Implacable Jehovah all over their public buildings, they can invoke the name of high Heaven every time they meet in solemn conclave, they can pay the most polite of lip-

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service to the clerical gentlemen who are supposed to keep the multitude (and especially the mob) in its place and at the same time they can lead a normal, healthy business existence, dealing with friend and heretic on a pleasant basis of mutual profit, devising policies that are equitable and just to all concerned and proceeding with the ordinary affairs of the day as if they had never even heard of those distinguished clerics who week after week inform them that the state merely exists for the greater glory of God Almighty as revealed to all earthly sinners by the glorious genius of John Calvin.

This little excursion into the realm of theology may seem slightly beside the point but it is an inevitable part of my story, for Pieter Stuyvesant, as an official of the Dutch West India Company, was to be forever beset by the difficulties which grew out of this strange dual personality of the Dutch Republic and which forced him to be blind in one eye while seeing doubly sharp through the other.

This sounds complicated, but it was really very simple, as I shall try and show you.

The majority of the big business men in the Republic shared the feelings of Maurice of Nassau and did not care whether "predestination was yellow or red" or "who ranked whom in the hierarchy of Heaven," as long as they could attend to their own affairs. They were too tactful, or too polite,



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or too scared to give expression to this indifference. They listened attentively whenever Dominie called. They went to church often enough not to attract the attention of their neighbors by their absence. They married in church and baptised their children in church and buried their respective wives in church and gave liberally to the poor. But the moment the last psalm had been sung, they once more became "practical" men of affairs and they remained so from Monday morning to Saturday evening, when they got themselves a clean set of underwear and otherwise prepared for the Sabbath.

The contemporary observers may well have wondered (as they not infrequently did) how a house so divided against itself could expect to survive in a world of absolute monarchies, of imperial despotism and the Church of Rome. They overlooked the fact that the Dutch Republic was in reality governed by a handful of rich families and that those families knew exactly what they wanted—that they considered it good business not to interfere too much with the domestic policies of the country they had selected as their base of operations, but that in all matters of real importance they meant to let themselves be guided by one and only one consideration—a maximum of profit with a minimum of effort.

This commonsense attitude towards life explains



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among other things why they had been so lukewarm about the discoveries of Henry Hudson. The northern American continent had always been an unprofitable field of investment. It produced no gold. There were no cities. The natives refused to work. The country offered an excellent chance for colonial development but the Dutch of the seventeenth century were not interested in colonial development. They never thought of establishing colonies. They did not know anything about colonies. Their country lacked the surplus population necessary for the wholesale and successful exploitation of unoccupied territories. Hence an attitude of absolute aloofness among the ruling classes whenever America was mentioned. If others outside of the ruling classes wanted to risk their pennies, they were welcome to do so and the Estates would go so far as to encourage them with a charter and certain exclusive trading privileges. But only for a period of four or five or six years, for in the meantime, something might turn up—gold mines or silver mines or hidden treasures and in that case their Lordships wished to assure themselves of their rightful share of the plunder.

But after a while the scene had changed. The truce with Spain was fast coming to an end. Hostilities would be resumed upon a larger scale than ever before. An effort would be made to strike at

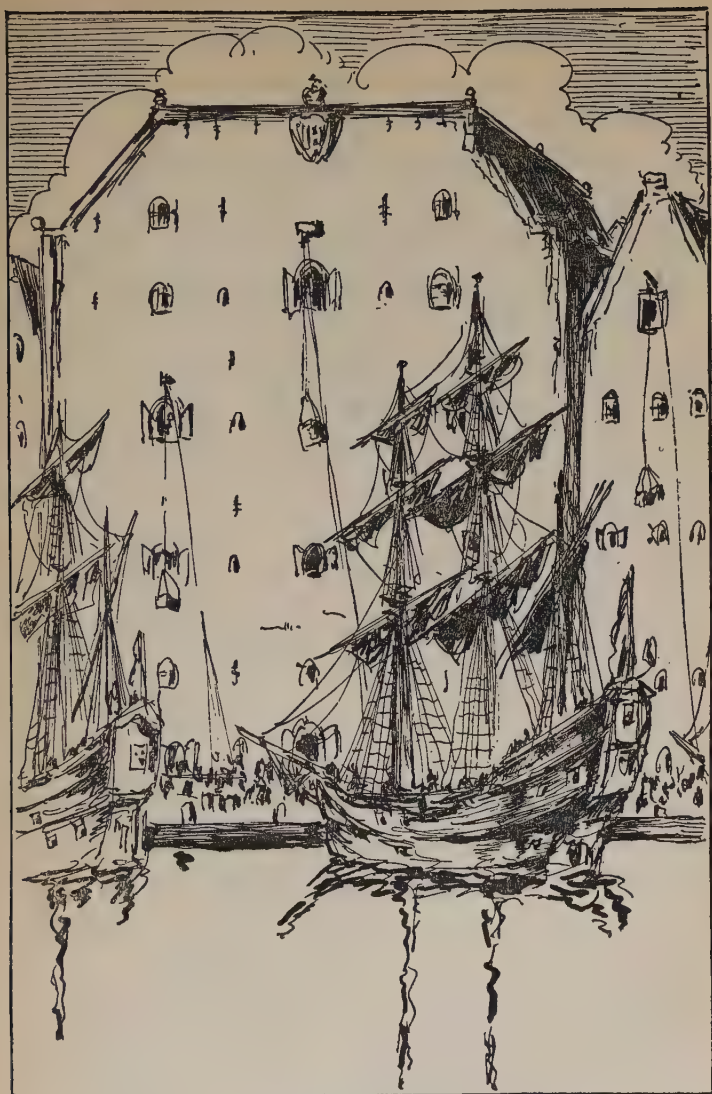
## A SPECULATIVE INVESTMENT

the heart of all Spanish power, to carry the war right into the colonies, into Asia, into Africa and into America. Under those circumstances their Lordships, who thus far had been entirely indifferent about the fate of the New Netherlands, felt that it would be unwise (because potentially unprofitable) to leave such important strategic points as the island of Manhattan to a small private company which had caught a few beavers and had built one or two forts but which was much too weak to be a serious factor in the struggle that would take place on the western hemisphere.

Therefore when the so-called New Netherland Company asked for a renewal of its charter and backed up its request by a new map which showed that its agents had extended its business as far as the Delaware and the Connecticut rivers, they were met with a refusal. This did not mean that their former field of operations was to be given up. It meant that in order to prepare for the forthcoming hostilities with Spain, the Estates General intended to consolidate their different holdings in the New World and place them under a single head which should be able to do in America what the East India Company had done in the Orient.

On the first of July of the year 1621 the West India Company was founded.

The West India Company obtained a monopoly



THE STOREHOUSE

## A SPECULATIVE INVESTMENT

for the trade on the west coast of Africa (including the Cape of Good Hope) and for the eastern coast of America. Within all this vast domain, it enjoyed almost sovereign rights. The Company was permitted to maintain armies and navies of its own. It could conquer and hold new territories, could levy taxes, in short, it was permitted to do everything that could in any way break the power of resistance of the Spaniards and the Portuguese. From a modern point of view the West India Company showed a very close resemblance to a carefully disguised, semi-official buccaneering organization. And that is exactly what it was meant to be.

Its admirals gained great fame as "high-jackers" and specialized in intercepting and plundering the Spanish squadrons which carried the annual plunder in gold and silver from Habana to Cadiz. Its minor officials turned slave-traders and used the Company's monopoly in that unfortunate line of merchandise to provide both the Cavaliers of Virginia and the Puritans of Massachusetts with a plentiful supply of black-skinned labor.

In the beginning, just after the termination of the truce, when the outcome of the struggle between the two countries was still a matter of considerable public anxiety, the soldiers and sailors of the Dutch West India Company rendered some very valuable services to the mother country.

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Brazil was conquered. Guiana was added for the sake of the rich sugar trade. A large number of islands spread throughout the Caribbean Sea were fixed up to serve as bases of supply for the Company's privateersmen. Money flowed in plentifully. But the Gentlemen XIX (the College of Nineteen which acted as an executive for this somewhat complicated organization) was a little too intent upon immediate profits. Not a penny was saved for future use. All the many millions that flowed into her treasury during the first years were immediately divided in the form of extra revenues.

This caused the stock of the West India Company to become one of the most speculative items on the Exchange of Amsterdam. On the other hand, this speculative character made it almost impossible for the Company to borrow money in case of an emergency.

In popular ballads, the company enjoyed great fame as the bringer of unexpected riches.

But among the bankers of Amsterdam and Middelburg its credit was no good and that after all was the main thing.

And this extraordinary business concern, which was bankrupt before it had started operations—this slightly camouflaged aggregation of slave-hunters, pirates and international thimble-riggers, was inci-



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dentally entrusted with the care of the Dutch possessions along the banks of the Hudson River.

The former owners of the New Netherlands and those who since the year 1618 (when the first charter ended) had done business in those regions were given a year in which to remove their belongings, call back their ships and close up the storehouses which they had built in the woods of the Waranawankonas or along the shores of Long Island Sound.

The era of Private Initiative had come to an end.



## CHAPTER VII

### RIVALRY

ONE country did not welcome the announcement of this most recent development in American affairs with any visible outburst of joy. That was England.

A few months after the details of the foundation of the Dutch West India Company had leaked out and when the first ships of the new organization were ready to cross the ocean, His British Majesty's government bade the English minister in Holland to make certain discreet inquiries and to lodge a firm protest against further encroachments upon territories which had been part of His Majesty's empire ever since the day of the late and lamented Sir Walter Raleigh.

The fact that His Majesty's government had been so little interested in these distant possessions that even now, after thirty-seven years, they were still exceedingly hazy about the exact location of said territories and that they had never even taken the trouble to survey that part of their supposed colonies until forced into activity by the voyage of Hudson—all these little details were conveniently overlooked. The American coast from Florida to Maine,

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so the Privy Council argued, belonged to England by the ancient right of "first come, first served."

How their Lordships came to this conclusion was not quite clear, for the two explorers sent out by Sir Walter had not proceeded further northward than the present state of North Carolina. But when we remember the unsatisfactory and faulty maps used by Benjamin Franklin during the negotiations of peace between the United States and Great Britain, we can easily understand how in those early days (a century and a half before the Peace of Paris) two nations could almost be driven into an open conflict by a dispute which nowadays could be settled by a short reference to any one of a hundred thousand diverse atlases. Fortunately, as the English were entirely vague in their accusations, the Dutch could answer in a way which was equally evasive and noncommittal.

The States General, on the eve of war with Spain, did not dare to offend so powerful a neighbor as the King of England and so they hastened to assure His Majesty that the whole episode had been grossly exaggerated and the English minister at the Hague seems to have accepted this explanation at face value. At least, he reported to London that the whole matter was a storm in a teacup, that about four or five years ago two private companies from Amsterdam had begun to trade a little with the



THE NEW NETHERLANDS

## RIVALRY

Indians who lived along the mouth of the Hudson, a region to which on their own responsibility they had given the name of the New Netherlands, that ever since they had sent an occasional ship of thirty or forty tons (but no more) to engage in the fur business (but on a very small scale) and that in order to deal safely with the savages they had sent out a few resident factors who had undoubtedly erected a number of small block-houses (but entirely for the sake of protecting their lives and their goods against attacks from the side of the natives) but that (a most important point) there never had been any effort to found a regular colony and that, as far as His Excellency himself could find out, there were no such plans abroad at the moment of writing.

As further proof of the good intentions on the part of the Dutch, His Excellency casually made the observation that during the last number of months quite a number of prospective emigrants had approached him and had asked him to inquire in London whether the Virginia Company would permit them to settle at the mouth of the Hudson River, what the general prospects for success in the English colonies might be, etc., etc., etc.

"Wherefore," as Sir Dudley Carleton wisely observed, "it was safe to surmise that the Dutch did not intend to claim these so-called New Netherlands

## RIVALRY

as part of their own possession, for if the Hollanders meant to colonize that part of the world for themselves, there would be small appearance they would desire to mingle with strangers and be subject to a foreign government."

All of this according to the best of diplomatic precedents.

The English laid claim to a part of the world which did not belong to them.

The Dutch occupied a part of the world which did not belong to them.

Then they lied to each other about their respective plans and left the final settlement to some distant date in the future.

Meanwhile His Excellency had been entirely right in one of his several statements. The West India Company was entirely too busy with its conquests in Brazil, with its filibustering expeditions in the Caribbean, and with the organization of the New Guinea slave trade to waste either time or money upon a definite plan of colonization in the North.

From a few meagre scraps of information about the movements of diverse ships, it appears that the trade with northern America was continued in the same haphazard way as before, that an occasional vessel visited the Hudson River for the sake of buying furs, that here and there some hardy pioneer, preferring the solitude of the endless forests to the



## RIVALRY

too-close companionship of his native town, continued to dwell among the savages and that the Dutch skippers continued to discover occasional rivers and creeks and mountain ranges which were duly added to the maps of the Amsterdam chart-makers and engravers.

It would undoubtedly be very pleasant if right here I could give three loud cheers, hoist the red, white and blue of the honorable old Republic and state emphatically that on such a day the West India Company took hold of affairs and gave orders to lay the first stone of the city that was to be Pieter Stuyvesant's home and the future capital of the world.

But alas, the foundation of Rome is not steeped in deeper mystery than that of Nieuw Amsterdam. It happened day before yesterday, so to speak, but we are almost without documents upon the subject. That happened as follows. The West India Company was reorganized during the latter half of the seventeenth century and no one had any interest in perusing the documents belonging to a bankrupt and defunct organization. Such few bits of parchment as survived the period of reorganization were destroyed by my esteemed ancestors during the first half of the last century. Ten years of French domination had broken their national pride. They had retired from the business of living and felt slightly



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ashamed of the exuberant vitality of their too blasphemous great-grandfathers. Wherefore they sold whole attics filled with important old documents to the junk dealers and spent the money thus obtained for the mission among the Jews, whose conversion just then was an object of paramount importance to the good subjects of King William I.

But the West India Company herself is also responsible for the Scythian darkness which surrounds the early days of her rule along the banks of the Hudson River. Circumstances had forced its members into a very uncomfortable position. Towards England they must follow a policy of make-believe which turned the "so-called" Dutch occupation of the "so-called New Netherlands" into a casual incident without any real importance, merely a few energetic traders swapping bottles of gin and kegs of gun powder for beaver-skins. Before their own people they must insist that they were the sole and legitimate owners of a country a hundred times larger than the fatherland and that no one had the right to settle down between the Connecticut River and the Delaware without first obtaining an official permit duly sealed and signed by the Gentlemen XIX.

In order to maintain a perfect balance and satisfy both sides they were forced to do a great deal of serious lying.

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They issued no high-sounding edicts which bade all private citizens keep out of the Hudson River territory. Neither did they encourage such trade by either word or deed.

They must have known that some of the factors of the old companies had never left the New World and were sending for their wives and children, but they preferred to ignore such open infringements upon their monopoly and did not prevent the immigrants from sailing.

They knew that all this was entirely irregular but they had neither the men nor the money necessary for the proper exploitation of this vast territory. The Pilgrims from Leyden had established their new Zion in Massachusetts and the New Netherlands were being surrounded on both sides by rapidly increasing numbers of Englishmen. These clandestine settlers, so the Gentlemen XIX reasoned, could act as a sort of human ballast until the Company herself was ready for business and was strong enough to erect those fortresses which were the inevitable proof in distant lands that the white man had come to stay.

But they were interminably slow and long before they were ready to do something "official" certain events had taken place which showed once more how absolutely impossible it is to keep hungry people away from a well-filled larder.

## RIVALRY

The Hollanders, as good Calvinists, were of course supposed to be very generous toward those of their fellow-Protestants who had been exiled from the south on account of their religious convictions. Generally speaking, such exiles had been well received during the first ten or fifteen years of the rebellion.

But you know how it is.

The first fugitives from the Inquisition had been interesting objects of curiosity. They had been praised as heroes and honored as martyrs. When the next batch arrived, the enthusiasm had been a little less. For in the meantime the early arrivals had settled down, had opened up shops, had found jobs in factories, were speculating on the Exchange and in a hundred different ways were competing with the natives. The Low Countries were the proverbial Paradise of the labor unions and for all their shouting about the "solidarity of the persecuted Christian brotherhood," a union-man remained a union-man and retained a deadly hatred for all scab competition. The foreigners of course could have joined the local unions, but this took time. In the meanwhile they had to live and out of sheer love for those who had suffered so bitterly for the true faith, many Dutch families patronized the Flemish bakers and butchers and candle-stick-makers at the expense of their Dutch colleagues. It never came

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to an open break between the two parties, but when a large number of the Flemish fugitives expressed the wish to emigrate to the New World, there really was no one who bade them stay.

And so we find a large number of them on the first ship which the Gentlemen XIX sent to North America on their own account and which left Holland in the spring of the year 1624, exactly three years after the foundation of the West India Company and fifteen years after the return of Henry Hudson to Portsmouth. This ship was called the *Nieuw Nederland* and it was under command of Captain Cornelis Jacobszoon May, a citizen of the town of Hoorn and widely known as a very competent skipper and a pleasant, considerate man.

He was accompanied by thirty families and was given power to act not only as commander-in-chief of the expedition but also as director-general of the new colony in case he should be successful and reach "the mouth of the river of Prince Maurice." It was the last time that Henry Hudson's river was alluded to by this particular name and I would not mention the fact if it did not bear out a point which I made in a previous chapter when I said that the Dutch merchants of the seventeenth century were above all things "practical" and were willing to make a compromise with their principles whenever circumstances seemed to make such a policy desirable. At

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home their High and Mightinesses, the members of the ruling classes, engaged in a warfare which lasted for more than two centuries to prove unto the House of Orange that they, the rich merchants as represented by the Estates General, were the real rulers of the Republic, while the Stadholders, although entrusted with much of the executive power, were really the servants of the Estates General. They were so fanatical upon the subject that in several instances the wives of the members of the Estates General (in their quality of "wives of the employers") refused to call upon the wife of the Stadholder ("the wife of their husbands' 'employee' ") until Her Highness should have called upon them first. When the princely spouse happened to be the daughter of the King of England (a not uncommon occurrence in those days, as the English royal ladies preferred the Hague to one of the 3,491 little German principalities which otherwise would have been their homes) the situation became slightly tense, to say the least, and upon one occasion it required the tactful interference of not less than six foreign ambassadors before the matter could be straightened out without an outbreak of civil war.

But these same merchants who within their own bailiwick preferred to go to the scaffold (and sometimes did go to the scaffold) rather than surrender



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their sovereign rights, who loved to compare themselves to the senators of ancient Rome, who firmly believed that they lived in a "res publica"—in a "republic"—were willing to drop the democratic pretense the moment it meant money in their pockets.

They knew perfectly well that no painted savage would ever be able to understand the exact nature of their hopelessly complicated political structure (outside of two very learned professors in Leyden, I have never known any one who understood it even now, after a hundred and fifty years). Therefore as soon as they were outside of the three mile limit, their humble employee the Stadholder became a most sublime and noble potentate, a grand sachem, a chieftain who rode a royal horse and never referred to himself except in the first person plural.

In the Indies, in Africa and in America, Maurice of Nassau appeared in the guise of a mighty monarch and the documents with which the directors of the different trading companies hoped to dazzle the natives invariably refer to "our beloved Lord and Master, the Prince."

When the name of the "Mauritius River" or the "River of Prince Maurice" was officially changed to the "Hudson" we do not know. But after a short while the maps begin to substitute the name of the discoverer for that of the Prince during whose stadholdership he had made his voyage.

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Another word about the official title of the new colony. The new possessions were given the dignified status of a "graafschap"—of a "countship"—and the grand seal bestowed upon them bore the highfalutin words "Sigillum Novi Belgii." This harmless bit of pedantry on the part of the original owners and their school-masterish insistence upon airing their profound knowledge of the classical tongues upon all and sundry occasions has given rise to the supposition (highly popular immediately after the Great War) that the state of New York had originally been some sort of a Belgian colony, populated by immigrants from that brave country (see Cæsar's Commentaries) and officially recognized as "the New Belgium." The idea however of a separate Belgian people and a separate Belgian state originated a couple of hundred years later during the period of the French Revolution. If the New Netherlands on the early Latin maps appears as the New Belgium, that has, alas, nothing to do with the arrival of a shipload of Flemish refugees in the year 1624. The Romans had called the entire north-western corner of Europe, which bordered upon the North Sea "Belgica." The pedagogues of the Renaissance had revived the habit. The map-makers of the seventeenth century continued it. Finally everybody forgot about it until the learned statesmen of Versailles began to revise a

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map which most of them had never taken the trouble to study and some one rediscovered it as Hudson in his day had rediscovered Verrazano's river.

As for the faithful Cornelis Jacobszoon May, who has been awaiting our pleasure at the mouth of the "River of Prince Maurice," he found enough to do upon his arrival to keep him busy for quite a long time.

First of all he fought a Frenchman who was apparently trying to explore this region for the benefit of King Louis. Next he went up stream until he reached the somewhat neglected fortress built eight years before by the predecessors of the West India Company. Thereupon he landed his passengers, gave the old stronghold a new coat of paint, rebaptized it Fort Orange and left for the south to resume the chase of the all-too-persistent French vessel which was reported to have poked its nose into the mouth of the Delaware River and sailed back home.

The voyage of Captain May was the end of the exploratory era of the New Netherlands. From the mouth of the Verssche Rivier to that of the Zuid Rivier (from the Connecticut to the Delaware) the outline of the coast was by now fairly well known. The rest of the country, the hinterland, could await until a later date when the fur traders should have established agencies in the interior. The curtain

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was about to go up on the second act of the comedy—the era of Civil Government.

What more propitious moment to show you the sort of men who were supposed to be good enough for service in America only a century and a half before the foundation of Tammany Hall?

## CHAPTER VIII

### GOOD ENOUGH FOR THE WEST

THE Island of the Hills was still the abode of painted savages, the New Netherlands were supposed to have been cleansed of all those many interlopers who had settled there in the years before the formation of the West India Company, in short, the stage was entirely clear, when suddenly there arose from the heart of the wilderness a still, small voice which asked for spiritual sustenance.

This could mean only one thing, that the orders of the Gentlemen XIX had never been obeyed and that there still were a large number of people in the American colony who had arrived there during the days of the old New Netherlands Company and who had refused to leave when told to do so.

Well, such people did exist. They lived in a number of small settlements some of which, like "Princen Eiland" (formerly called "Murderers' Island," an auspicious beginning!) or "the village on the Delaware" it is now impossible to locate, while others like "Noten Eiland" (the present Governor's Island) were in the vicinity of Manhattan.

A few of them were traders who had been the representatives of the old interests. Others were



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farmers or boatmen. A very few practiced trades. Anyway, they felt the need of some one to marry their daughters and baptise their children and bury their wives, and they sent to the Consistory of Amsterdam (which had undertaken to act as a spiritual council for all the Indies, both in the East and in the West) and asked for a clergyman, or in case no regular clergyman was available, for a mere "siekentrooster." A "siekentrooster," literally a man who "consolated the sick," was a Bible reader, a minor clerical official who on account of his lack of previous training could not pass the difficult theological examinations of that time but who nevertheless felt that he had a call to divine service; a mixture of a modern evangelist and a mediæval brother-of-mercy.

The Amsterdam clerics were willing to oblige, but it was not so easy to find a suitable candidate. America was far away. The better sort of Dominies preferred to go to Brazil or to one of the West Indian Islands. They were willing to tend the vineyards of the Lord where it was pleasant and warm. They were not quite so eager to risk life and limb in a wilderness of Satan, situated Heaven knew where. The reverend doctors along the banks of the Amstel were forced to do a great deal of advertising. But at last they found their man in the person of a humble Christian called Bastiaen Jans-

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zoon, or as he afterwards called himself, Bastiaen Janszoon Krol.

Krol was a compatriot of Pieter Stuyvesant, for he too hailed from the province of Friesland. He was born in the year 1595 and at the age of twenty he married. This event is of little importance and I would hardly mention it except for the interesting detail that the happy groom was obliged to mark his name with a cross as he could neither read nor write. But he was young and full of energy, for exactly seven months afterwards he was able to assist at the baptism of his oldest son Theunis. At that time he had moved to Amsterdam where he worked in a silk factory, and was a member of a labor union.

For some mysterious reason this Bastiaen Janszoon Krol decided that he had been called by God to go to the East or to the West to preach the Gospels to the heathen and bring consolation to the sick. By now it appears that he had mastered the rudiments of the art of reading and writing, for he asked that he be allowed to enter the examinations that were being held for the benefit of those who aspired to semi-holy orders. He was granted the permission and failed. But when several of the other "siekentroosters" fell sick (encouraged by the vision of the distant voyage) he got the appointment and was told to proceed at once to the New

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Netherlands. Then he too was taken sick, but he recovered and in the spring of the year 1624 he arrived in the New World.

A written set of instructions told him in great detail what his duties were to be. He must console and instruct those who ailed. Twice a day he must say the common prayers and he must say grace before all meals. Furthermore, whenever the occasion presented itself, he must read a few chapters from the Old or the New Testament or a few sermons from the printed works of the better known Dutch Reformed divines. But under no circumstances must he try to assume those dignities which were the recognized prerogatives of full-fledged clergymen. That is to say, he must never preach a sermon on his own account, neither must he undertake to give holy communion or marry people or baptise their children, etc., etc., etc.

This sounded very well on paper but immediately upon his arrival Krol found himself beset by so many difficulties for which his Rules and Regulations did not provide that he was forced to return to Amsterdam to submit his tribulations to the court of Presbyters and ask for further guidance.

According to the report of the much perturbed Krol there were vast numbers of pregnant women in the New Netherlands who must expect to see their progeny go unbaptised unless they be given a

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Lay Reader with the power to baptise; there were young girls who would be forced to live in sin unless their Lay Reader be given permission to marry them; in short, there were a number of cogent reasons why these immigrants should be either provided with a bona fide Dominie or with a "sieken-trooster" who could act as a substitute in such important matters as matrimony and childbirth.

The Amsterdam clerics debated the point carefully. They read the petitions signed by the settlers but came to the conclusion that there were not a sufficient number of families in the Virginias (a dangerous slip of the pen, that appellation!) to warrant the appointment of a real clergyman. They sympathized however with the distress of their former parishioners and in order to show them their favor, they decided that Krol should be henceforth allowed to marry and to baptise. That he might perform these duties with becoming grace, he would be asked to learn the marriage and baptismal ceremonies by heart, but he would please remember that under no circumstances must he embellish these sacred rituals with rhetorical effusions of his own invention. It was a dangerous experiment, a very dangerous precedent, and the Reverend Gentlemen decided to err on the side of carefulness.

But the Amsterdam consistory must have been

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badly informed about the vital statistics of the New World. When Krol returned to the mouth of the Hudson in June of the year 1625 he found the island of Manhattan inhabited by two hundred people, and he found that he had a rival. During his absence, a certain Jan Huygen, a brother-in-law of that same Pieter Minuit who soon afterwards was to be governor of the New Netherlands, had made his appearance and was now looking after the spiritual needs of the colonists. The prospect of sharing the meagre revenues connected with his humble office with a colleague who enjoyed such an evident pull, seems to have dampened the ardor of Krol, for a year afterwards he offered his resignation (which was promptly accepted) and took a clerkship with the Company. He was sent to Fort Orange where there was still a garrison of twelve soldiers and a civil population consisting of eight families, and shortly afterwards when most of the people were moved from the interior to the mouth of the Hudson, he remained behind as civil commander.

During the three years he spent at Fort Orange he became convinced that the West India Company was making a mistake in concentrating all its forces around the recently founded city of Nieuw Amsterdam, and that the land in the neighborhood of Albany, if properly developed, would be of immense



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value. He therefore resigned his office, turned promoter and went back to Holland to try and interest rich people in his plans for the development of an up-state colony which should be independent from the West India Company. He found his man in Kiliaen van Rensselaer, and once more crossed the ocean to act as van Rensselaer's commercial agent.

In those good old days all things were possible and so it need not surprise us overmuch when next we hear that Mr. van Rensselaer's personal representative had re-entered the service of the Company and had been appointed acting governor-general of the entire New Netherlands.

The former silk-worker and ex-Bible reader exercised his high office for about a year (March 1632-March 1633) but on the arrival of Wouter van Twiller he returned to Holland for the third time. Habit, however, was too strong for him. In the year 1638 we once more find him at Fort Orange, this time as a plain clerk of the Company. After that his fame dwindled and we lose track of him until 1645 when he seems to have been in Amsterdam, where his name appeared on the list of those who on account of their scandalous conduct of life were not allowed to partake of Holy Communion.

An insignificant episode, you will say, an insignificant little story about an insignificant little man.

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Yes, but the beginning of a long series of similar insignificant episodes.

And they go to show why Stubborn Pete, with all his energy and courage, was not able to save the colony from its final disastrous fate.

## CHAPTER IX

### THE FORT CALLED "AMSTERDAM"

ON the twenty-second of April of the year 1625 four ships, called respectively the *Macreel*, the *Paert*, and *Koe* and the *Schaep* (three useful domestic animals and one fish) left the road of Texel for the New Netherlands.

One of their passengers was an engineer by the name of Crijn Frederickszoon. He had orders to find a convenient location at the mouth of the Hudson River (an island preferred) and there to construct a suitable fortress which "should be given the name of Amsterdam."

Ably assisted by Willem Verhulst, who was in command and who seems to have been a man of energy, Crijn Frederickszoon set to work to explore the entire neighborhood and came to the conclusion that the lower end of Manhattan Island offered the best chances for defence and with its double water-front would be an ideal place for trade.

It was a great deal larger than Noten Eiland (Governor's Island) and therefore less safe from sudden attack. But Noten Eiland offered hardly any grazing places to the horses and cows which were imported from Holland on the same occasion

## THE FORT CALLED "AMSTERDAM"

and furthermore the older settlement did not have that abundance of forests and fruit trees which made the Island of the Hills such a veritable Paradise. Manhattan Island was therefore decided upon as a definite place of residence and in July of the year 1625 a building shack and a pile of picks and shovels showed the spot where the town of Nieuw Amsterdam was to arise so shortly afterwards.

The fort was completed in less than a year, the inhabitants of Noten Eiland and their four-footed house-mates were ferried across the bay and in September of the year 1626 it was possible for the secretary of the governor to date his official letters "from the Fort of Amsterdam on the Island of Manhattan."

Whether that actually meant that the fortress had been finished according to the minute plans which Frederickszoon had brought with him from Holland, that we do not know. For in August of the year 1628 the Reverend Michaelius, writing to Johannes Foreest, says, "They are building a fortress, but not so much to protect us against the savages as against the enemies from the outside," and if they were still "building" the fort in 1628, they could not have finished it in 1627.

In June of the next year the West India Company, trying to persuade people to move to Nieuw Amsterdam, promises that "the fortress in that

## THE FORT CALLED "AMSTERDAM"

town will be put into a decent state of defence as soon as possible."

Six years later we hear that Wouter van Twiller was using slave labor "to complete the fort."

One year later again, the same Wouter van Twiller complains that the wooden palisades of the fort are almost worn out and that the entire fort should be rebuilt of stone as was the original plan.

And when we reach the year 1643 we are informed by a visiting Jesuit Father that the earthen walls of the fort were so low and in such a state of neglect that one could walk across them from all sides and could enter the fortress at will.

It was the old, old story of a semi-official body of administrators.

The Gentlemen XIX remained quietly at home and filled reams of paper with minute instructions. They sent their ukases and edicts across the ocean, but entrusted the execution of these documents to a very inferior class of men. When occasionally and almost in spite of their employers, a few people of courage and energy were despatched to the New World, they were left without the necessary funds or were so bothered by miles and miles of red tape that they could not accomplish anything at all.

The neglect of the fort was typical of the methods of the Company. When the carpenters and masons of Crijn Frederickszoon landed on Manhat-



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tan Island they found an uninhabited tract of woodland, for it seems that the Indians had moved to the neighborhood which is now known as Greenwich Village. The Company had provided the expedition with a set of blue prints for a residential quarter, but during the first twelve months they lived in dug-outs. That is to say, they dug a hole in the ground, shored up the sides with planks, covered the planks with the bark of trees, rigged up a roof made out of the same primitive materials, covered the roof with dirt, and called it a home. Nine years before, the shipwrecked crew of Adriaen Block had spent a winter in similar inverted igloos and when Crijn Frederickszoon left America to get further instructions in Holland, his people were still living in such caves and the four houses which he was supposed to have built to serve as their home were still uncompleted for lack of funds. Gradually those barracks were built, but they were constructed so badly that already ten years afterwards they were in hopeless need of repair and that shortly after the surrender of Nieuw Amsterdam to the English they were condemned as being "too old and rotten" for further occupancy.

The seventeenth century Dutchmen went abroad for the purpose of trade. They considered themselves temporary exiles and stuck as closely as possible to the customs and manners of the home coun-

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try. In Curaçao they built houses with high pointed roofs because at home they were obliged to build houses with high pointed roofs to keep them free from snow and being accustomed to a form of architecture which was of great practical value in a northern climate, they continued it in regions situated underneath the equator. Similarly in Batavia on the island of Java they had dug a large number of canals, for the sake of a homey atmosphere. The Javanese experiment, with its stagnant pools and its myriads of malarial mosquitoes, had proved more dangerous than that of Curaçao which had merely added to the picturesque aspect of the town.

And this time, in Nieuw Amsterdam, they followed the old Dutch habit of building their houses exclusively of brick. After a few years they learned that it was an unnecessary expense to build stone dwellings and store rooms in a land that was densely covered with trees. Then finally bricks and stones were discarded for wood and when Stuyvesant arrived in the year 1647, he found that with the exception of the church and the governor's mansion, the town tavern and a few buildings belonging to the Company, his entire capital was made of wood.

The original dream of the College of Nineteen of a large fort that should contain a miniature city with a church and a hospital and a parsonage and

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a school and a governor's palace and storehouses and silos and a score of private residences for the minor officials was never realized.

Soon cows were grazing on the walls.

Once an inquisitive pig threw the wooden gate off its hinges.

Chickens were forever making their nests underneath the mouths of rusty cannon.

An idyllic picture of rustic contentment.

But hardly a serious experiment in colonial administration.

## CHAPTER X

### LEGAL RIGHTS

THE ancient form of government of the town of Nieuw Amsterdam has been so often and so minutely described that I shall not try to go into details upon that subject.

Genealogical enthusiasts have dug so successfully into the past of every early settler (and into the subsequent adventures of his illustrious family) that I need not repeat the not very imposing lists of names of those immigrants who moved to the mouth of the Hudson River between the years 1624 and 1673, the date of the second and final surrender of the town to the English.

As for the location of the different buildings that were erected during the Dutch régime, they too have been a subject of such minute study that it were a waste of time and energy on my part to copy the findings of the learned archeologists.

For my part I have chosen the fascinating but exceedingly difficult task of reconstructing to a certain extent the "times" of Pieter Stuyvesant, and for that purpose the exact boundaries of the farm of "Peterszoon van der Gouw, house-carpenter" or the exact spot occupied by the kitchen of Cornelis

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Claeszoon Swits (the directors, to prevent the danger of fire, had ordered that all kitchens must be built outside of the houses proper, a not uncommon proceeding during the Middle Ages) or the improved methods used to unload cows and horses, are all of them of very little use.

I would dearly like to know what those people thought and of what they talked when they were together of an evening, but it is quite impossible to discover those charming details for we possess neither diaries nor memoirs of that period. Truth to tell, the vast majority of the early immigrants were very simple folk and did not easily express themselves on paper. Most of them could read and write after a fashion, but few of them ever indulged in that sort of "chatty" correspondence with the home folks which so often contains large quantities of useful although indirect information. Unless they were engaged in a quarrel with their Directors (the official title of those dignitaries who were sent out by the Company to administer the New Netherlands) or with their clergymen, or unless their Directors and their clergymen engaged in a fight of their own, they rarely put their opinions or their grievances into print. They were ordinary, everyday, lower middle-class Dutchmen. They had not left the old country because they suffered from a too liberal supply of this world's goods and were





THE WALL

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no exception to the famous old rule that "Dukes don't emigrate." Most of them had very little aptitude for the life in the wilderness. By birth and early training they were quite unfit for the existence of true pioneers. And the West India Company, with its short-sighted policy of regarding all their colonies as "trading posts," hastened to kill every manifestation of an independent and self-reliant nature.

Nevertheless the little settlement from its very beginning showed a certain leaning towards that liberality of spirit (liberalism is not the right word) which set it apart from the other colonies on the northern continent. Notwithstanding the incompetence of many of its governors, the quarrelsome bigotry of many of its clergymen, the town of Nieuw Amsterdam developed a character of its own which even then contained many of those elements which eventually were to make New York the most successful intellectual and financial center of the New World.

It is quite impossible to point to one definite quality and say, "There is the origin of that feeling of mutual forbearance which is so characteristic of the modern metropolis," to trace the subtle influence of the Erasmian principle of "live and let live" from the mouth of the Maas to the mouth of the Hudson. But the spirit was there and it made itself felt in

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many subtle ways which at the time attracted very little attention.

The accusation that they were merely a race of small-town grocers and book-keepers had been made so often against the Dutch of the seventeenth century that they had long since ceased to try to answer it or even deny it. The world said that they were small-minded green-grocers and bill-clerks! Well, what of it? Suppose they were! Their High and Mightinesses could not really see that it made any difference. They had beaten the Spaniards and they were ready to beat the English and they had conquered thousands of square miles of foreign territory. Granted that the money to do all these things had been derived from a grocery-store or a whole lot of grocery-stores. Granted further that without careful bookkeeping this money would long since have been squandered, as it was in so many other countries where landed gentlemen preferred to keep their children ignorant of such prosaic details as cost-accounting and overhead. Undoubtedly many of their High and Mightinesses did not look very martial on a horse. But foreign potentates seemed to like their looks when they were seated behind a comfortable table, a goose-quill neatly balanced in their right hand, their left hand fondling a check-book. And so these worthy "shop-keepers" unconcernedly continued the even tenor of

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their profitable ways and declared war and made peace and patronized universities and bought pictures and country houses and sailing yachts in all other countries and printed the books that were forbidden in all other countries and in a general way ruled a large slice of colonial territory as if they were entirely unaware of their lowly origin and the equally low opinion in which they were held by their more feudalistically inclined neighbors.

Once in a while, however, in some curious and indirect fashion, they would give evidence of those primitive commercial instincts which had been bred into them by generation upon generation of store-keeping ancestors.

Otherwise, why would the Directors of the West India Company have bothered about an official bill-of-sale for Manhattan Island?

The island was theirs anyway.

The hundred odd Indians who lived along the water front and in the interior were absolutely unable to defend their property. Furthermore, I doubt very much whether the word "property" meant anything at all to the wandering tribes of that region. The Indian, if we are to believe Hudson and his immediate successors, had strange notions upon the subject of "mine and thine." He was an incurable communist about all objects of daily use. The idea that one could sell and buy pieces of land which had

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no value outside of their usefulness as convenient and well-stocked hunting fields must have struck him as little short of preposterous. And that whole transaction of the twenty-sixth of May of the year 1626 when Pieter Minuit (or Minnewit, as he was called by his countrymen) bought 22,000 acres of Manhattan real estate for twenty-four dollars' worth of beads and bangles seems a little absurd when we consider it from the point of view of the Indian and entirely superfluous when we regard it from a Dutch angle.

But the commercially trained Gentlemen XIX preferred to have a written title to their newly established town on Manhattan Island, and so they went through the formality of buying what already belonged to them and probably slept all the better for this simple transaction, because now they had it all "black on white" and hereafter if anybody attacked them, they could rush to their strong-box and show them the deed, duly signed by the original proprietors and transferring the territory to the new owners at the rate of ten acres for a cent.

For the rest, the short governorship of Pieter Minuit passed without any untoward events except for the obligatory quarrel between the civil commander and the local clergyman. The experiment with Krol had not been a success. His colleague Huygen had also dropped out of the clerical pro-



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fession and had entered commercial life. And now that the existence of colonists in the New Netherlands was an officially acknowledged fact and that



THE DEED

the second floor of the town mill had been fixed up to serve as a place of worship, it would have been little short of a public scandal to keep the congregation further deprived of a spiritual guardian.

The Gentlemen XIX therefore cast about for a

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suitable candidate. They had had enough of mere lay-readers. Nothing short of a fully ordained clergyman would do.

The Reverend Dominie Jonas Michaelius seemed ideally suited for the position. A graduate of the University of Leyden, he had spent his early years in different villages in Holland and Brabant and then had asked to be transferred to the West Indies.

In the year 1624 he had been sent to San Salvador in Brazil and when this city was reconquered by the Spaniards and the Portuguese, he had moved to Guiana where he not only had preached the Gospels to the resident Dutchmen but had evinced great zeal as a missionary. In the year 1627 he had paid a visit to his old home and in January of the next year he had sailed for America to become Nieuw Amsterdam's first Protestant minister.

Michaelius, in complete contrast with Krol, was a man of education. He wrote a good hand and composed charming and instructive letters, some of which have been preserved. He is one of the very few men who ever told us anything about an ocean voyage in those antediluvian days.

The trip lasted two and a half months and the minister was accompanied by his wife and three children. The captain was a certain Evert Croeger with whom the Doctor had travelled upon a previous occasion. But then there had been a high of-

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ficial on board and Croeger had been meekness itself. Now that he was the supreme master of the quarterdeck, he showed himself in his true colours and was a "veritable buffalo in the extreme badness of his manners." Most of the time he was under the influence of liquor and when the ship's cook refused to give the Dominie and his family the food to which they were entitled and when the Reverend made so bold as to complain, he received him with a wry face and did nothing to help the poor man.

To make the voyage even more miserable, the clergyman's lady was expecting number four and was feeling very uncomfortable and when they were near the Bermudas (the ships of that day, unable to sail against the Gulf Stream, went first to the West Indian Island and then rapidly floated northward on the obliging back of that amiable current) she had almost died. As a matter of fact, only seven weeks after her arrival in the New World the poor woman departed this life, which was a great pity as she liked her new home and both her husband and she had hoped that now at last they would be able to enjoy a few more of the good things of this world.

As for the New Netherlands, Dr. Michaelius is delighted. "The climate," so he writes, "is fine. The air is very healthy but differences in temperature occur with great suddenness. The summer is

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very hot and the winter very long and very cold. The soil is fertile and there is an abundance of game and fish and oysters and fruit."

But it was difficult to get decent servants. There were already quite a number of African slaves in the colony, but they were lazy, untidy, dishonest and generally worthless. To make his position still more difficult (a widower with three small children) the Company had not kept faith with him in the matter of supplies. Before he left Amsterdam he had been promised free board and lodging. He now had some sort of roof over his head (though it was not much, and his oldest son was living with a friendly skipper) but instead of providing him with flour and beef and butter and cheese, the Director had made him a present of seven acres of land and had told him to look after himself. Easily said, but how could one hope to till those virgin fields, when day-laborers could not be hired for love or money and when all the horses and cows and oxen had died during the first year after their arrival?

The clerical family therefore subsisted on dried peas and dried beans and most of the time was on the verge of starvation. And this shrewd observer comes to the conclusion that there is only one way to make a success of this colony—stop talking only of beaver-skins and of the profits to be derived from the trade in expensive sorts of wood—make this

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country a "New" Netherlands in the true sense of the word—encourage immigration and give the settlers a chance.

A noble and wise bit of advice, but a waste of ink and paper. The Gentlemen XIX did not dream of turning their valuable holdings into a community of free and independent citizens. And the excellent Michaelius did not remain long enough in the New World to convince his employers of the error of their ways.

For he too allowed himself to be dragged into one of those incredible and ununderstandable quarrels which seem to be unavoidable in small communities where most of the people are hopelessly bored and where a first-class row about some utterly idiotic subject provides them with the excitement which we in our day derive from the movies, the radio and the tabloid newspapers.

Michaelius had recognized this danger as soon as he had arrived. His opinion of the men who were conducting the affairs of the village to which he administered was not very high. They seemed "simple people, not well versed in matters political." But he deemed it his duty "to keep civil and clerical matters carefully separated, that each of us may remain occupied with his own subject" and urged the Gentlemen XIX to make a set of definite rulings upon this subject so that friction between the Di-



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rector's house and the parsonage should at all times in the future be prevented.

But soon afterwards he himself became hopelessly involved in an acrimonious and nonsensical dispute between the Director, Pieter Minuit, and his secretary, Jan van Remunde.

This foolish quarrel (the reason and nature of which have long since been forgotten) spread far beyond the confines of Manhattan Island. In the end it even crossed the ocean and reached the ears of the College of Nineteen and of the Amsterdam Consistory. Then and there it was decided that both officials should be recalled. For all we know, the two men may have returned on the same vessel, for both of them bade farewell to Nieuw Amsterdam in the spring of the year 1632. The Director left the Company for good but the clergyman seems to have expected that he would be allowed to spend the rest of his days in the New World and that he would soon be on his way back to Manhattan. He had been a faithful servant to his little flock. He had gone out of his way to prepare "sermons in the unfamiliar French tongue" that he might be of benefit to the Flemish settlers who were Huguenots. And most of his parishioners wanted him to return and had given expression to this wish in letters written to the mother country.

In the beginning, all went well. The "Deputatio

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ad Res Indicas"—the Amsterdam consistory entrusted with the spiritual care of the Indies—expressed their approval of what Dominus Michaelius had done for the furtherance of the good cause in the New Netherlands and "in a most favorable fashion" they asked the Gentlemen XIX to re-appoint him to his former living.

The Gentlemen XIX curtly answered that if they ever needed the services of Dr. Michaelius, they would send for him.

The Consistory, deeply offended by such an off-hand refusal, repeated their request.

The Gentlemen XIX, a little more civilly, replied that "at present there seems to be little hope for the renewal of Dr. Michaelius' appointment."

The Consistory asked "Why?"

Whereupon the Gentlemen XIX, reverting to their original briefness of manner, informed the worshipful members of the Consistory that they had had their answer and that the last word in the case had been spoken.

After that we never hear the name of the good Dominie again.

He had undertaken to give the College of Nineteen some very sound advice.

And that, my friends, was just about the last thing a Dutch commercial establishment of the seventeenth century expected from one of its "servants."

## CHAPTER XI

### HERALDRY ON THE HUDSON

MONSIEUR DE VOLTAIRE was not exactly a fool. Even his worst enemies (and all his many enemies were his worst enemies) were forced to concede that he was one of the most brilliant and intelligent men of his age.

And yet, with all his tolerance and all his advanced ideas, he was in one respect a most absolute product of his age. He just could not bear the idea that he was only a plain and ordinary citizen, the son of an ordinary, every-day notary public. And so he changed his father's plebeian name of Arouet to the high-sounding de Voltaire and invented a whole army of mysterious ancestors for the benefit of his simple "maman" and when he was a hundred years old or thereabouts and when he had fame enough to satisfy a dozen Kings of France, he was terribly proud that the reigning monarch had bestowed the title of a minor chamberlain upon his unworthy self and that mark of distinction almost turned him into a most loyal supporter of the house of Capet.

The Steam Engine and her off-spring, the Industrial Revolution, have so brutally destroyed the old

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fabric of society in which family and rank played an infinitely more important rôle than mere wealth that it is difficult for us to understand how a man like Voltaire could be a victim of such exterior distinctions. No doubt the time will come when our own social classifications will seem just as foolish and as absurd as those of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and perhaps we should be just the tiniest bit careful in our disapproval of great-grand-papa's secret admiration for the aristocratic friends of Mr. Yellowplush. Nevertheless the fact remains that the centuries during which the feudal system was hastening to its end were an era of tremendous genealogical enthusiasms. Every country and every class of society took part in them. And as for the few so-called republics, they were just as badly afflicted as the imperial and royal domains which surrounded them on all sides. They might assume a pose of being big-hearted, simple-minded Romans, but in their heart of hearts they pined for some slight token of outward and visible glory.

In the Dutch Republic of the seventeenth century only a very few mediæval families were left. The rustic hinterland of the eastern provinces continued to harbor a number of landed gentlemen who lived very quietly among their own people, who were called "my Lord" by the peasants, who ruled their estates in a simple and patriarchal fashion, and who



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in return for a certain obsequiousness on the part of their retainers were expected to render a large number of public services for which they never received any pay and which included the office of Grand Almoner to all those who came to them with a claim for food and fuel.

But in the province of Holland, the situation was quite different.

There the greater part of the nobility had been definitely and completely ruined by the revolution against Spain. Their castles had been burned by marauding bands of Spanish mercenaries or by marauding bands of Dutch patriots. Their sons had been killed during the endless wars that followed the first outbreak of discontent. The few families who survived found themselves living in a commercial society where agriculture was of small importance and where almost any fairly successful merchant could make more money in a month than the nobles with all their farms and fields could hope to make in a year.

One thing however they possessed which Jan van Midas, with all his millions, could not buy—that strange and subtle substance which we call “tradition.” And because they were possessed of that strange and subtle substance which we call “tradition,” they found that their opulent neighbors were delighted to give them their daughters in marriage

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in which case the dowry (for "no dowry, no marriage") regilded the leaky roof of their ancestral mansions and made it possible for them once more to attend the meeting of the provincial estates (of which they were hereditary members) in a coach and six with the appropriate number of lackeys and outriders.

The business men who ruled this strange commonwealth were shrewd enough to abstain from surrounding themselves with such a gaudy retinue. They knew that they would have looked rather ridiculous, if they had ventured forth in public followed by a major domo in pink silk and half a dozen flunkies in scarlet. In their personal appearance they continued to affect sombre colours and outwardly at least they were still able to point with pride to the Spartan simplicity and dignity of their households. But all these manifestations of republican virtues did not prevent them from having a great secret liking for rank and precedent. Those unfortunate foreign potentates who omitted to address the members of the Estates General by their full title (which was much too long for repetition in so small a book as this) found that their letters were either returned to them unopened or were never answered. As for the bitter social warfares which were fought to decide who should precede

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whom at public functions and who should sit where in the House of God, I have already mentioned them when I told you of the ambiguous position in this curious commonwealth of the members of the illustrious house of Orange-Nassau.

Sometimes these solemn-faced burghers settled the problems by buying a somewhat decayed manorial estate and by adding the name of their newly acquired possession to that simple appellation which they had inherited from their parents. In due course of time, if one were the least bit tactful, it was possible to abbreviate the first (and plebeian) part of the hyphenated combination until it had shrunk to a mere initial. Next one could drop the initial altogether and with a bit of luck one could change within a single generation from plain Jan Janszoon to something else that was vaguely reminiscent of King Arthur and his Round Table.

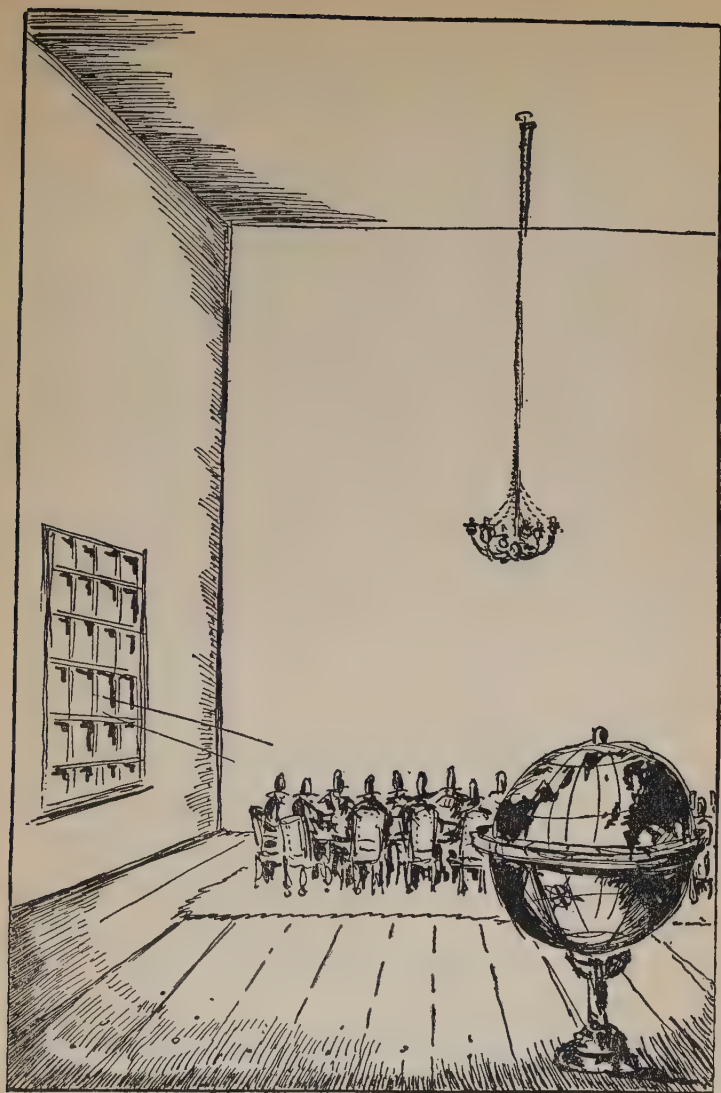
This weakness (harmless enough in itself and as old as the hills of Paradise) was not restricted to one class of society. The very poor, those who were dismissed by a mere shrug of the shoulders or a contemptuous reference to the "small fry," were too insignificant to indulge in this hobby or any other hobbies. But the rest of the country joined the merry chase for armorial bearings and spent vast sums of money trying to prove to the community at

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large that they were really something quite different from what the community at large had always known them to be.

The French aristocrats of the outgoing eighteenth century, having ruined their country by diverse highly refined but unnatural forms of luxury and waste, loved to dress up as peasants and shepherdesses and go forth to milk the cows. The Dutch merchants, having piled up comfortable fortunes from the trade in currants and dried fish, pretended that they had never adopted an invoice or bargained for a lower rate of insurance and gave themselves the airs of having inherited their wealth from a distinguished line of ancestors who had never touched a guilder in trade. And then a clever fellow among the Gentlemen XIX had a bright idea and discovered a way in which he could turn that popular desire for feudal glory into cash for the benefit of his own Company. As a result he bestowed upon us the portly and extraordinary figure of the Patroon.

In modern Dutch a Patroon is a small-scale independent employer, a master-carpenter who uses one or two assistants, a master-paper-hanger who comes to your house with a boy to carry his paste and who is very proud because he is his own "baas" and is not working for anybody else. But ancient Dutch retained the original meaning of the word



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which is still found in such expressions as the "patron saint"—a personage of a higher rank who protects and supports those who are dependent upon him for their sustenance.

The Patroon, when he made his appearance in the New Netherlands, was a thinly disguised feudal chieftain, a semi-independent monarch who could make laws and dispense justice and could force his subjects to grind their corn in his own mill; a man in whom were invested all the hunting and fishing rights of the broad acres and wide estuaries which he called his; a Lord of the Manor who appointed clergymen and dismissed school-teachers as the spirit moved him; in short, a petty sovereign who was responsible to no one but his own conscience and the government of the Dutch Republic.

In order to obtain these many agreeable rights and privileges and get a coat-of-arms in accordance with his new dignity, the Patroon had undertaken to take stock in the West India Company and to send at least fifty immigrants at his own expense to the New World. If he promised to do this, he was given a domain which consisted of sixteen miles of river front and as much of the interior land as he cared to claim. In case he preferred to control both shores of the river, he must content himself with only eight miles on either side. But westward and eastward, the sky was the only limit.

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You see it was indeed a very brilliant scheme.

If it worked out it would provide the New Netherlands with a certain restricted number of immigrants and at the same time it would prevent the country from ever becoming a colony in the real sense of the word. There was to be no wholesale influx of independent and therefore undesirable citizens who sooner or later would cease to worry about their duties and would begin to clamor for their so-called rights. The Patroon would see to it that his subjects not only knew their place but also kept it. And it would save the West India Company the necessity of safeguarding large tracts of land which otherwise might easily have fallen into the hands of the Indians or the English. It meant of course a slight decrease in the fur trade, but as the Patroon was obliged to pay the Company a tax of five per cent. upon everything he intended to export, the loss would not be great.

In practice the idea did not work out quite so well. It brought into the New Netherlands a new element with interests entirely at variance with those of the Company. It gave certain adventurous people a chance to play the Patroons against the Directors and the Directors against the Patroons until they had created a feeling of such mutual distrust and enmity that practically all government within the province was suspended for months at a time. Be-

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sides it had the fault of all mediæval institutions—its success depended too much upon the qualities of a single human being. If the Patroon happened to be an honest and upright man with a fine sense of his public duties, everything went well and his subordinates prospered. If on the other hand (as happened in most cases) the Patroon preferred to be an absentee landlord and left the management of his estate to hired agents, the misery of the poor devils who inhabited his domains was general and profound and it was practically impossible for them to get any redress of their grievances as the fountain-head of justice was three thousand miles away.

And finally it introduced an element of favoritism into the colony which was bound to react unfavorably upon the whole future course of New Netherland history.

The Directors who managed the Company's affairs when the idea was started, hastened to grab all the best pieces of land. The second-best went to their nephews and uncles and cousins. Thereafter it was to their own advantage to appoint only Directors who were known to be friendly disposed towards the Patroons. That meant that still other relatives were sent out to New Amsterdam to rule the colony and when occasionally a man like Pieter Minuit showed a spirit of independence and flatly declared that he did not think the innovation a good

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one, he was sure to be asked for his resignation by return mail.

In short, the institution of the "Patroonaat" created a number of semi-independent states within a state which in itself was nothing more than a semi-independent state. As a result the system of organized disorder which had been so characteristic of the West India Company from its very beginning rapidly degenerated into a complete form of chaos. A few honest men saw this and occasionally they uttered carefully chosen words of warning.

But that tremendous individualism which had enabled a handful of small-town burghers to hold their own against the combined power of Spain and England was rapidly developing into mere stubbornness and obstinacy. And all attempts at reform were balked by the mule-like tenacity of a class that had already outlived its own usefulness.

The Patroons came and they came to stay.

And one of them survived the Dutch West India Company by almost a century and a half.

As you may discover for yourself by reading the strange story of the village of Rensselaerswijck.

## CHAPTER XII

### “DRUNK AND DISORDERLY”

KILIAEN VAN RENSSELAER was the best known of the Patroons. He belonged to a rich Amsterdam family which had made its money in the jewelry trade. Nevertheless the van Rensselaers were regarded as “insiders” for they lived on the Keizersgracht, which in itself was almost a patent of nobility. “They lived in a large house on upper Fifth Avenue,” we would have said a few years ago.

He never visited his estates in the neighborhood of Fort Orange, but he was one of those people who are possessed of such clear, analytical minds that they can carry on business at the other end of the world just as easily as in their own town.

Krol, the ex-lay-reader, ex-company-clerk who had spent considerable time in the New Netherlands, seems to have been the man who had first drawn his attention to the possibilities of this investment. Van Rensselaer was interested but as a careful merchant, he insisted upon a formal deed to his new title and with Krol as an intermediary he bought his land from the Indians ere he took possession.

That happened in November of the year 1629.



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In May of the next year, the first ship-load of colonists for Rensselaerswijck, as the settlement was baptised, arrived from the mother country. Among those who then set foot on American soil was a certain Roelof Jansen from the village of Masterland. He was a totally inconspicuous person but it happened that he was the first husband of a certain Anneken Jans, whom we shall meet again in a future chapter as the innocent founder of that vast wealth which is to-day associated with the name of Trinity Church on lower Broadway.

But to return to His Lordship of Rensselaerswijck in his brick and marble house on Amsterdam's most dignified thoroughfare, he was a man of parts and when he was not acting the rôle of Solon, providing his distant subjects with excellent although somewhat paternal laws and edicts, he delighted to play the part of Polonius and favor his children with neatly embossed rules of conduct for their guidance upon the path of life. One such set of moral maxims has come down to us and gives us a fairly clear idea of the man himself. Incidentally, it showed him to be more to the point than Moses, for he contented himself with only eight commandments. Here they are:—

- 1—Love God and always be an example to the common people.
- 2—Be moderate in whatever you eat and drink.

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- 3—Be faithful in whatever you undertake and do wrong to no man.
- 4—Be diligent in the execution of your daily duties.
- 5—Be careful in all things and especially careful in the choice of the people with whom you associate.



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- 6—Be humble when you are called to high stations.
- 7—Be patient whenever you are wronged.
- 8—Whenever beset by troubles, put your faith in God and in Him alone.

The young man for whose benefit these excellent maxims were drawn up had need of them. His name was Wouter van Twiller and he was a nephew of the famous Patroon, for his mother was Kiliaen's sister. With the help of competent tutors he might

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eventually have been turned into a fairly competent fourth-assistant secretary to a minor diplomatic mission in a small Balkan town. As Governor General of a country infinitely larger than the whole of Holland, he was a most conspicuous failure.

The Dutch Republic of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was in some respects very much like the papacy during the Middle Ages. As a rule the men at the head of affairs were competent enough. But all the good they accomplished was immediately undone by swarms of useless cousins and nephews, all of whom insisted upon being taken care of at the public expense but none of whom felt the slightest responsibility towards their jobs. There was of course no earthly reason why these “strong men” should have done anything at all for their addle-brained relatives. But if they had refused to take care of these miserable dependents, they would have been obliged to listen to the wailing of a vast number of sisters and aunts and grandmothers. Rather than face these lachrymose females, they would run the risk of an occasional revolution or war, for hell hath no fury like a hungry cousin scorned.

If fatuous Wouter had been poor Minuit and had been asked to rule the American colony without money and men, he would at least have been able to offer a plausible excuse for his many failures. But he arrived accompanied by a hundred soldiers

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and with a plentiful supply of cash. These soldiers, by orders from home, were employed in erecting a fort on the land which the Company had recently acquired from the Indians who lived along the western shore of the Verssche Rivier (or Connecticut River) and which had been incorporated into the New Netherlands to serve as a bulwark against potential encroachments from the East. The fort was called the “Goede Hoop” or “Good Hope” and it stood on the very spot where to-day the Insurance Companies of the charming town of Hartford are performing their highly meritorious task. As for the money, it was used on the island of Manhattan for the purpose of building barracks and storehouses and windmills, two of which were located so clumsily that the walls of the fort deprived them of their necessary motive power.

When this had been accomplished, van Twiller bethought himself of higher things and contracted for a church and a parsonage for the benefit of the learned Dominus Everhardus Bogardus who had accompanied him on the good ship *Sout-Bergh* and whom he had learned to dislike with a hatred which was as cordial as it was well grounded.

The Rev. Everhardus Bogardus, who was to play a great and inglorious rôle in the New Netherlands, hailed from the heart of the province of Holland and was a former student of the University of

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Leyden. But either he did not like his professors or his professors did not like him. Anyway, something had happened and young Bogardus had been obliged to leave the university without getting his degree. We do not know what he tried to do next but it is safe to surmise that he was not very successful in civil life for we find him glad to get an insignificant post as Bible reader in the colony of Guiana, whither he departed in the year of grace 1630, to return two years later to Amsterdam with a sheaf of flattering testimonials but little money.

He now asked to be examined for his fitness as a minister of the gospel "in partibus infidelium." Three hundred years ago those who went abroad to preach the Good Tidings to the distant heathen were not supposed to be as well versed in the Scriptures as those who expected to exercise their profession at home and as a result they were not examined as carefully. Bogardus appeared before a board of spiritual inquiry and was successful.

On the fifteenth of July of the year 1632 he then received his appointment and in the spring of the next year he arrived in New York to succeed the excellent Michaelius, who had been recalled for reasons that were good and sufficient to the Directors of the Company.

When Stuyvesant reached New Amsterdam in the year 1647, he wrote in one of his many letters



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to his employers that the people in the colony had grown “completely wild,” that he had found them to be “without any discipline at all,” and he blamed this deplorable state of affairs on the weakness of his immediate predecessor and the negligence and indifference of the late minister, the Rev. Dr. Bogardus.

As a rule Stubborn Pete was a fairly outspoken correspondent but this time he really expressed himself with unusual mildness. The New Netherlands, in common with all foreign possessions of all European powers then and now, were apt to attract those who hoped to grow rich quick and who knew that this could be done easier abroad than at home. These adventurous souls quite frequently overlooked the fact that in order to succeed in the colonies one had to work thrice as hard as in the mother country—that only one man in a thousand ever succeeded and finally that nowhere in the world was the professional loafer as hopelessly out of place as in a community of pioneers.

When the streets of Nieuw Amsterdam were found to be full of mud but not of gold—when the old saying of the Greeks that “the Gods give all for sweat” proved to be as miserably true on the banks of the Hudson River as on the shores of the Amstel—then these disappointed wanderers were apt to wax indignant and look for a suitable scapegoat that

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they might blame this accursed beast for all their sad disappointment. And behold! the scapegoat was right there. He dwelled in the residence of the almighty Director. "If only that scoundrel had given them a chance!" or "If that . . . . . of a Director, the dirty upstart, had only thought of them when there was a vacancy on those ships going to the Delaware where they said that the Indians were covered with gold-dust from head to foot." An old, old story, my friends, an old, old story, and reënacted every day of every year in every part of the world where people want something for nothing.

Pieter Minuit had resigned in disgust because a crowd of disgusted fortune-hunters, led, if you please, by his own secretary, had made his life one prolonged nightmare with their complaints and their lamentations. The same group of pleasant citizens was now waiting for his successor who was hated long before he had set foot on land because it was known that he had been a mere clerk in the West India house in Amsterdam and owed his present position entirely to the influence of his rich uncle, the Patroon.

"Pull!" shouted one group.

"Graft!" shouted another.

But they were unanimous in their decision that this young man who had ridden to the directorship

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on top of the family wheelbarrow (the wheelbarrow is the Dutch equivalent for our word “pull”) was not going to have an easy time of it.

Now if Wouter van Twiller had been a different sort of citizen and had not wasted quite so much of his time on a bench in a tavern, he might have weathered the storm. But the new Director was too steady a toper to restrict his bibulous propensities to after-business hours only. He drank in the morning and he drank in the afternoon and he drank in the evening. He was drunk when he paid official calls to visiting foreign men-of-war and he was drunk when an English ship violated the rights of the Company and quietly sailed past the fort of Amsterdam to go on a trading expedition with the Indians of the upper Hudson and I am quite sure that Dominie Bogardus was right when he said that the Director was also drunk most of the times he chose to attend divine service.

If these accusations of immoderate gin-bibbing had only come from the side of his enemies, we could accept them with the usual discount of sixty-six and two-thirds per cent. for personal prejudice and let them go at that. But during van Twiller's incumbency there arrived in Nieuw Amsterdam one David Pieterszoon de Vries, a ship's captain who contemplated investing some of his savings in a “patroonaat” and who wanted to make a personal in-

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spection of the land before he bought it. This honest sailor has left us a mass of details about van Twiller's scandalous public behaviour. Let it be said at once that his opinion of most of the officials of the Company was not much higher for when he returned to Holland he remarked about the entire personnel of Nieuw Amsterdam that “they knew nothing but how to spend their time carousing and that in the East Indies they would not be allowed to hold down a job as second assistant, let alone director or treasurer.” And he added that the well-known habit of the West India Company to employ men in responsible positions who themselves “had never learned the difficult art of obeying” would inevitably lead to the ruin of the entire colony, a prophecy which was to come true within his own lifetime.

So much for the general stage-setting.

And now for the play, or rather the farce.

The leading rôles were played by the Director and the Minister and it was difficult to say which of the two was the less attractive. They were both men of violent temper. They both drank too much. And neither of them cared sufficiently for the Company whose servants they happened to be to suppress his own resplendent ego long enough to do something for the good of the community at large. They should have given an example of mutual for-

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bearance and instead they fought like the cat and the dog of an ill-regulated household.

For example, whenever the Director did something of which the Dominie felt that he could not approve, the latter was apt to address himself to His Excellency in terms so violent and so furious that “even the heathen would have been ashamed to use them” and when his letters failed to bring the expected improvement, he would carry his quarrel into the church and would fulminate against the Honorable Wouter from the pulpit with such increasing vehemence that pious Christians felt inclined to leave the sacred dwelling lest their ears be contaminated by the Dominie’s blasphemies.

Surely this unseemly conduct was bad enough as long as it was part of a duel fought between two unworthy officials. But when it developed into a three-cornered fight (as it did in the year 1634) it shook the entire colony to its slender foundations and if the New Englanders had known what was happening, they could have taken Nieuw Amsterdam then and there without the loss of a single man.

The third participant in the quarrel was a certain Lubbertus van Dincklagen, LL.D., Treasurer-General of the colony and a protégé of Patroon van Rensselaer, sent to the New Netherlands for the express purpose of acting as a confidential adviser to young van Twiller. Old van Rensselaer believed



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him to be a man of great loyalty and furthermore respected him for those "prolonged studies, which had given him a depth of point of view which was not commonly found among those who, alas, had not enjoyed the advantages of a superior education." No doubt uncle Kiliaen acted entirely for the best, but nephew Wouter, as soon as he had left the coast of Holland behind him, preferred to follow his own boozy councils rather than listen to the legalistic explanations of his treasurer, and when the latter got into difficulties with the Dominie, he used this occasion as a pretext to ship his uncle's Man Friday back home without taking the trouble of paying him his back salary.

This was the worst thing he could possibly have done, for not only had van Dincklagen enjoyed "the advantages of a superior education" which had made him very handy with the pen, but he was also possessed of a wife who was a wonderful shrew and who, as soon as she reached home, caused such a rumpus that soon the whole country knew about the terrible treatment which her poor, dear husband had suffered in that terrible city, right among the dreadful Indians and other wild animals.

As a result, what had been merely a small-town scandal soon grew into a national issue. A steady flood of remonstrances and pamphlets and monographs began to pour down upon the members of

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the Estates General, upon the members of the Amsterdam consistory, upon the managers of the West India Company. Some of the accusations against the Director and against the Dominie were of such a serious nature that there was talk of recalling both officials then and there and asking them to give an accounting of their infamous behaviour. Others were merely funny. The suggestion that the health of Mr. Lubbertus van Dincklagen, LL.D. and ex-treasurer-general, should have been permanently impaired because through the unwarranted interference of Dominie Everhardus Bogardus he, Lubbertus van Dincklagen, LL.D., had been forced to flee into the wilderness of Manhattan Island where for lack of food he had been forced to subsist for twelve whole days on “the grass of the fields” makes one fear that a too close application to those “superior studies” of his Leyden days may have had a disturbing influence upon the poor gentleman’s mind and that old Everhardus had some excuse when he tried to get rid of this nervous nuisance by excluding him from Holy Communion. Anyway, in the end nothing was done and so the whole question is really of very slight importance.

The Consistory of Amsterdam, accustomed to many strange tales from distant lands where the sun was apt to do strange things to the brains of sturdy Nordics, declared that the whole affair of which

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the Dincklagens complained seemed to them to be “a little bit raw” (not exactly an elegant expression but rather picturesque and fitting) and although they tried to appease the Dincklagen woman and went so far as to suggest to the Gentlemen XIX that their former treasurer be given his back pay, they carefully refrained from expressing any opinion upon the conduct of their beloved Brother Everhardus until some future time when that dignitary should have returned to the fatherland and could be examined in person.

Such a decision was all the short-tempered preacher could ask for and meanwhile he had greatly strengthened his social and financial position in Nieuw Amsterdam by marrying a rich widow. The lady in question was none other than the far-famed Anneken Jans, great-grandmother in extraordinary to the whole of Knickerbocker New York.

Anneken Jans (it was the habit in the northern part of Holland to give girls two Christian names which often grew into one) was the daughter of Trijn Jonaszoon, known far and wide as the first official midwife of the town of Nieuw Amsterdam. When quite young, Anneken Jans had been married to one Roelof Jansen, a simple farmer who hailed from the village of Masterland and who (as we said before) was among the first immigrants who

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came to America in the service of Kiliaen van Rensselaer. How or why Roelof Jansen left the service of the uncle and transferred his loyalty to the nephew we do not know but soon after van Twiller's arrival in Nieuw Amsterdam, Roelof left Rensselaerswijck and settled down on a piece of land which the Director bestowed upon him just outside of the settlement proper. Such gifts were quite common during the governorship of van Twiller. He loved to give "bouweries" to those who were his boon companions and judging by the rich farms which belonged to him at the end of his term of office, in this one respect at least he was not his own worst enemy.

However that be, when Roelof Jansen departed this life, his weeping widow found herself possessed of four young children and sixty-two acres of improved real estate. This made simple Anneken Jans a woman of considerable importance and encouraged the Dominie to overlook the fact that strictly speaking he was marrying a little beneath his class.

As for the people of Nieuw Amsterdam, they welcomed this happy event as a most welcome chance to break the monotony of their existence by indulging in rather ribald jests at the expense of their beloved pastor. In most Dutch villages of that time, the doings of the parsonage were con-

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sidered public business and unless the minister was a man of exceptional dignity, he and his wife were forever subjected to the most malicious forms of gossip.

On this particular occasion, Nieuw Amsterdam showed that in more than one respect it was a purely Dutch town. In the Rev. Dr. Bogardus however the citizens met their match. When the professional ladies of the water-front (for in this respect Nieuw Amsterdam was already quite metropolitan) took a hand in the debate and made certain very caustic remarks about his wife and suggested that the Dominie's lady and they, poor sinners, might be sisters under the skin, he ordered them to be hailed before the magistrates and did not rest until he had received a public apology and had obtained an order for the expulsion of the worst offenders.

Thereafter there was peace in the Bogardus household. Four sons were born to the happy couple and these together with the four children of a previous venture kept both husband and wife busy. But the Dominie was not a brilliant administrator, for although he was now one of the largest land-owners of Manhattan (he also possessed an estate on Long Island which the Company had given him in exchange for several years' back pay) he managed so badly that his widow after his most un-



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fortunate demise was left without a cent and was forced to flee to Rensselaerswijck, her old home, to escape her Nieuw Amsterdam creditors.

The so-called "Dominie's bouwery" however remained intact and by a queer trick of fate it eventually came into the possession of Trinity Church, since when, comprising as it did one of the most valuable pieces of real estate of lower Broadway, it has brought great contentment to countless other divines and to the large number of lawyers who ever since the year 1705 have been employed to defeat the machinations of hordes of so-called descendants of the late Mrs. Bogardus.

But in my enthusiasm for this picturesque bit of early New York local colour I have been writing already in the past tense as if the career of Everhardus Bogardus had already come to an end.

Such an impression would be entirely erroneous.

The good man was only beginning. Thus far Wouter van Twiller and Lubbertus van Dincklagen had been his special objects of detestation. But Lubbertus was gone and Wouter, the poor, drunken clown, was hardly worthy of a minister's enmity and disapproval. Besides, his days in the residency of the Director were numbered. Four years had been enough to show that the Rensselaer nephew must be given up as a hopeless failure. He was politely allowed to resign and was duly replaced by

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one Willem Kieft who arrived in the New Netherlands in the spring of 1638.

It was high time that something be done, for credit had been exhausted and the whole colony was on the verge of bankruptcy. Wherefore the College of Nineteen, with a fine eye for local colour, entrusted their American possessions to an official who himself was an undischarged bankrupt and whose picture (after the barbarous custom of that time) was still exhibited on the gallows of his native town.

## CHAPTER XIII

### A FORTUNATE SHIPWRECK

THE stage was set for a fine new comedy.

For Kieft, who was not without certain primitive virtues, and in contrast with his predecessor was a man of great activity, came to the New World fully determined to rehabilitate himself, and having been duly warned of the scandalous state of affairs he would find on the other side of the ocean, he arrived in Nieuw Amsterdam with the fine decision to be a despot. An enlightened despot, if circumstances permitted, but a despot whose word should be law, who should rule his domains as the Prince of Orange ruled his army camp, and who should bring it to glory and riches regardless of people or circumstances.

But alas, no sooner had he arrived than he made the discovery that some one else had already stolen his thunder and that the local clergyman was posing as Lord High Potentate and Tyrant Extraordinary of the island of Manhattan.

Two such ambitious citizens on so small a piece of ground meant war.

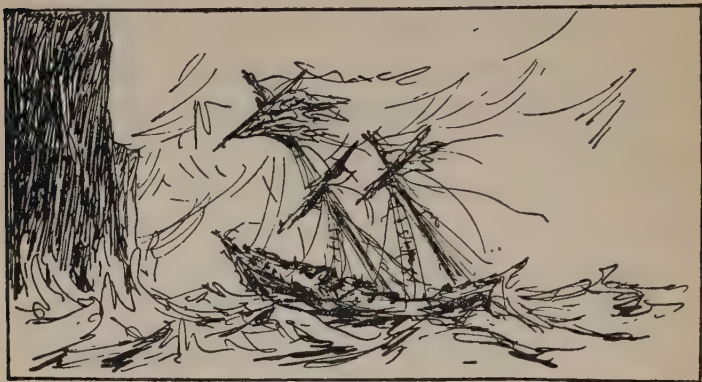
And war it was, in every sense of that unfortunate word.

## A FORTUNATE SHIPWRECK

Kieft immediately after his arrival made a short inventory of his new possession. What he found was not very hopeful. The town itself was practically defenceless. The walls of the fort were used as grazing fields for a couple of cows and most of the guns lay dismounted in the yard. The roof of the church leaked badly and the offices of the Company were desperately in need of repair. Of the three windmills, one could no longer be used while a second one had burned down. The condition of the few hardy pioneers who had come to the New Netherlands attracted by fabulous stories of free land and free homesteads was well-nigh hopeless, for the Company persisted in regarding the whole of their New Netherland possessions merely as a beaver-producing proposition and discouraged in every possible way the normal development of agriculture and of farming. Everybody in the New Netherlands knew that this policy was wrong, that the land on both sides of the Hudson was too fertile to remain an uninhabited wilderness for much longer, that eventually it would attract inhabitants and that if those were not allowed to come from Holland, they would come from New England (which was attracting thousands of British and Scottish immigrants) or from Canada, but come they would. The Gentlemen XIX however in far-away Amsterdam knew better. The annual crop of

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beaver skins could be predicted with a fair degree of accuracy, but farming was slow work and the results depended too much upon the weather. And obstinately these practical men of business stuck to their resolve to keep the greater part of the New



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Netherlands a private hunting preserve where otters and beavers should be encouraged to raise large families of fur-bearing puppies.

Only very gradually and then under pressure of the Estates General, who as the real sovereigns of the Dutch Republic had retained final jurisdiction over all trading companies, did they agree to a few slight compromises and to cede part of their monopolistic rights. But until the last day of their rule on Manhattan Island they firmly believed that they



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were right and that all those who thought differently were wrong.

They could of course point to the fact that the town of Nieuw Amsterdam, notwithstanding a couple of fires and equally devastating directors, was rapidly changing from a mere hamlet into a regular city. But they overlooked the fact that Nieuw Amsterdam was growing in spite of the Dutch West India Company and not on account of anything that organization had ever consciously done to encourage its growth. It just happened that the future city of New York was so fortunately situated that like another Constantinople it was bound to increase in wealth and in size, no matter how badly governed or how neglected by those who were supposed to look after its interests.

Undoubtedly the town was not another Paris or London. But it compared favorably with Jamestown or Plymouth or the recently founded village of Boston. There was the semblance of an hotel maintained by the Company and the closing hours of the taverns were not too rigorously enforced. The Sabbath too was not turned into a day of penance and generally speaking there was very little prejudice against foreigners. Jews were not allowed to take out citizenship papers, but they were not forbidden to engage in trade, and although there

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was a terrific amount of quarreling and brawling (the curse of all small communities) it was done entirely among the inhabitants themselves and outsiders were allowed to do pretty much whatever they pleased. And above all things, either through superior wisdom or out of sheer indifference (most likely the latter) the heretics enjoyed greater liberty of conscience in this part of America than in any other.

The New Netherlands, like all other parts of the Christian world during the seventeenth century, enjoyed an "official" religion. In their case it was a slightly modified form of Calvinism known colloquially as "Dutch Reformed." Other sects, if they were merely variants upon the original theme of the great Genevan theologian, were given permission to practice their creed with complete freedom. Still others, inclined towards the doctrines of the late Martin Luther, were tolerated but not encouraged. There remained the hideous idolatry of the unspeakable Papists. It was of course out of the question that these worshippers of graven images should be allowed to have a meeting place of their own within the jurisdiction of the Company. But quite often it happened that French merchantmen visited the New Netherlands for the purpose of trade. Those Frenchmen as a rule were victims of the Roman errors. Their money however was quite

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as good as that of anybody else. It would have been foolish to refuse to take a person's golden dollars merely because he believed in the wrong kind of Trinity.

The situation was delicate, to say the least.

It was solved in the usual Dutch fashion; that is to say, it was not solved at all. But no Catholics ever needed to avoid that part of the world administered by the Dutch West India Company for fear of being molested. As long as they did not insist upon reading mass in public places or make too bold a show of their crucifixes or their sacred medals (which good Protestants knew they wore for the express purpose of bedeviling their enemies) they could come and trade and swap yarns and go to a quiet mass in somebody's house and no one would bother them or ask them for their passports.

The tolerant attitude which prevailed in the Dutch settlement was well known in New England. When the Puritan fathers began their drive to turn the ancient kingdom of Massasoit into a modern Zion, a great many poor souls, who could not share the views of Endicott and Winthrop, found their way to the territory of the Dutch trading company and there established themselves on the tacit understanding that they would not bother others with their own private opinions.

The Quakers (as we shall see a little later) were

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an exception to this rule. But the Quakers during the first decade of their career as an independent sect were of a very argumentative nature and were forever drawing people into unprofitable discussions upon the state of their soul, a sort of spiritual buttonholing which has never been popular, as the fate of Socrates had shown two thousand years before.

Generally speaking, however, those who were willing to leave well enough alone were rarely molested and slowly but surely the northern part of Long Island and the western bank of the Connecticut River were being populated by large numbers of religious refugees from Massachusetts. Even then the wrath of their former neighbors followed them and once in a while their prayers were successful, as happened for example in the year 1643 when poor Anne Hutchinson was killed by a band of marauding Indians. But although the churches in New England solemnly celebrated this unfortunate incident as a happy manifestation of divine interference, the men who directed the affairs of the West India Company did not change their time-honoured policy, but sent a company of soldiers after the murderers and continued to offer their hospitality to as curious a collection of religious fanatics as were ever brought together within a radius of a hundred miles.

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If only they had shown the same wisdom and common sense in their other dealings with public questions! But the moment they were called upon to handle questions of truly "popular" interest, they were apt to commit one blunder after another. This was not entirely their own fault. They had been trained in a country which was staunchly devoted to the ideal of inequality. Suddenly left to their own devices with no one to whom they were responsible for their actions, they had a great tendency to develop into twopenny tyrants. They would be terribly strict on Monday, much too lenient on Tuesday, and the rest of the week they would spend trying to undo the harm of the first forty-eight hours.

Take their policy towards the Indians.

The Puritans who had come to America to find new homes did not need the Indians. They wanted the lands of the Indians and they took these with or without permission of the former owners. Thereafter the Indians could either move away or they could remain and starve to death, but it was all the same to the white settlers. When upon a few rare occasions the Indians tried to push the invaders into the sea, the people of Massachusetts as a whole made war upon the red men and either killed them or drove them back across the Berkshires. It was not exactly a charitable policy or even a Christian



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policy, but it was a policy nevertheless and the Indians knew that, "If we do so and so we will get hung, but if we do so and so we will get a bottle of rum."

In the New Netherlands where everything depended upon the will of a single man, the Indian was never quite sure whether he was going to be hung or whether he was going to get a whole barrel of spirits. He had to take his chances and that was very bad for his sense of discipline.

Wouter van Twiller had been the red man's friend. During his reign, the Indians had had the run of the fort. They had been allowed to join white men's parties at the ale-houses—they had been treated as long lost brothers. From the days of the old Netherlands Company on there had been laws forbidding the sale of fire-arms to the savages. But it had been almost as difficult to enforce this rule as Kiliaen van Rensselaer's famous edict against amorous intercourse between the inhabitants of his respectable dorp and the wives and daughters of visiting braves. Many of the Indians therefore possessed guns and as a rule the owners of these dangerous implements of war were the rather more energetic members of the tribe and therefore those least to be trusted with such weapons from the point of view of the Dutch farmers who lived on small clearings far away from the town.

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If all of the New Netherlands had been under one head, it would perhaps have been possible to put an end to this clandestine trade. But the existence of several independent communities within the colony itself made strict control an impossibility, as the subjects of Michael Pauw or Samuel Blommaert would light their pipes with the ordinances that came to them with the date line of Nieuw Amsterdam, while the farmers of the good Mr. van Rensselaer engaged so notoriously in the wholesale business of blunderbuss-smuggling that soon all of Canada and New England were bombarding the Patroon with complaints about his gun-running subjects and were asking him for Heaven's sake to do something about this lest they all be murdered by the Mohawks. It was very sad, but it had gone on for such a long time that no one knew quite what to do about it, when Kieft appeared upon the scene.

Kieft was a man of action. He would show these people what was what! He called for his secretary. The secretary went to the printer. That very same evening the inhabitants of Nieuw Amsterdam could read the handbills which told them that no further arms must be sold to the Indians on pain of severe punishment. The rule was actually enforced within the immediate vicinity of Nieuw Amsterdam and the mild and peaceful

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Injuns who dwelled along the lower stretches of the Hudson were forced to go back to their ancestral bows and arrows.

But up in the north in Rensselaerswijck the ukase never even penetrated and the Rensselaerswijckers, in their proud independence, continued to supply their own beloved Mohawks with just as many arquebusses as before. What was the result? The poor Algonquins, who had been deprived by Kieft of their firearms, now found themselves in the position of respectable modern New Yorkers who are not allowed to buy revolvers while the yegg-men who live upon them can obtain all the pistols they want in nearby Jersey. Of course the Algonquins did not like this and they went to the Director and told him so.

"Very well," said Kieft, the man of action, "I cannot go back on my own laws and the rule against selling firearms to the natives remains on the statute-books. But I will see to it that you are protected against your Mohawk enemies. Of course you will have to pay a little something towards the support of the necessary soldiers. But you shall have all the necessary soldiers and in return I shall levy a tribute of corn upon all those of you who hope to avail themselves of my most generous offer."

This showed that Kieft understood nothing of

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the native psychology. He forgot that the Indians had not asked for protection. They had merely asked for fair play. Either they too must be allowed to buy guns or their enemies must be prevented from doing so.

"No," said Kieft, "my edict must stand till the Heavens fall and you either pay me that tribute, or I shall leave you to your fate and to the Mohawks."

But just then the quarrels between the Director and the Dominie were more violent than usual and so nothing was done and the well-armed Mohawks continued to murder the defenceless Algonquins.

Eventually this difficulty might have been ironed out to the mutual satisfaction of both parties, but Kieft fully shared the white man's well-known prejudice towards all native races and regarded his red subjects as little better than the animals of the fields. If he had been free to follow his inclinations he would have killed them off as mercilessly as his Puritan neighbors were doing. But he needed them. They provided the Company with its chief source of revenue. They were the hunters and trappers who provided the Directors' agents with the pelts of otters and beavers and bears.

Unfortunately Kieft's most intimate adviser and secretary, a certain Cornelis van Tienhoven, was an avowed adherent of the "a good Indian is a dead

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Indian" school of thought and gradually, under the pressure of this ambitious and unscrupulous official, Kieft permitted himself to become involved in an Indian policy which could have only one ending—a general up-rising on the part of all the natives (regardless of tribe or previous enmity) and severe losses in the fur trade.

Let it be stated however that all Hollanders in the New Netherlands did not share this short-sighted view. The well-known Dr. Johannes la Montagne of Vredendael, a sort of Grand Old Man of the colony, was as always on the side of moderation and he was ably supported by our old friend, Captain de Vries, the John Smith of the New Netherlands. By profession a sailor, de Vries had come into contact with all sorts of people in all parts of the world and now that he had settled down on his farm, called "Vriesendael" (near the possessions of the Patroon Mijndert van Nederhorst, a few hours away north from Manhattan Island), he urged that the Indians be treated with absolute fairness, in which case he assured Kieft they would be found to be friendly and useful neighbors and powerful allies in case of a war with the English or the French.

But in Nieuw Amsterdam, too, there were a good many people who supported a policy of peace. These citizens had grave doubts upon the subject of the Director's personal honesty and suspected



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that his desire for a little campaign against the savages was inspired by an even stronger desire to prevent an examination into the disbursements of the public funds. But before the anti-war party could make its influence felt, there happened one of those unfortunate incidents which are liable to occur whenever two utterly different forms of civilization are forced to live in close intimacy and which are really nobody's fault because they are everybody's fault.

While Minuit was still Director, a few Dutch roughnecks, walking through the woods on the spot where the Tombs prison is now situated, had picked a quarrel with a harmless Indian and had killed him for the sake of a little sport. The Indian had been accompanied by his small nephew, but the child had run away and had escaped. Now the boy had grown into manhood and according to the Indian conception of ethics, it had become his duty to avenge the murder of his uncle by assassinating a Dutchman. His victim happened to be a poor blacksmith who lived alone on a small farm. He had been no party to the original murder of the original Indian. But he was a Dutchman and in such a case, in the eyes of a conscientious savage, one Dutchman was quite as good as another. Also, according to the Indian code of retribution, there now was an end to the affair—a tooth for a tooth

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and a nail for a nail—one dead Indian, one dead Dutchman—the score had been settled.

But the white man has never been able to see things in that light. When a band of Arab bandits kills one single white traveller, at least a dozen Arab villages must be wiped out and their inhabitants must be massacred before the honor of the white race is felt to have been avenged. When Chinese soldiers throw a single missionary into the river, a fleet of iron-clads must forthwith proceed to the Yellow Sea to punish entire provinces and destroy hundreds of followers of Confucius ere it can be truly said that the wrath of the God of the bleached races has been appeased.

Willem Kieft and his crony van Tienhoven felt the same urge for an immediate and exemplary punitive expedition. Only they had no money. Under the circumstances the Director decided to take a step that none of his predecessors had ever taken—to recognize in an official way the existence of the people of Nieuw Amsterdam. In the fall of the year 1641 he called together a meeting of all the heads of families who lived near the fort that they might advise their beloved Director what course he should follow in regard to the proposed war with the natives. The “heads of families” actually convened and promptly elected a “committee of twelve” to assist the Director with his grave

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problems. In a general way, this committee of twelve plain citizens agreed that something should be done to punish the young Indian for the murder of the innocent blacksmith. But when that had been definitely decided, they changed the tone of their deliberations and discussed several points of general interest which did not appear at all upon the Director's agenda.

It was the first time the burghers of Nieuw Amsterdam had been given a chance to express their opinions. "Why," so they now asked, "were they only consulted in time of danger or when the Director, uncertain of the course to follow, needed others whom he could blame in case of failure?" And again, a little later: "Why did not the Director surround himself with advisors from among the people who were familiar with the affairs of the colony through long residence? Why did he keep a little kitchen-cabinet recruited almost entirely from among the lower officials of the Company, who came to America for the sole purpose of enriching themselves?"

The Director did not see fit to answer these questions. He thanked the Committee of Twelve for their kind interest in the warfare with the Indians but as for their suggestions of a general nature, he promised to consider them "in fitting time" and meanwhile disbanded the committee of selectmen as

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such meetings of independent advisory bodies might be vastly injurious, not only to the country but also to the authority of the Director himself and to the Company whose interests he was supposed to represent.

The war which then followed (for Kieft, once he got his money, refused to listen to all further arguments for peace), is one of the most scandalous episodes in the rather scandalous series of conflicts which have accompanied the white man's western progress. After a few months of desultory fighting during which old Captain de Vries never ceased his efforts to bring about an honorable settlement, the time of year had once more come around during which the Mohawks were in the habit of starting their raids upon the weaker tribes who lived along the southern part of the Hudson River.

This time the invasion was worse than usual. Soon a horde of panic-stricken Indians was stampeding in the general direction of Nieuw Amsterdam, loudly asking for help. Although it was the middle of February, de Vries went down the river in his canoe to see Kieft personally and to suggest that the Director use this fortunate opportunity to persuade the savages of the honesty of his intentions and take them under his protection. Such generous treatment, so de Vries argued, would make an end to all future difficulties.

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Kieft did not see it that way. He called for his secretary. The secretary called for three men who had been members of the Committee of Twelve and who were known to be more or less friendly towards the Director. They all dined together. Afterwards van Tienhoven presented Kieft with a written document which he pretended to have received from the selectmen and which advocated that strong measures be used against the Indians who were asking for shelter. Afterwards that document was proved to be a fake. The Committee of Twelve no longer existed and therefore could not approve or disapprove of anything. But the miserable scrap of paper served its purpose. That night the Dutch garrison rowed across the Hudson and without further ado slaughtered the Indians who had gathered around the village of Pavonia in the hope of being protected against their enemies from up river. No one was spared and the rule of "women and children first" was carefully observed.

A few weeks later the white people of Long Island followed the Director's example and organized a massacre of their own.

As a result, before the end of the month, eleven tribes had risen against the Dutch and the lazy smoke arising from many distant clearings told what was happening to the families and properties of isolated farmers.



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Kieft, in despair, asked de Vries to act as his intermediary and make peace, but the natives, although they had no doubt about the personal honesty of their friend from Vriesendael, refused to bury the hatchet.

Then Kieft followed the example of many cowards and asked the interference of high Heaven by proclaiming a number of days of fasting and prayer. This meant a lot of extra work for Dr. Bogardus (who by this time was in great disrepute and had been repeatedly accused of having been so drunk at the morning service that he could not serve Holy Communion without spilling the sacred wine) and furthermore, Heaven seemed indifferent.

There was nothing to do but once more ask the people to lend a hand. Just before the exasperated citizens decided to put their Director on board a ship and send him back to Holland, he requested that they appoint eight men to act as an advisory board. The cosmopolitan nature of the little town was shown by the composition of this committee, for the eight men who were eventually elected represented four different nationalities: Dutch, Flemish, English and German. This second advisory board was not as pliable as the first one of the year 1641. It not only opposed the Director upon several occasions but also gave him some elementary instructions upon the well-worn subject of "gov-

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ernment by consent of the tax-payers." But Kieft, of course, was too hopelessly set in his ways to learn anything new and besides the worst danger seemed to have passed. The superior force of the arguments provided by the white man's cannon was beginning to tell. The Indians were beginning to tire of so unequal a fight and the Director, relieved of his recent anxieties, found time to indulge his Jehovah-complex (a sort of "delusion of grandeur" which is quite common among those who have been reared on the literature of the ancient Hebrews) in a somewhat different way by reviving his old quarrel with the city's mentor.

Dominie Bogardus had grown considerably older but not much wiser. He was even more impatient and ill-tempered than before and his sermons had become veritable torrents of personal invective. Several times the Director had warned the holy man to bridle his tongue, but to no avail. Written messages conveying the same general idea had been answered in so scandalous a manner that finally the minister had been threatened with a lawsuit unless he moderate his ardor and apologize for past breaches against good taste.

Willem Kieft had no use for Everhardus Bogardus and his often repeated accusations of ministerial misconduct and intemperance must be taken with a great deal of salt. But we possess such

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ample evidence upon the unfortunate subject that there can be no doubt about the increasing unfitness of the Dominie for his job. It would have been an excellent thing if he had only resigned before his tippling habits and the violence of his language had got him into trouble with the courts. But Everhardus was an obstinate old fellow. He continued to drink and to scold and to deny the right of any man in the colony to question his conduct long after his usefulness had come completely to an end.

The Director and his friends, fearing too great a public scandal (minor scandals did not matter), finally suggested that the difficulties between the Minister and the authorities be left to a jury composed of two or three private citizens—of the Rev. Francis Doughty, the English chaplain in Nieuw Amsterdam, and the famous Dr. Johannes Megapolensis, the preacher from Rensselaerswijck, who had begun life as a Roman Catholic by the name of Grosstaat or Grootestad but who after his conversion to Protestantism had attracted the attention of Kiliaen van Rensselaer and who was rapidly becoming the most famous preacher of the New Netherlands.

Again Bogardus refused to comply. By this time he had offended so many people that he had not a friend left. Under these circumstances, he did the only thing he could do to save his face, he declared

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that he would leave everything to the Consistory of Amsterdam who had sent him to the New Netherlands and would abide by their decisions. At the same moment the Gentlemen XIX, desperate about the recent loss of their possessions in Brazil and foreseeing a similar disaster in northern America, were deciding to bring about a complete and drastic change in the management of the colony and were writing letters of recall to Willem Kieft.

In the fall of the year 1647 the former Director and the Dominie boarded the same vessel, the *Princesse*, and started for Holland to submit their quarrels to the Board of Managers of the Company and to the "Deputates for Indian Affairs" of the Amsterdam Consistory.

On the twenty-seventh of September of the same year the captain got off his course in the neighborhood of the English coast and drove his ship upon the rocks. Eighty-one passengers, among whom were Willem Kieft and Everhardus Bogardus, were drowned. Of the cargo, only a few bales of beaver-skins were washed on shore and those were stolen by the natives of the nearby fishing village who sold them for a dime although (as one of the Gentlemen XIX sorrowfully wrote to a friend) they were worth at least four or five dollars apiece.

All these interesting items and many others are to be found in a long and circumstantial letter which

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the Board of Managers of the West India Company sent to their new Director, the Hon. Petrus Stuyvesant. No doubt they must have interested him greatly. He probably felt (as most of us do) that it would have been a good deal better if the *Princesse* had run "into the wrong channel, God help us!" a great many years before, provided the good ship had carried the same passengers.



#### CHAPTER XIV

### THE CLOCK WITH THE MISSING KEY

DURING the middle of the seventeenth century the government of the Dutch Republic resembled a clock of which the key had been mislaid or stolen and which was slowly running down while everybody stood around in great agitation and while no one quite knew what to do. This was a pity for it was a grand old clock, and a fine piece of the political watchmaker's art.

Amidst great and general enthusiasm it had been set going during the terrible years of the revolt against Spain. Then suddenly and unexpectedly, victory had come to the rebellious provinces. Everybody had been so busy with his private affairs that hardly a soul had given a thought to grandpa's ponderous horologium. As far as most children could remember, it had always been there—it had always ticked—it had always struck the hour—the little dial which showed the daily doings of the moon and the stars was as bright as ever—and the little ships which bobbed up and down on a painted sea bobbed up and down as merrily and unconcernedly as they had done half a century before. Once in a

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while some bright young person would pass by and would suggest that it was "about time to wind the old machine and give it a bit of a cleaning." But the others, their heads filled with plans and figures, did not listen, or if they listened, made a face, said "yes" in an absent-minded sort of way and hastened to the Exchange lest they be made to pay a fine for being late.

There were of course a few wise men who remembered the time when the clock had been made and who knew that the beautiful mahogany case covered a multitude of little sins—wheels that did not quite fit but that had been used because at the moment it had been impossible to get any others—cogs made out of material that did not seem any too trustworthy but that were the only cogs at hand—a mainspring that had been bodily taken from a clumsy mediæval contraption which some one had discovered in a dark corner of the attic. But they too held their peace for well they remembered the fate of those who had seriously suggested a general overhauling and besides, they were not quite sure that anybody knew what had become of the key. And so they kept their suspicions to themselves and waited. In the meantime the pesky old key might turn up or the house might burn down or some one might present the family with a brand-new time-piece or the old piece of furniture might prove of



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sounder make than anybody suspected and might run for a couple of centuries longer and anyway, it would probably last their own time, so why worry?

As a matter of fact, it did run until the year 1795. But from the middle of the seventeenth century on, it was forever losing time—at first only a few minutes, then whole hours. When the soldiers of the French revolution made a bonfire of it, it was at least half a century behind the times, but no one in the Netherlands had realized this, for all citizens of the Republic were in the habit of regulating their own watches by the official clock and so it was impossible for them to discover their error. Even afterwards, when the disasters that had overtaken their country ought to have taught them a lesson, many honest burghers refused to be convinced and went to their graves stoutly maintaining that all the world was out of time but that they themselves had been right.

Or, to reevaluate this pretty simile into terms of practical politics, the Dutch Republic was a confederacy of semi-independent and sovereign little states. Those seven independent and sovereign little states had not come together because they loved each other. On the contrary! They hated each other. They had only made common cause on the well-known Franklinian principle that “if they did not hang together, they would hang separately.”

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But their mutual jealousy had always prevented the establishment of a single head, of a powerful executive who should by the nature of his office stand slightly removed from all these provincial bickerings.

In practice of course the country had not been able to follow such a course of systematized anarchy.

A well-regulated state is like a ship or like the universe.

It is a one-man affair.

When seven little provinces went forth to fight the Spaniards, it was impossible for them to have seven little armies commanded by seven little generals. They needed a single commander-in-chief and to this high office they had invariably appointed a member of the House of Orange.

How did the House of Orange happen to be in the Netherlands? That in itself was a complicated story. Originally the seven United Provinces had been separate counties and bishoprics and baronies—typical mediæval statelets. When the days of the feudal system were over (roughly speaking during the last fifty years of the sixteenth century) they had been absorbed by one of the large dynastic holding-companies which were fighting each other for the possession of diverse desirable scraps of European real estate just as in our own times groups of bankers and trust companies will compete



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for their share of all the coal-mines and all the iron-mines and all the oil-fields or what have you.

But when a modern bank gets hold of a piece of property, it does not try to run it from New York or Chicago. It entrusts the actual management to a resident director, to some one who is on the spot, to an executive who is familiar with the working of this particular factory or mine and who, if he is to be successful, must enjoy a considerable amount of personal liberty.

In the same way the Habsburgs did not try to rule a dozen little principalities, situated at the other end of Europe from Madrid. In every newly acquired piece of territory they appointed a personal representative (as a rule a nobleman of some repute) who acted as governor-general and in whom were vested the dignities, honors and prerogatives formerly held by the feudal masters of the country. Such personal representatives in the Low Countries were called Stadholders. In some instances they replaced a former count. In other parts of the country, they became the successors to a bishop or a duke. But no matter whom they happened to succeed, from the moment they were appointed they were responsible to no one except the King who was the fountain-head of all sovereignty in every part of the far-flung Empire.

Now it happened that the Emperor Charles V,

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one of the most successful land-grabbers of his or any other age, had had a secretary to whom he was greatly devoted, a young German prince belonging to the house of Nassau. This young man, William by name, had been first cousin to a certain René of Châlons-Nassau, who in turn had been a nephew to a certain Philibert of Orange-Châlons, a military man in the service of Charles V and an intimate personal friend of the Emperor who as a token of his high personal esteem had presented him with a number of estates in the Netherlands.

When René of Nassau-Châlons and lord of Orange was killed during the siege of St. Didier in the year 1544 he had left all his domains to his intelligent young cousin William of Nassau who thereafter became known as William of Orange-Nassau. Incidentally neither William nor any of his descendants ever visited this little principality near the mouth of the Rhône and during the seventeenth century it was occupied by Louis XIV and incorporated into the French Kingdom. But the title remained in the possession of the house of Nassau. Hence the famous Prince of Orange, who drove King James II from his throne and whose name is not unknown in America. Hence the many Forts Orange in different parts of the world, the Orange rivers, the towns called Orange and the orange colours in many flags. But all that is merely

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a picturesque detail and I must hasten back to the original William.

When Charles V, who was really a Fleming and very little of a Spaniard or an Austrian, left the Low Countries and went to live in Spain, he made this favorite secretary, William of Orange-Nassau, governor or stadholder of several of the former principalities in the northern part of the Netherlands. And when the people of these principalities rose against Philip of Spain, the son of the Emperor Charles, William (although he had returned to the Catholic faith when he acquired his Orange inheritance) took the side of the revolutionary party and both on account of his natural ability and on account of his prominent social position (and in the year 1572 a social position counted for something!) he became the generally accepted leader of the entire movement.

After many vicissitudes and defeats, during which the greater part of the rebellious provinces had either been reconquered by the Spaniards or had voluntarily offered their submission, seven of them (situated in the northern part of the country), more thoroughly devoted to the new religious ideas than the others and fighting absolutely with their backs against the wall, decided that in such emergencies a little coöperation might not be entirely out of place and they formed a defensive union and

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subscribed to a common expression of political faith which became the constitution of the new state.

Unfortunately this constitution, born in an atmosphere of profound mutual jealousies and provincial prejudices, omitted to state who should be the head of the whole republic, but it was expected that William of Orange-Nassau, who was commander-in-chief of all the seven little armies, would eventually be made the chief executive of the entire commonwealth and then all would be well in the best of Dutch Reformed Worlds.

There is no use speculating upon what might have happened. William was murdered by a gunman of King Philip and the plan fell through. His son Maurice succeeded him in all his dignities but this famous strategist spent so much of his time in camp that he did not have the opportunity of consolidating his political following and when he died everything was in the same chaotic condition as before.

When his brother Frederik Hendrik succeeded him, the danger of a Spanish reconquest had been averted (entirely, let it be said, through the efficient services of the first two members of the House of Orange) and then the age-old jealousies of the different parts of the country reasserted themselves in such fury that the constitution was never changed at all and that the Republic became what it re-

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mained until the end of its existence—"an officially recognized form of anarchy, tempered by dictatorship."

For this same Republic, which had not been strong enough or wise enough to provide for a single head, now fell a victim to whomsoever was powerful enough or unscrupulous enough to get himself recognized as the supreme chief in this highly respectable community. The word "dictator" was of course never mentioned. Everything was always given an outer aspect of dignified legality. But as all the world knew, the province of Holland, which contributed more than half of all the common taxes, was able to force its rule upon the other six provinces and as a result the man or the political faction which controlled the political machinery of the towns of Holland was able to force its will upon the province of Holland and in that way upon the entire republic. Out of this situation there gradually developed the inevitable "two party system." It was the old story of the Ghibelines and the Guelphs—of the state's rights people and the believers in a strongly centralized form of government—of the Republicans and the Democrats.

On the one hand there were those who claimed that the stadholder as heir to the old feudal chieftains should be invested with the supreme power.





NEWS FROM HOME

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On the other hand there were those who insisted that the rich commercial families which ruled the cities and the provincial councils were the origin of all sovereignty, because by some strange fiction it was held that they represented the people at large, and should therefore be in control of the entire state.

Both of these theories had much that could be said in their favor and both of these theories had much that could be said against them. In practice, of course, the thing worked itself out without the slightest regard for theory. The strongest man or the strongest party grabbed all the power and ruled his neighbors as pleased him. Generally speaking, whenever the country was in danger of foreign invasion, some prince of the House of Orange-Nassau was apt to be able to get himself recognized as head of the state while prolonged periods of peace were more favorable for the chances of a civilian. The change in government sometimes occurred without a hitch. Upon other occasions it was accompanied by an assassination or two. But that is the way things are done in this world and the fact that the Dutch mob occasionally got out of hand and murdered its own benefactors is nothing to deserve special comment. It is the privilege of great men to be great men and of small-minded people to be small-minded people and never the twain shall understand each other.

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But the point I wish to make is this: if such chaotic conditions could prevail and during several centuries could continue to prevail in the highest councils of the land, don't ask what the situation was within the different provinces themselves or within the little cities that were of such tremendous importance in deciding the fate of the so-called common country. Everywhere it was the same story of wheels within wheels—an absolutely mediæval division and sub-division of power—a system of balances and counter-balances so carefully adjusted that most of the time they failed to function at all. Remains the question—if all this were true, how did it happen that the Dutch Republic for almost two centuries could remain one of the most successful nations of the old continent?

To which I beg to answer with a reference to our own Republic. The average European who contemplates that complicated fabric of federal and state rights—who studies the ponderous machinery of our political parties—who sees vast interests entrusted to the care of utterly selfish organizations—is apt to ask, "How can such things be? Why does not this commonwealth go bankrupt? How come it has not been turned long since into an empire by some bright young Napoleon?"

Why not?

In the first place, because the country is so enor-

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mously rich that it can afford to make mistakes which would ruin less opulent nations.

In the second place, because everybody is more or less familiar with the system as it exists and accepts it at its face-value.

In the third place, because there are always enough able men in the key positions to see that the thing works.

What would happen of course in case of real danger (for the Great War was never a question of life or death with us), that nobody knows. But in the meantime we muddle along and fortunately we have a large number of intelligent citizens who recognize the faults of our social fabric and who are devoting their time to bringing about the necessary repairs. And in that respect, the old Dutch Republic was much less fortunate.

In Holland, criticism of the existing order of things was impossible. It was to the evident interest of the ruling classes (whether they happened to be the rich merchants or belonged to the partisans of the House of Orange) never to find fault with their own bread and butter. As for the "common people"—all those who did not belong to the twenty-five hundred families that owned the Republic—they were too awe-struck before Their Lordships to say anything at all. If occasionally they gave a little squeak, they were promptly and efficiently sup-

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pressed by their magistrates, their ministers and their own frightened relatives.

That brings me to my final question. With such a condition of affairs in the mother country, what could one expect in those parts of Holland that were situated at the other end of the world? In the colonies too the old political and economic time-peace was hopelessly out of gear and as for the key that should wind it up anew, it had long since been mislaid and no one knew where to order a new one.

Pieter Stuyvesant, the new Director, was vaguely aware that something was wrong with the contraption entrusted to his care and so he did what most people do who are not thoroughly familiar with the inner workings of an automobile or a watch or any other piece of machinery. He shook it.

He shook it violently.

When it gave no sign of fresh life, he kicked it.

There was a sudden rumbling of wheels—a violent ticking—a grating of many small metal cogs.

And then, without any further warning, the damned thing stood still.



## CHAPTER XV

### THE GRAND-DUKE OF MUSCOVY ON MANHATTAN

IN the month of May of the year 1647 the new "Lord General," as the new Director preferred to call himself, stumped down the gangplank of the ship that had brought him from Curaçao, the heart of the Dutch possessions in America, and was solemnly rowed to his new realm.

His kingdom consisted of one vast stretch of wilderness (exact extent unknown), a certain number of farms, a dozen villages, the beginning of a small town somewhere in the north, and a capital city which boasted one fortress (slightly shopworn), two windmills, one large brick hotel (roof leaky), two score store-houses and about one hundred and fifty private dwellings with seven hundred inhabitants, among whom less than one hundred were capable of bearing arms, the rest being composed of women, children, slaves and other foreigners.

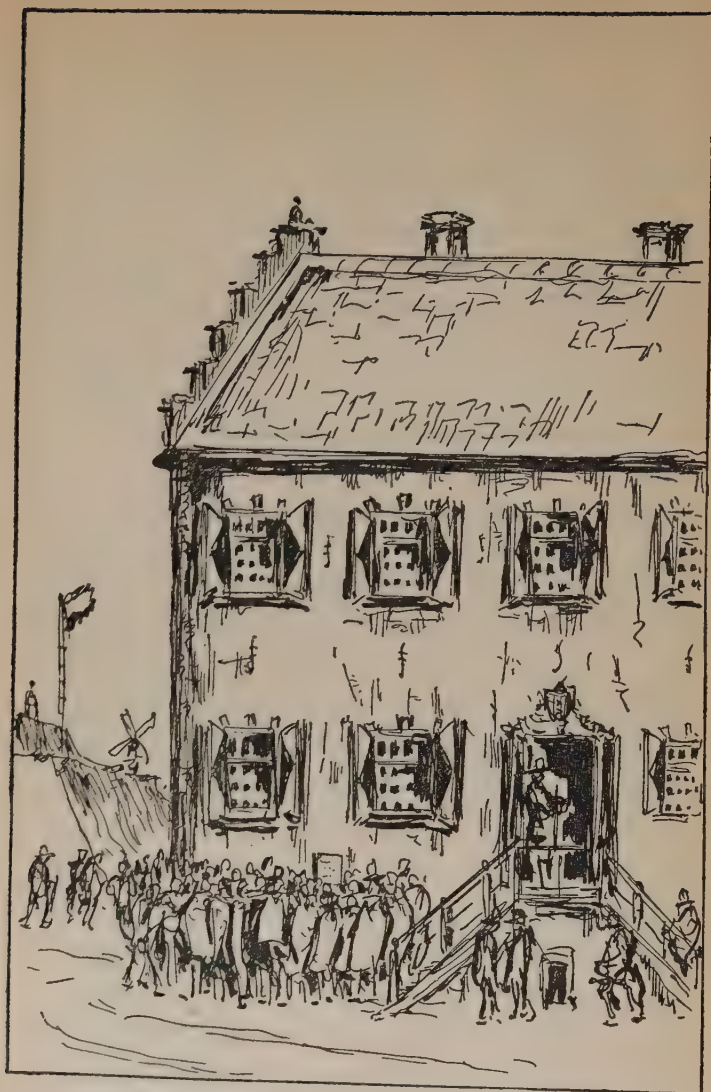
Those among his new subjects who were supposed to belong to the better classes were at the dock ready to await His Excellency's pleasure. His pleasure was a disdainful frown, followed during the next few days by a concrete and low-rumbling expres-

## GRAND-DUKE OF MUSCOVY ON MANHATTAN

sion of his political faith. "It was his intention," so he let it be known, "to govern the people of the New Netherlands as a father ruled his children, for the benefit of the West India Company and the citizens themselves. He would be a just man. No one with a grievance need turn away from him. But he wished his dearly beloved fellow-burghers to understand that he was their ruler, that they were his subjects, and that he did not mean to let anybody else, no matter how important or how rich or how intelligent, tell him how he should govern his own property."

And as a token of his greatness and in direct imitation of the etiquette which prevailed at the court of the Grand-Duke of Muscovy, the Director used to remain seated at all public functions, and whenever he gave an audience, he kept his petitioners standing and when they undertook to address him and unconsciously looked him full into the eye, he would berate the poor devils in terms which would have been the envy of the late Dominie Bogardus, now resting peacefully at the bottom of the ocean.

Then, like a true potentate, he selected himself a council of ministers to assist him in the difficult task of administering so vast an empire. But Stuyvesant, in common with most self-assertive people, was a poor judge of men and very unfortunate in the choice of his friends. One of his councillors, old



THE LORD GENERAL MAKES AN ANNOUNCEMENT

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Dr. la Montagne, enjoyed the respect and the affection of the colonists. But the man who was called upon to act as his confidential advisor and personal secretary, van Tienhoven, was an old-timer who had learned his drinking in the school of van Twiller and who had been terribly compromised during the Indian troubles of Director Kieft. Fortunately he did not last very long. Eventually he disappeared, but not until he had done a terrible amount of harm. Then there was an Englishman by the name of Newton, who had come from no one knew where but who was great pals with the Director. As he never learned to speak Dutch, the colonists could induce him to sign almost any ordinance, but such "inducements" were apt to be rather costly. Still another member of Stuyvesant's council was that same Lubbertus van Dincklagen, who had eaten grass in the wilderness of Manhattan Island during his quarrel with Bogardus and who had returned to the New Netherlands when his enemy was recalled and was once more practicing law and favoring those who needed his assistance with the fruit of his profound learning.

So much for the executive and legal part of the government, for the colony did not get regular courts until several years afterwards and in the meantime the members of the Director's Council also acted as judges.

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Next we come to that "raw and uncouth mob of vulgar people" of which all the directors and ministers in turn had complained. As far as we can make out from the few contemporary visitors, the number of settlers had doubled but the sum total of their virtues was still a very negligible quantity and as for the more desirable sort of colonists, people who should come to the New Netherlands to make that country their permanent home, they were arriving in somewhat larger quantities than before but the majority of the immigrants was still recruited from among those who are perpetually unemployed because at heart they are unemployable.

It must be said, in honor to Stuyvesant, that from the very beginning he realized that the day of Nieuw Amsterdam as a mere trading station had passed and that the New Netherlands were too rich a piece of property to be left forever to the Indians and the beavers. Nature, he knew, abhors a vacuum, and if the West India Company would not or could not fill this land with people of their own race, Englishmen and Frenchmen and Germans would gradually filter in and occupy those lands which on paper belonged to a distant trading company in the far-away city of Amsterdam.

But once he had made that concession to commonsense, he began to falter. He was in the midst of a development which was part of a natural law





THE OLD AND THE NEW TOWN

## GRAND-DUKE OF MUSCOVY ON MANHATTAN

over which neither he nor any one else had any power. His honest but stubborn sense of duty forced him to regard himself as the man who did the pushing in the colony, and behold, he was being pushed himself.

As a result, the twenty years of his reign (for he was really King Petrus I) were a constant struggle between Fate and a one-legged man who wore a big hat with ostrich plumes and who was known as the Director-General of the New Netherlands.

An interesting quarrel, but a very uneven one.

Besides, it was so easy to tell what the outcome would be.

## CHAPTER XVI

### THE CONFLICT OF CATECHISMS

THE new Director enjoyed one great advantage over his predecessors. He was loyally supported by an able clergyman. This time, after the scandal with Bogardus and the disappointment with his successor, Johannes Corneliszoon Backer, who had almost immediately departed for the island of Java, the West India Company had decided to be a little more careful and to favor the people of Nieuw Amsterdam with a spiritual leader who had not left his country for his country's good. After long and elaborate exchanges of notes and letters between the Gentlemen XIX and the authorities in America, and after long and elaborate discussions with the Consistory of Amsterdam, it had been agreed upon to offer the vacancy to the learned Rev. Johannes Megapolensis, whom we have met before when he was pastor of Rensselaerswijck and tried to make an end to the quarrels between his colleague Bogardus and Director Willem Kieft.

Megapolensis had not been very happy in Rensselaerswijck and had expressed the wish to return to Holland. With the best intentions in the world, even this more than ordinarily intelligent Patroon

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had found it very difficult to rule a settlement of trappers and farmers and half-breeds somewhere in the heart of an unknown continent from the distance of a quiet office on a very quiet street in Amsterdam. It was difficult enough to maintain a semblance of order and decency in Nieuw Amsterdam which was an important harbor on the main highway between Massachusetts and Virginia and in constant communication with the mother country. But Rensselaerswijck, cut off from the rest of the world by the mountains and forests of the Hudson region, had gone native. The people lived as if there were neither God nor Patroon. They were greedy and selfish. They were very careless with the contracts they had made with their master before they had left the old country. They were addicted to drink. They ran after the women of the Indians. In short, they behaved as every group of immigrants will behave when suddenly they find themselves released from the pressure of public opinion in the little old home town, and are dumped upon the outskirts of civilization where there is no policeman and no landlord and no gossiping neighbor to tell them what to do.

It was quite natural that the magistrates and clerical officials in Holland should wring their hands in despair when they heard of the terrible doings of these godforsaken wretches and it is just as natural

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that the wicked Rensselaerswijckers should do exactly as they pleased and should sell guns to the Indians (which they were not allowed to do) and should invest the proceeds of these transactions in rum (which they were not allowed to do) and should share the contents of their flagons with the willing daughters of the Indians (which they were not allowed to do at all). Their Patroon could force them to go to Church by the threat of a heavy fine, but he could not prevent them from sleeping through the service or from spending the rest of the day playing cards behind the barn.

Megapolensis was not a Puritan. He hailed from the valley of the Rhine where the people as a rule are quite gay. He did not frown upon all the pleasures of the flesh, he was a human being and a man of learning and understanding, but he wanted to get away from his place of exile and not even the excitement of rescuing an occasional French Jesuit from the pyroligneous mercies of the Mohawks and engaging with them in endless conversations upon the true nature of the baptismal sacrament could make him forget the endless succession of dull days spent in his leaky parsonage.

And so he asked his employers in Amsterdam to release him from his duties, and they, remembering the unfortunate impressions left behind by several of his predecessors, were delighted when they could



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finally persuade this worthy man to accept the position which they offered him in Nieuw Amsterdam.

Backed up by this honest and intelligent cleric and with the assistance of his not-quite-so-honest and much less intelligent advisors, the new Director now began the difficult task of cleaning up a city which had a dramshop for every five houses and of trying to keep the peace between the different religious sects that had come to the Dutch colony as the result of persecution in other parts of the world.

One group there was which created no difficulties, the Huguenots from the southern part of the Netherlands. In most of their beliefs they were so close to the tenets of the Dutch Reformed Church that they might almost have been said to belong to the same faith. Indeed, whenever there was no French minister present, they would go to the Dutch kerk and vice versa.

The problem of the many Lutheran Germans who lived in the colony was not quite so simple. There had been Lutherans on Manhattan Island from the beginning of the settlement but these early adherents of the Wittenberg reformer had followed the example of their Huguenot friends—when Sunday came they had gone to the nearest Dutch Reformed Church. Gradually however their number had increased and they had asked permission to build a church of their own and to import a minister.

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Thereupon the pastors who represented the "official" religion, the Dominies of the Dutch Reformed Church, had made a great to-do and they had petitioned the Director and the Gentlemen XIX and even the Estates General never to allow such a thing, for not only, so they argued, would it mean a decrease in the attendance (poor enough at most times) in the Dutch Reformed Church and a decided decrease in the salaries of the ministers who were the guardians of the only true faith.

As all these protests and requests had to cross and recross the ocean several times, it was difficult to get a definite answer in less than a couple of years. Furthermore, the Gentlemen XIX had a wholesome fear of getting themselves involved in religious discussions. At home they went to the proper church. But outside of the three-mile limit, they were more interested in profits than in catechisms, and they counselled their resident manager in the New Netherlands to proceed with unusual prudence. They used a very plausible argument in their correspondence with Stuyvesant. They reasoned as follows: "The Dutch Reformed Church is, as we all of course know, the only true church. Eventually all people will see a great light and will recognize this. Now, unfortunately, many of them still persist in their errors but if we treat them with harshness, they will persist all the more obstinately and

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nothing good will come of it. Wherefore, suppose we try kindness and mildness! Suppose we show them by our example the superior virtues of the Dutch Reformed, the only true religion!" These words when reported back to the home country of course failed to convince a single member of the Amsterdam Consistory, but they allowed endless discussions and meanwhile the question dragged along until it was no longer an issue. For Stuyvesant was beset by so many difficulties that he had little time to give to the suppression of the Lutheran form of worship and in the end the Lutherans got a meeting place of their own and even imported a minister from Germany and no one said a word and once more the wisdom was proved of those who hold that the best way to solve problems is to let them solve themselves.

Another sect which had moved in large quantities to the New Netherlands was that of the Mennonites. These humble followers of Menno Simons (a compatriot of Stuyvesant but of a very different character) had for a long time been hunted as if they had been so many wild animals. They had been hung and they had been burned and they had been quartered and they had been drowned by the gross and neither Catholic nor Protestant had shown them any mercy.

Now the strange part of all these persecutions to

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the average mind (I exclude the military mind which in our blessed land allowed hundreds of perfectly harmless Mennonites to rot in prison because they would not undertake to wear uniforms with buttons or join in the Crusade for world-wide righteousness) is the utter harmlessness of what these good people professed to believe. They were the logical product of an age which made a great ado about despising the world and praised the cloistered life within the bosom of the established Church as the most desirable form of human existence. Menno Simons had merely gone one step further and had urged his disciples to eschew not only the world but also the Church and return to the simple faith of the early Christians. The Mennonites had honestly tried to behave like contemporaries of the Twelve Apostles. They recognized no authority outside of the Bible and their own conscience. They were strict believers in the commandment which bade them not to kill their neighbors and they refused to take the oath and intimated that the solemn promise of an honest man was enough for anybody. But unfortunately for themselves they held very liberal views upon the point of baptism and this made it easy for their enemies to accuse them of being Anabaptists.

As every organized form of Christianity hated and feared the Anabaptists who were the religious

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Bolshevists of the period of the Reformation, the mere suggestion that the Mennonites were secret followers of the unspeakable John of Leyden and believed in the scandalous doctrines of free love which had led to the orgies of the town of Münster was enough to expose them to every form of persecution in every part of Europe and America.

It has always been extremely difficult to eradicate those sects which do not support a professional class of priests. Religions which depend for their continued maintenance and future propagation upon the services of duly appointed prophets can be wiped out quite easily and the history of the last forty centuries is full of stories about sects and denominations which disappeared almost overnight and hardly left a trace behind. For as soon as their enemies have got hold of the shepherds and have killed them off, the poor sheep, left to their own devices, will either perish or find refuge in some other stable. But Mennonites and Quakers and suchlike people who regard every man as a complete spiritual unit are as hard to fight as those diseases of which we have not yet discovered the microbe. Now modern medicine (unless I am very much mistaken) in such cases is tempted to desist from direct interference. It gives the patient a chance to cure himself by providing him with plenty of fresh air and plenty of



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good food and by keeping his mind relieved from too many worries.

The merchant-rulers of the Dutch Republic soon discovered that the Mennonites, if left alone, were very useful citizens. They did not fight and quarrel among themselves. They did not swear. They did not drink. They were painfully respectable. They worked fourteen hours a day. They paid their just bills and did not go to court about their unjust ones. Great Heavens! could any one ask for a more desirable class of subjects? The Mennonites in Holland, therefore, had been given freedom from military service, they had been exempted from holding public office and the taking of the oath. In return for these favors they had contributed greatly to the wealth of the country and they continued to do so all through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Therefore when a number of them decided to move to the New Netherlands and to found a community of their own on the banks of the Zuid Rivier, the town of Amsterdam was found willing to subsidize the enterprise.

In this way the American continent was for the second time made the laboratory for an experiment of a communistic nature. That of the Pilgrims had not been much of a success and had soon been discontinued. And that of the Mennonites on the Delaware River never had a chance to develop, for a

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few years after its establishment it was destroyed by the English who sold most of the settlers as slaves to Virginia. What His Excellency the Director thought about the appearance of these well-meaning fanatics within his own bailiwick, we do not know. Fortunately they did not call at Nieuw Amsterdam but went immediately to the Delaware region. But from the way in which Stuyvesant treated the Quakers (who were brethren-under-the-skin of the Mennonites) I feel inclined to think that he was as delighted with their arrival as Secretary Kellogg would be if a group of Mr. Lenin's little disciples came to live within the jurisdiction of the District of Columbia. But the Director held his peace. The Burgomasters of Amsterdam, via the Gentlemen XIX, told him to leave these new subjects alone. They were, so he was informed, hard-working farmers and much more desirable colonists than the loafers and drunkards who made up the majority of the people in Nieuw Amsterdam and Rensselaerswijck. They would add to the revenue of the Company. In short, the loudly whispered hint from the town hall in old Amsterdam to the Director's mansion in Nieuw Amsterdam was "Hands off!" and such orders were issued to be obeyed.

I have just mentioned the Quakers. They play a strange rôle in our story. For Stuyvesant, who

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knew that a too radical policy of interference with dissenters would bring forth reprimands from his employers in Holland, went completely off his head when he was called upon to handle the puzzling Quaker problem, and he behaved towards these harmless enthusiasts of the Millennium as if he had been first cousin to the Mathers of Massachusetts. I don't believe however that religious considerations were at the bottom of his indignation. The Lord High Potentate of Manhattan Island was a great stickler for form. As a sincere Calvinist he tried before all things to turn his residence into a replica of that besieged city which I have described in a previous chapter. But a fortress needs a loyal garrison and loyalty in the military sense is impossible without strict discipline. All the burghers of Nieuw Amsterdam therefore owed obedience and respect to their superiors. And I am afraid that it was the Quakers' contempt for certain outward forms of polite behaviour rather than their religious ideas which brought about the unpleasant conflict of the year 1657.

Long before Stuyvesant arrived in the New Netherlands, a few stray followers of John Fox had visited Nieuw Amsterdam. A few of them had come from New England to escape the fate of their brethren and sisters who had been hanged by the Puritans. Others were just simple wanderers

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who thought that the New World needed their spiritual exhortations. But one fine day during the Directorship of the Lord General a whole shipload of the pestilential and cursed maniacs had dropped anchor in the harbor and then the trouble had begun.

In the first place the ship had flown no flag and a ship without a flag is like a modern traveller without a passport. It just is not a ship. In the second place, contrary to the ancient and honorable custom of all civilized countries, the vessel had not fired a salute. In the third place, when an official had gone on board to ask the captain for an explanation of this extraordinary conduct, he had been treated with scant respect. And finally when the captain had been ordered to appear before the Director, he had shown His Excellency no courtesies whatsoever, had refused to remove his hat, and had behaved himself (as Dominie Megapolensis wrote home in great agitation) "with the graces of a goat." Fortunately for all concerned, on the next day the ship had continued its voyage but again without indicating for what port it was bound. Megapolensis however had his suspicions. These Quakers were undoubtedly going to the Roode Eiland (the present Rhode Island) for that (as His Reverence expressed himself, with a certain lack of elegance) "is the general latrine of all New England, and the home for all the scoundrels of the world."

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Anyway, the unwelcome guests were gone, or so it seemed. But a few days later it appeared that they had smuggled part of their pernicious cargo ashore, for two female Quakers were found running up and down the streets, shouting wildly as if they were possessed of the devil, exhorting all people to repent their sins and generally causing such a disturbance that several good burghers thought the town was on fire and rushed for their buckets. Soon the police had got hold of them, but even then they continued to shriek and when at last the doors of the guard-house closed down upon them, they appeared before the windows and preached a little more. After a few days' detention they were released but told to leave the territory of the New Netherlands forever.

That, however, had not been the end of the affliction. The disease had spread with incredible velocity and now here, now there, hitherto harmless shoemakers or house-painters had suddenly dropped their tools and had rushed into the streets to tell their neighbors all about God.

Long Island was the scene of many serious disturbances and finally there was such a severe outbreak that the magistrates were obliged to take notice and interfere.

In the village of Heemstede there lived an Englishman by the name of Robert Hodgson. He was



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a Quaker who after the example of Plato's Academy loved to talk to his pupils in the garden. The inevitable neighbor who could not sleep on account of the noise and who was willing to lodge a complaint with the police was soon found and then the trouble began. For other neighbors took the side of the amateur preacher and the quarrel became so violent that the Director was asked to interfere.

His Excellency sent his treasurer and twelve soldiers to reestablish order. The soldiers established order in the usual way. They grabbed two perfectly harmless women for no other reason than that they had been kind to the amiable young Britisher—they hoisted them on a wagon—tied Hodgson himself to the cart and drove to Nieuw Amsterdam, seven miles away, with Hodgson trotting painfully behind.

The Director hastened to undo the blunder of his gendarmes and set the women free. But as for Hodgson, who refused to show any signs of regret for his misdeeds, he was thrown into a dungeon full of dirt and vermin and when he refused to recognize the authority of the lawfully established magistrates, he was condemned to a fine of 600 guilders or to two years of hard labor with the slaves.

Hodgson offered to defend himself and explain his views, but he was told to keep quiet, while one obliging citizen struck his hat from his head and

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the others stood by and jeered. As he refused to pay the fine, he was fastened to a wheel-barrow and was told to work on the road. He refused to pick up his spade. Thereupon a large buck negro was given a heavy whip and was told to whip the Quaker until he should go to work. The nigger beat him until he fainted. He was revived, again refused to obey the Director's orders and was whipped for the second time. When this treatment had failed to make him change his mind, he was hung by his hands from the ceiling of his cell and a heavy weight was fastened to his feet and meanwhile he was whipped for the third time.

But this time the obdurate Pieter had met his match. Undoubtedly his sense of outraged dignity would have driven him to further excesses, for Hell hath few furies like a Dutchman ridiculed. But that strange spirit of resentment of all spiritual tyranny which had forced even so relentless a body as the Spanish Inquisition to be somewhat careful in its dealings with the public of the Netherlands now began to make itself felt. The crowd, cruel and brutal though it might be as long as it was merely a question of baiting a bewildered young zealot who bored them all with his rantings, refused to let some one be tortured merely because he believed something which the majority of the people did not happen to hold true. Hodgson had undoubtedly dis-

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obeyed the laws but just because he would not take his hat off before the Director was no reason why a Christian should be chained to a wheelbarrow and be made to work with a gang of heathen murderers. The Director had a right to punish him, but the Director had no right to vent his personal spite upon a dumb creature who was just a little foolish but who had really committed no crime.

Even Stuyvesant's own sister Anna, who had followed him to America after the death of her husband and who like all the other women in the directorial household was almost conspicuous by her inconspicuousness, took sufficient courage to tell her pompous brother what she thought of his behaviour, and Stuyvesant was forced to give in. Hodgson was released from jail, was placed under medical care and when sufficiently recovered, was sent to Rhode Island to join the other vagabonds who according to the general notion of the people of Nieuw Amsterdam composed the greater part of the population of that lamentable corner of the world.

Even then the dreaded plague of Quakerism did not come to an end. Several times the peaceful sermons of the Dutch Reformed Church were rudely interrupted by wild-eyed men and women who broke into the meeting-house, introduced themselves as prophets of God and offered to save those who wished to be saved from worldly and spiritual er-

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rors right then and there and without the assistance of the officiating clergyman. But there never was another Hodgson case. Thereafter all meddlesome Jeremiahs were peacefully persuaded to try their luck elsewhere and that was the first and the last of religious persecutions in the New Netherlands.

The story however of the Hodgson incident had travelled across the ocean and had reached the ears of the Board of Directors of the West India Company. It had not been to their liking at all and they had informed their esteemed Director that while they did not wish to censure him, he must know when to close his eyes to an occasional outbreak of religious enthusiasm. As long as people behaved themselves and kept within the spirit of the law of the land, he must really learn to overlook such small trifles and must let everybody believe what he liked. "For upon those principles," so they reminded their Lord General, "the magistrates of the old town of Amsterdam have since the beginning of time based the prosperity of their own city and it would not be a bad idea if the magistrates of the Nieuw Amsterdam should try to do likewise."

This serious warning had its effect. It explains among other things the curious circumstance that even Papists could descend upon this Calvinistic stronghold and could live to tell a tale of a fairly cordial welcome. Most of these Roman visitors

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were Jesuit fathers who used the city of Nieuw Amsterdam as a port of arrival or departure for the Indian territory at the sources of the Hudson.

It was the learned and amiable Dr. Megapolensis who first had discovered their presence within these regions when he himself was minister to the Christian heathen of the village of Rensselaerswijck. He described his meeting with the poor Frenchmen in a detailed letter to his brethren in Amsterdam. It was during one of the interminable wars between two Indian tribes who lived north of Fort Orange that one group of Indians had captured a Jesuit father who was living with their enemies. They had, after their barbarous custom, treated the poor fellow with incredible cruelty, they had cut off parts of most of his fingers and of the fingers that remained they had bitten off the nails. For some mysterious reason they had refrained from killing him entirely and after a while they had even allowed him to pay an occasional visit to the nearby Dutch settlement. Upon such trips however the prisoner was always accompanied by a group of Indians who regaled him with pleasant little stories about his soon-to-be-expected execution, and how they would roast him over a slow fire, etc., etc. Megapolensis, so he informed his colleagues at home, felt sorry for the poor Papist, whose name was Isaac Jogues, and he had told him to try and escape and come to Rensse-



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laerswijck and had promised him that the Dutch would try and hide him until he could be sent safely to the coast.

Jogues had followed this advice and via Nieuw Amsterdam he had returned to Paris, where apparently he made a great fuss about the kindness of his Dutch friends and then, driven by the irrepressible urge to bring his message of hope to the savages, he had gone back to Canada and had actually gone to live right in the midst of those dangerous parishioners who had almost eaten him. This time, Megapolensis regretted to say, the Indians had been less lenient. They had hacked their Jesuit to pieces. But his clothes they had saved and had offered them to Dominie Megapolensis as a token of their esteem and affection. When he upbraided them for the cruel murder of their poor missionary, they answered, "Why not? The Jesuit was forever telling us to kill the Dutch. Now we have killed him. Isn't that fair?"

Two years later the good doctor was again able to be of some service to a Jesuit padre. This time it was an Italian by the name of Giuseppe Bressani whom he rescued from the Indians "in a deplorable state due to his horrible tortures" and whom he expedited back to France via Manhattan.

Then a large group of Jesuits had visited the territory south of Lake Champlain but all of them, ex-

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cept one, had become frightened by the hostility of the Maquaas and had returned to Quebec.

Between the one who remained, a certain Father le Moyne, and Dr. Megapolensis a curious sort of friendship had then arisen which culminated in a series of endlessly long letters in which the Jesuit tried to convince the apostate Dutchman of the error of his ways, while the apostate Dutchman tried to convince the Jesuit that he was all wrong and in serious danger of losing his immortal soul. These missives were outspoken, to say the least, but the relations between the two divines remained so cordial that when Megapolensis was called to Nieuw Amsterdam, le Moyne honored him with a visit. The Dominie had his suspicions about the good intentions of his extraordinary guest. He probably came as a spy and to read mass for the benefit of the Frenchmen who lived in the Dutch colony.

All this may have been true or not but this much is certain, that the Jesuit missionary returned to his flock without having been molested by the Dutch police. And it seemed that thereafter there was a sort of quiet agreement between the authorities in Nieuw Amsterdam and those in Quebec, by which the two contracting parties undertook to respect each other's religious convictions, provided there was no public exhibition of their respective forms of faith and that the worshippers paid a discreet obedience to

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the prejudices of the majority of the people among whom they lived. For we read of very few difficulties between the Dutch and their ever suspected enemies, the Papists, while strangely enough the records of the colony are full of reports about Jewish troubles.

This is all the more curious as generally speaking the Jews had always found a very decent welcome in the Republic of the United Seven Netherlands. Not exactly a hilarious welcome (these Portuguese and Spanish refugees looked just a little too foreign to the average Hollander not to be suspected of mysterious vices) but they had been allowed to settle down within the jurisdiction of the most important cities—to engage in trade—to build synagogues—even to persecute their own heretics whenever they felt so inclined. If there were social barriers between the two races, the fault lay quite as much with the Jews as with the Dutch, for the former would rather have killed their own children than see them associate with their Calvinistic school-mates and although they could live wherever they liked, they stuck by preference to some self-constituted ghetto.

In the American colonies unfortunately these amiable relations were not repeated. In the New Netherlands there had been friction from the very beginning. The first Jewish immigrants had come

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directly from Holland and all had been well. But a short time afterwards, when the Dutch West India Company began to lose its possessions in Brazil, the Jews who several years before had fled to South America from Spain and Portugal began to make their appearance in Nieuw Amsterdam and that is when the friction started.

The skipper who brought the first twenty fugitives claimed that he had not been paid his fare and began a lawsuit against his passengers which he won. The passengers appealed for help to their co-religionists in the town but those who came from Germany and Holland did not feel inclined to assist their brethren who hailed from the Mediterranean and they left them to their fate. Hence a sort of minor scandal, which gave the towns-people a chance to be witty at the expense of the poor captain who was ruining himself keeping his unwilling passengers in jail but which failed entirely to amuse the Director.

He expressed his fears of further immigration from that part of the world to his court chaplain. Megapolensis, who knew how to take a hint, wrote to the Consistory of Amsterdam to ask them to use their influence with the Gentlemen XIX and please not let any more Jews come to America, for what with Lutherans, Mennonites, Quakers and Catholics, the colony had already troubles enough of its own.

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The addition "of a few hundred obstinate and tenacious Hebrews" would mean a disaster, etc., etc. The Consistory of Amsterdam also knew how to take a hint and discreetly approached the Directors of the West India Company. But the high and mighty rulers of the Dutch West India Company knew how to answer a hint and they cut themselves a fresh pen and favored their esteemed Director with a few pertinent observations upon the desirability of leaving the ticklish Jewish problem strictly alone. For there was a great deal of Jewish capital invested in the West India Company and as the affairs of the West India Company were in a more than deplorable state, it was sound policy, to say the least, to keep on good terms with this extraordinary and highly solvent race and in order to encourage him still further they added as a postscript that they had just granted permission to a large number of Portuguese Jews to emigrate to America and that they would arrive as soon as the necessary means of transportation should have been brought together.

His Excellency filed the document and accepted the unavoidable.

He welcomed his new subjects with a wry face and told them to make themselves at home. They tried to do so, but found it no easy task, for the rest of the community was strongly opposed to this wholesale invasion of what, in their more sober mo-



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ments, they called a Christian country. They refused to serve with their Jewish neighbors in the town militia under the pretext that the Jews were not citizens and could therefore not be called upon to do guard work. They objected when the Jews wanted a cemetery of their own and hinted that if the common cemetery were not good enough for them, they had better bury their dead somewhere out in the fields.

Next there were rumors that the Jews intended to erect a synagogue. For the moment they did not have sufficient funds, but the mere threat of such a pagan temple set everybody talking and the Director hastened to inquire what course he should follow when he received the official request for a building-permit.

Ere this question was solved, the Jews had penetrated as far north as Fort Orange and were insisting that they be allowed to trade there. Stuyvesant told them that they could not do it and was again reprimanded by his superiors. They reminded him that several times before they had told him to act discreetly in questions of a religious nature, and that as far as they themselves were concerned, the Jews could trade in any part of the New Netherlands.

That was the last time the Gentlemen XIX were obliged to speak so harshly to their faithful old

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servant. The Jews continued to come to Nieuw Amsterdam in ever increasing numbers and the people of Nieuw Amsterdam continued to resent their presence, to bombard the magistrates with complaints whenever a Jew kept open shop on the Sabbath day, whenever another one tried to enter a trade which was held to be an exclusively Christian occupation, whenever a few Jews tried to mount guard with the rest of the citizens, whenever fresh ship-loads from Brazil arrived and dumped a few dozen more hungry-faced Jewish children on the wharves of the Company.

In the end, some one even started a movement to have all Jews banished from Manhattan Island. But then as now the Jewish problem was an economic and not a religious problem. After a short while the newcomers found their place and no longer fought every one they met as a potential enemy and then the older settlers ceased to be quite as disturbed by the presence of this foreign element as they had been in the beginning and the Jew became as much an integral part of the landscape as he had been in the old country.

There is a Dutch proverb which states that the good Lord oftentimes entertains strange customers.

In that respect the Hon. Pieter Stuyvesant was very much like his Heavenly master.

It must have been very difficult for this domineer-

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ing old man to act as a loving father towards all of his polyglot children all of the time.

He honestly tried to do so three hundred days out of every year, and as evidence of his good intentions, I copy one of the regulations which towards the end of his government was posted on the cabin doors of the immigrant ships:

“No man,” so it read, “shall raise or bring forward any question or argument on the subject of religion, on pain of being placed on water and bread for three days in the ship’s galley. And if any difficulty shall arise out of said disputes, the authors thereof shall be arbitrarily punished.”

Modern steamships please copy.

## CHAPTER XVII

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OF the town of Nieuw Amsterdam as it was in the days of the Dutch, nothing remains. When the financial district slid down to the lower part of Manhattan Island, everything connected with the original settlement was crushed to death.

It is not even easy for those who possess a fair degree of historical imagination to think themselves back into the old Dutch village. They may try to do so from a bench in Battery Park and pretend that they see the brown hull of Hudson's vessel slowly being piloted up the Lower Bay. But Battery Park did not exist in the days of the Dutch (it was still part of the North River) and Hudson dropped anchor further up stream and did not stop to contemplate the Aquarium.

Personally I know of only one way in which to get at least the feel of the old town. Wait until some quiet Sunday morning in the spring or in the summer when the streets are almost deserted. Then go to Broadway, just below City Hall Park. You are now looking down the old carriage road laid out by Crijn Frederickszoon, the engineer who built the fort called Amsterdam. At the end of the narrow

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canyon you will catch a glimpse of brilliant sunlight and there against the background of the blue sky you may see the flag of orange, white and blue which still flies from all our public buildings. But don't stand there too long or become too engrossed in the subject, for you will be run over by a mail-truck or an Irish peasant in brass buttons with the coat-of-arms of the old Dutch village will ask you what the big idea is and very likely he will lock you up as a suspicious character found outside a speak-easy.

Two hundred years ago that particular neighborhood was safe enough. The little triangle formed by Wall Street and the Hudson and the East rivers was the only part of the island that was really inhabited. Towards the north there were a few farms or bouweries situated among the hills and swamps of Manhattan Island and the occasional house of a prehistoric squatter. The hills, with the exception of Murray Hill, which gives Fifth Avenue such an interesting sloping aspect, and a few others have long since been dug away. As for the swamps, they survive only in a few names which will puzzle all except expert philologists who know what strange things English tongues can do to Dutch sounds.

We possess quite a number of pictures of Nieuw Amsterdam. But although the colony could boast (and did boast) of being the home of a poet, there



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were no printing establishments that could handle such ambitious artistic undertakings as a steel engraving. The pictures therefore were all of them made in Holland from "indications" made by returning travellers.

But that method of long-distance pictorial reproductions, however artistic, has serious disadvantages from the point of view of accuracy. And what makes the reconstruction of Nieuw Amsterdam so very difficult is the circumstance that the point of the island is much wider to-day than it was during the rule of Director Stuyvesant.

The old fort had been built in such a way that the Hudson and the East rivers could serve as moats for one half of the stronghold. To-day, Pearl Street indicates where the island came to an end in the year 1650 and all the ground between Pearl Street and the South Ferry building is of recent date. Water Street and Front Street indicate by their names that they were originally situated on the water and Greenwich Street was the western boundary of the dry land.

Within this small triangle there stood, as I have said before, between one hundred and fifty and two hundred houses of which more than thirty-five were dramshops. They were now inhabited by about a thousand people and by a garrison that varied from a single store-keeper (who was entrusted with the

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upkeep of the fort and who had the key to the armory) to a little over a hundred men.

Stuyvesant, who had received his administrative training in a part of the world where fighting was the order of the day and who himself had lost a leg in a military campaign against the Portuguese island of San Martin, decided that the first thing to do was to turn his capital into a decently fortified town. The walls of the old fortress were repaired, guns were mounted, and a wooden palisade, twelve feet high and backed up from behind by a wall of dirt, was constructed across the entire width of the island that the city might be protected against a surprise attack from the side of the New Englanders.

Even after these improvements, the town of Nieuw Amsterdam bore still the air of a backwoods village where lazy hogs wallowed through the mud of the streets and where painted savages (notwithstanding the most draconic laws against the selling of spirits to the natives) could occasionally be seen running naked through the streets, stabbing at peaceful burghers until the watchmen came from the town-hall and shot them to death.

Stuyvesant was seriously puzzled by this state of affairs. A settlement situated so favorably for the purposes of trade ought to make a better physical impression. And the subject was discussed with his personal advisers. But they showed little en-

thusiasm, for they knew what the better sort of citizens thought about it all and they had no desire to start a discussion which could lead to no good purpose. For according to the more intelligent among the people of the colony, the backward condition of the city was entirely due to the fact that it was not a town in the real sense of the word—that it had no self-government, no mayor, no town-council—that it was really nothing better than the elongated back-yard of His Excellency, the Lord General, and that, with all due respect for His Excellency's personal character and His Excellency's well-known interest in the welfare of the entire populace, Nieuw Amsterdam would never amount to anything until it was given an independent civic existence—free from the direct supervision of the officers of the West India Company and free from the everlasting meddling of small-time officials.

Pieter Stuyvesant, as I have said before, would not have liked to hear such talk. He would have regarded it as an expression of a most irresponsible spirit of radicalism. But in one respect his position was not unlike that of those mediæval princes who had been obliged to grant a certain measure of self-government to their subjects simply because they needed their subjects' money and because it was the only way in which they could persuade their subjects to open their pocketbooks. The Indian war of

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Kieft had been most disastrous from a financial point of view, the Company itself was on the verge of bankruptcy, and so Stuyvesant, much against his will, was forced to find the necessary money for his running expenses right there at home.

However before he went to the extreme of consulting his own neighbors about his desperate financial condition, he tried a number of other ways to increase his revenue. He made an end to the wholesale smuggling of furs to Virginia and New England and by an occasional bit of privateering in the nearby waters he added a few pennies to the public treasury, but all that was not enough and in the end he was forced to listen to those who were agitating in favor of some humble form of self-government on condition that the citizens contribute the greater part of the common expenses.

The most natural thing to do was to revive the Board of Selectmen which had existed for a short while during the directorship of Willem Kieft. But such an organization (Stuyvesant made this very clear) must content itself with offering occasional bits of advice. It must not undertake to offer suggestions of either an executive or a legislative nature. And it must never dare to criticize the Lord General or his councillors, since criticism of the lawfully established authorities was "a sin as hein-

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ous as protesting against a legal decision of the Director," and that, as all people knew, was a sin which bordered closely upon high treason.

The citizens, who by this time had been given several examples of their master's attitude towards popular self-government, decided to accept for the moment whatever he was willing to grant and not ask for more. But at a secret meeting they boldly planned to address themselves over the Director's head directly to the Board of Directors of the West India Company and in case these refused to listen, to take their appeal to the Estates General themselves, who were the sovereign rulers of the whole republic.

Now there was nothing which this small-town potentate feared quite as much as an appeal to the people "back home." Two patroons by the name of Kuyter and Melijn had undertaken to do this shortly after his arrival. They had suffered so much damage from the stupid Indian wars of Stuyvesant's predecessor, Willem Kieft, that they had brought suit against that dignitary (who was then waiting to return home on the ill-fated *Princesse*) and had placed their case before the new Director. There had been a terrible explosion of anger. Stuyvesant had been beside himself with rage. What was this world coming to when citizens could hold



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a magistrate responsible for a personal loss, suffered through his alleged carelessness or inefficiency?

And the petition had been thrown into the paper-basket. The cheeky Kieft, encouraged by this sudden support from an unexpected quarter, had promptly brought a counter-suit accusing Kuyter and Melijn of having been the authors of a complaint addressed two years before to the Gentlemen XIX and within forty-eight hours Stuyvesant had condemned both men to heavy fines and to be exiled from the New Netherlands.

The culprits, far from being intimidated, had threatened to use the occasion to visit Holland and place the case before the Directors of the West India Company.

Altogether it had been a most unpleasant affair. And now the citizens of the miserable and ungrateful village, instead of being appreciative of the bounties just bestowed upon them, were planning to do the same—go to Holland—interview the Estates General—actually demand the right to have a say in the government of their own city! No, the whole thing was preposterous and must be prevented at all costs.

Meanwhile to show you how utterly inexperienced the colonists were in the ways of the world, they actually asked their old ogre for permission to col-

lect money among the townspeople to defray the expenses of the delegation that was to go to the Hague. From the Director's mansion came one terrific growl and a thunderous "No!" And therewith, as far as His Excellency was concerned, the matter took an end.

But by this time the city of Nieuw Amsterdam boasted not only of the presence of three physicians (who also acted as barbers during their spare time) but also there was a lawyer, who not only practised his trade but was successful at it. His name was Adriaen van der Donck and he was a graduate of the University of Leyden. Van der Donck, who had a liking for politics, welcomed the occasion to do something for his adopted city and at the same time for himself. Together with a few other rebels, he made a house-to-house visit throughout the town, collected funds for the forthcoming pilgrimage and as a token of the serious goodwill of the delegation, wrote down whatever complaints and grievances the donors of the contributions might wish to lay before the authorities in the mother country.

Now in a small dorp like Nieuw Amsterdam, nothing of course could remain a secret for very long. When the Director was informed by one of his factotums of what had been done without his official approval, he stamped right away to the house of van der Donck, confiscated his papers and

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threw the lawyer-man himself into jail. But behold, at the very moment of victory there appeared a "deus ex machina" in the person of our much abused friend Melijn, the man who had dared to sue the late Willem Kieft for losses suffered during the Indian campaigns. Melijn not only brought an official ukase which reversed his own sentence, but he also carried a letter from the Estates General ordering the Hon. Pieter Stuyvesant to proceed forthwith to the Hague and give an account of himself.

There was another unseemly scene when Melijn insisted that his exoneration be read to the populace with the same solemn pomp that had marked the promulgation of his sentence of exile, and when Stuyvesant tore the paper from the hands of the officiating secretary and tried to tear it up. But Melijn clearly enjoyed the sympathy of most of the people and incidentally he seemed to have had influence with the Estates General and so in the end the Director deemed it better to let van der Donck's petition pass and to allow the lawyer and two other prominent citizens to proceed to Holland and lay their grievances before Their High Mightinesses in the Hague and the Gentlemen XIX in Amsterdam. He himself sent his Man Friday, van Tienhoven, to present his side of the case and oppose the plans of van der Donck and his misguided followers.

The four men sailed amicably enough across the

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Atlantic on the same ship and then it developed that van der Donck was not only a good lawyer but also had a fine appreciation of the value and power of publicity. He feared (and rightly so) that he would not accomplish anything by addressing himself directly to the West India Company. Dog did not eat dog in the seventeenth century any more than it does to-day and no trading company was going to punish one of its executives for having made himself unpopular by protecting their rights. But neither did van der Donck think it wise to appear before the Estates General until the people of Holland in general should at least know that there was such a town as Nieuw Amsterdam and where it was located. He began therefore by composing a pleasant little essay upon the subject of his happy transatlantic home and painted a glorious picture of the New Netherlands as they might be under a more enlightened (that is to say, more democratic) form of government and a very sad picture of the New Netherlands as they now were under the despotic rule of an obstinate old man who thought that he was the Prince of Muscovy himself. He even indulged in a bit of humor and gave a graphic description of Stuyvesant's cabinet meetings during which no one was allowed to express an opinion except the single English member who being happily ignorant of the Dutch language said "yes" to everything the Direc-

tor suggested and therefore was one of his most trusted friends.

When this little booklet had been spread all over the country, and the whole of Holland had become "America conscious," then at last van der Donck and his fellow-members, Couwenhoven and Bout, made their appearance before Their High and Mightinesses and presented the petition which they had brought with them from Nieuw Amsterdam and which was signed by a number of the leading citizens.

Van Tienhoven tried to weaken the case of the radicals by imputing personal motives to all of the petitioners. Kip was a little tailor who had nothing to lose, no matter how things went because he had not got anything—van Cortlandt had started life as a common soldier and had made his career by getting rich at the expense of the Company—Elbertsen owed a lot of money to the Company and hoped to escape his debts by agitating against the Director—and so on and so forth. None of these arguments, however, made a very deep impression and as van Tienhoven shortly afterwards got mixed up in a nasty public scandal and was even sent to jail, it seemed that Stuyvesant's case was lost and that the citizens had won.

But as I have just said, dog did not eat dog in the seventeenth century. The Gentlemen XIX now



came to the assistance of their faithful employee. First of all they obtained a postponement of the case. Next, when the Estates General ordered Stuyvesant to appear before them in person, they wrote their employee a discreet letter telling him to throw the summons from Their High and Mightinesses into the Hudson River and stay where he was. Indeed, they worked to such good purpose that the van der Donck committee was obliged to remain in Holland during three whole years. But as this was a struggle between two groups of people who were equally obstinate, these dilatory measures failed to exhaust the patience of the rebels. It almost exhausted their funds, but backed up by small contributions from home, the "Democrats" continued their good work in Holland while Stuyvesant from his side continued his good work in America, by starting lawsuits against those whom he believed to be the ringleaders in the movement for independence, by plaguing, bothering and generally bedeviling all those who smiled discreetly when he delivered himself of one of his ponderous political speeches and by informing his hearers for the five thousandth time that their Director derived his authority solely from God and from the Company and not from a few ignorant scoundrels who ought to be whipped and placed in the pillory. And shortly afterwards he was joined by his faithful henchman,

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van Tienhoven, who had skipped his bail and had hastened to regain the comparative safety of the American woods and lakes. The nature of the crime of which he had been accused was known in the New Netherlands, but van Tienhoven found that his master welcomed him as a returning hero and in an outbreak of sudden joy, dismissed his faithful treasurer (whom he gave a job chasing the pigs and the cows from the walls of the fortress) and bestowed the lucrative office upon his newly returned friend.

This idyllic condition did not last long for although news travelled slowly in those days (from three to four months were necessary for an answer to a letter from Nieuw Amsterdam to Amsterdam or vice versa) it travelled nevertheless. The unsavory van Tienhoven was soon forced to disappear for good (leaving behind one wife and many unpaid bills) and in the end Their High and Mightinesses became so exasperated at the methods employed by the Directors of the West India Company that they began to pay close attention to the pleadings of van der Donck and in a general way agreed with him that the New Netherlands ought to be under the direct jurisdiction of the Estates General themselves.

Before such a threat the Gentlemen XIX capitulated at once. A few months later the van der

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Donck committee returned to Nieuw Amsterdam with the city charter in its trunks.

The new form of government was not exactly an experiment in what we would now call an exaggerated form of democracy. But then, the main purpose of the governmental system of the so-called Republic of the Seven United Netherlands was to keep the "small people" in their place. The contemporaries of Daniel Webster felt no more profound distrust towards the disinherited masses than did the contemporaries of poor, bewildered Pieter, who was now for the first time in his life called upon to deal with people whom he despised as good-for-nothing upstarts and Bolshevists. But the upstarts and Bolshevists too had their trouble. They wanted a government of and by and for the best among the people of Nieuw Amsterdam. The mere vision of such an absurd ideal as social equality was enough to drive them frantic. In short, they were like the English barons who forced their king to sign the Magna Charta. They wanted the King to have fewer powers in order that they themselves might have more. And the same subjects of Pieter Stuyvesant who had been so ardent in their opposition to the autocratic methods of the Director now cast about for ways and means by which they could assure themselves and their own families of the full

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benefit of these most recent developments. And as a result of the silent coöperation between two parties that had only very recently been each other's sworn enemies, the whole population of Nieuw Amsterdam was divided into two groups, called respectively the Big Burghers and the Small Burghers. The Big Burghers were those who were now or who in the past had been members of the supreme government of the colony or any of their descendants; those who belonged to the municipal government of Nieuw Amsterdam or their descendants; Dominies past and present and their offspring; officers of the guard and their children. The Small Burghers were composed of all citizens born within the borders of Nieuw Amsterdam, who had married into one of the resident families, who were licensed store-keepers, or who had paid a fixed sum of money into the city treasury.

Partly this system was the outcome of an economic necessity, for Nieuw Amsterdam, as a convenient port of call, was forever being invaded by swarms of light-fingered artists who descended upon the city for the duration of one or two months, entered into trade, swindled everybody in sight and then departed again for parts unknown. These gentlemen, who were now forced to plunk down fifty hard, silver Dutch guilders before they could acquire the rights of a "small" citizenship and could

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open up shop now began to avoid the island of Manhattan and by their absence undoubtedly increased the prosperity of those who remained behind.

But from a political and a social point of view the establishment of this two-by-four aristocracy was most typical of the seventeenth century attitude of mind. And please don't think that the Small Burghers resented it. They preferred to vote for the quality and now they had a convenient list of names from which to select the necessary number of Burgomasters and sheriffs and other officials.

And when one passed the old town inn, now converted into a regular town hall with a bell on the roof and a jail in the basement, one felt that one was a citizen of no mean community.

Meanwhile old Pieter accepted the inevitable in his own peculiar way.

His subjects had won and he had lost.

His subjects now had the right to elect their own officers, but he had the power to tell them whom they should elect, if they meant to retain his good will and so, after all, nothing really had changed.

But in the council-chamber where Their Most Worshipful Lords were to meet, the town glazier was very busy with a very fussy job. Nieuw Amsterdam at last had what it had always wanted to have, a beautiful new coat-of-arms. It showed the three familiar crosses of the old city of Amsterdam



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and on the top of the shield a neat little beaver was skillfully balancing himself and looking expectantly to Heaven.

It was a lovely sight and in their enthusiasm the good burghers gave their beloved Director an official dinner. And he came and sat quietly through all the festivities and did not even make a speech.

Surely the world did move!

## CHAPTER XVIII

### THE LORD GENERAL SHOWS HIS MEDALS

ALL this, I know, sounds a little ridiculous. So far the history of Pieter Stuyvesant might just as well not have been written. It shows a short-tempered old man, engaged in endless pointless quarrels with a small group of tradespeople who happened to be his subjects and whom he despised from the bottom of his honest old heart.

It shows him stamping about and belaboring lazy or disorderly citizens with his rattan and having recourse to all sorts of mean legal tricks to irritate and annoy those who irritated and annoyed him. Hardly the sort of person who deserves more than one or two pages in a book of this sort.

But there was another side to the old fellow.

He was a Dutchman of the old school called upon to deal with an entirely new spirit of political self-reliance which in turn was born out of that sense of economic independence which seems to be the hereditary right of those born in the New World. He had been brought up in an atmosphere of contempt for all those who were considered "small people." It would have been just as easy to persuade a Vir-

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ginia planter of fifty years ago to invite his colored farm-hands to the family dinner table as to ask the last Dutch governor of the New Netherlands to regard the rabble he was supposed to rule as his social equals or to convince him that those men and women who spent their time bartering with the naked savages for beaver-skins or cheating each other in slave transactions were in any way fit to take part in the government of their own country.

And in fairness to him it ought to be said that ninety-nine per cent. of his fellow-countrymen, who had never left the Republic, shared these views.

When he accepted the post of Director of the New Netherlands, Stuyvesant had had full reason to expect that he would never be called upon to discuss the problem of "equal rights" with anybody. And now the incredible had happened. He was too ignorant of the inner qualities of the deeply hidden economic forces which were working all around him to understand how it ever could have happened. And so he blundered and fought and fumed and accomplished nothing at all.

Of this much he was certain, what had happened was not his fault. He had done everything he could to prevent that dangerous development in the direction of radicalism and democracy (were not the two words synonymous?) but circumstances had been too much for him and in the end the very people



THE COMMON MENACE: THE INDIAN WAR

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whose interests he was trying to defend against the demagogues had turned against him.

Very well. The thing had been done. Now he could turn to the business that was much closer to his heart, he could devote himself to the defense of the colony against its ever increasing number of enemies.

Here he was in his element, for whatever the old Director lacked in tact was richly offset by his tenacity of will and by his personal courage. He could accomplish more with fewer soldiers and with less money than almost any man who ever tried to sit in a game of international poker and win the pot with nothing better than a busted flush.

The days were gone when the Dutch government had felt it necessary to explain to the English minister that all these stories about a so-called Dutch settlement along the banks of the Hudson River were mere loose talk, that the Dutch West India Company had been founded to make war upon the Spanish and Portuguese possessions in South America and the West Indies and that no honest Hollander would dream of interfering with the established rights of His Majesty's Virginia Company. The existence of a Dutch colony on the North American continent was an established fact and all those who had ever tried to sneak past Nieuw Amsterdam and do a little clandestine trading with



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the Indians of the interior knew it. But whether the Dutch could protect their possessions in case of war, that again was a very different question and Stuyvesant meant to solve it in the affirmative.

Fortunately during the first eight years of his rule the mother country had been at peace with all the world. In the year 1647 Prince Frederik Hendrik, the last surviving son of William the Silent, had died after a lifetime spent in the saddle or in the camp. The old Prince, broken by the fatigue of his endless campaigns, had deserved well of his father's adopted country and had been the recognized political head of the entire Republic. Under his leadership the rebellion against Spain had been brought to a successful end and the Peace of Münster of the next year had witnessed the birth of the Independent Republic of the United Seven Netherlands. Thus far that noble appellation had only been a courtesy title. Now it became the name of one of the most powerful states of Europe.

The public at large had made the declaration of peace the occasion for a terrific celebration, but their joy had not been shared by the son of Frederik Hendrik, Prince William II, nor by the Board of Directors of the Dutch West India Company. The latter, now that amicable relations once more existed between Spain and Holland, found themselves deprived of their most important source of income

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—the privateering business. The former, who had hoped to follow the footsteps of his illustrious father, uncle and grandfather, was suddenly reduced to a mere civilian job and was deprived of all his agreeable prerogatives as commander-in-chief of the Republican armies. He was a proud and rather arrogant young man and hated to be a figure-head. Besides, he was entirely out of sympathy with the prosaic policies of the ship-owners and spice-dealers who were his nominal masters. Those miserable shopkeepers had only one purpose in life—to make as much money as possible. And in order to do this they intended to dismiss all their armies, stop building new navies and be pleasant to the whole world.

In their exaggerated desire for peace they closed their eyes and their ears to all sorts of scandalous occurrences that were happening almost within hailing distance of their own territory. When that upstart and traitor, Oliver Cromwell, turned against his royal master and dragged the anointed person of Charles I before a tribunal composed of Puritan riff-raff, the Estates General had been willing to assure His Majesty of their sincere sympathy, but when William II, who was married to His Majesty's daughter Mary, suggested that under the circumstances, a self-respecting nation should break off diplomatic relations and declare war, they had politely refused to do anything of the sort. Even

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after the legal execution of poor King Charles, the Estates General had continued to be on the most friendly terms with the Lord Protector and his band of regicides.

All this had come as a severe blow to the pride of the young Prince. When the Estates of Holland went even further and without further ado dismissed the troops which they had had in their employ during the recent war against Spain (thereby depriving His Highness, the commander-in-chief, of a great deal of prestige and revenue), the august patience had been completely exhausted and William had taken the rest of his army and had marched against the town of Amsterdam (the chief advocate of this policy of economic retrenchment) and had tried to make himself the dictator of the land. Unfortunately for the young prince and fortunately for the country, he had died almost immediately afterwards and as his son, the famous William III, was not born until a couple of weeks after his father's death, and could therefore not succeed to the Stadholdership until many years later, the real power in the Republic had been quietly usurped by one of the first families of Holland and the policy of "peace on earth, profitable trade with all men" had been made part of the Law of the Land.

But in a world dominated by an all-overpowering desire for gain, it has never been easy to maintain

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an attitude of noble aloofness when one happens to be oneself engaged in the agreeable business of plundering the heathen and under-selling one's neighbors. In every corner of the Seven Seas, the interests of Holland and of England were running at cross purposes. In India, in America, in Africa, in the Mediterranean, everywhere, Dutch skippers were fighting with English skippers for the native markets. In England the Lord Protector knew that his days would be numbered unless he actually protected his subjects against a too drastic competition on the part of their foreign rivals. Rulers by the Grace of God may come and may go, but their job continues. Protectors and other potentates by the grace of a revolution are not in such a favorable position. For the proper continuation of their somewhat irregular powers, they must show "results."

Cromwell's efforts to favor the commerce of England at the expense of all other countries, however praiseworthy from the point of view of the British merchant, caused appreciable losses to their maritime neighbors and the latter, as was to be expected, resented this interference with what they from their side were pleased to call their "legitimate rights." The Navigation Act of the year 1651 was a perfectly proper piece of legislation. It stipulated that foreign nations could import only the products of their own soil to England in their own ships, and

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that all products from English colonies must be carried to England in English vessels.

Such regulations existed in many other countries and goods from the Dutch East and West Indian possessions were invariably brought to Holland in Dutch bottoms. But as the Dutch, until the middle of the seventeenth century, had enjoyed almost a complete monopoly of the carrying trade and had acted as middlemen for everybody everywhere, they felt that the Navigation Act was in the main directed against themselves and in this surmise they were not very far wrong. However, it is doubtful whether the Navigation Act alone would have caused a war, but the Lord Protector went one step further and used the occasion of some friction between England and France as an excuse to inspect all neutral vessels for possible contraband of war.

It was the old, old question which has caused so much friction during the last three hundred years and that again created so much ill-feeling during the recent war. Did and does the English government have the right to consider all the navigable waters of the globe as a sort of sublimated British lake?

The answer of course was and is very simple. As long as Great Britain has the strongest navy, it can make any laws it pleases and can enforce them too.

In the year 1652 the first of the four great wars



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fought between England and Holland to decide who should dictate to whom on the high seas broke out. It lasted two years and was undecisive, for although the Dutch lost most of the big naval engagements, the fear that the people of Holland might tire of the dictatorship of the merchant class and might recognize the baby Prince of Orange as their ruler under the regency of the infant's mother (the daughter of sainted Charles I)—this consideration of a purely political nature made Cromwell a little more prudent than he might have been otherwise. In the year 1654 he struck a bargain with Jan de Witt, the Grand Pensionary or "Minister of all Affairs" of the Dutch Republic. Outwardly everything remained as it had been before, but the patrician families who ruled Holland promised the Lord Protector that the members of the house of Orange-Nassau should for all eternity be excluded from the office of Stadholder and that of commander-in-chief of the republican armies.

Meanwhile, what changes had the war brought about in the distant colonies?

When news of the first encounter between Tromp and Blake near Dover had reached Nieuw Amsterdam, the Director found himself placed in a very difficult position. The war would undoubtedly spread to the East and to the West Indies and in that case, what could he, with his handful of sol-

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diers and his two companies of "small burghers" hope to do against the thousands of English settlers who lived in Massachusetts and Virginia? He knew the numerical strength of the New England people from personal observations for he had made tours of inspection to both his frontiers and he had then begun to realize how helpless he was. Virginia was not very dangerous as a potential enemy. It was too far away. But New England was not only right around the corner, but it had already invaded the outskirts of Stuyvesant's domains and was coming nearer and nearer every day.

Now in the days before Napoleon's "big guns" it was the number of infantrymen that decided the fate of battles. There were ten men in New England for every one in the New Netherlands and if the European conflict had been carried across the ocean, the outcome of the struggle could have easily been foretold. In less than four months' time all the territory between the Connecticut River and the Delaware would have been in English hands.

But the war never came to America and that in itself was rather a mystery, for if Stuyvesant appreciated the strength of his English neighbors, the British from their side fully understood his military weakness and they could have made excellent use of this opportunity to add the whole of the New Netherlands to their other possessions.

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Then what kept them back?

I really don't know the answer. But first of all, let us realize that old Pieter himself was no unknown quantity in Massachusetts.

In the year 1650 there had been so many difficulties between the officials of the Dutch West India Company and intruders from Massachusetts that the question of establishing a definite frontier between the two colonies had once more been seriously approached and that both sides had agreed to appoint committees for the purpose of revising the map and deciding what was what.

Stuyvesant in his usual abrupt way had declared that he would be his own committee. And so, accompanied by a detachment of soldiers, he had proceeded in state to his castle of "De Goede Hoop," which by this time consisted of little more than a few earthen walls, a flag pole and two or three Dutchmen entirely surrounded by miles and miles of English-owned farms.

Nevertheless, the stubborn Lord General had dated his first official communication to the English engineers from "Hartford in the New Netherlands" and partly by mere cheek and partly by persuasion he had been able to strike quite a fair bargain with his New England neighbors. After that time, one-half of Long Island was conceded to be English property and the whole of Connecticut north

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of Stamford was also granted to the British. The western frontier was left a little hazy but it was understood that the English would never come to within ten miles of the Hudson River.

The Gentlemen XIX had been very angry with their Director and had repudiated his treaty. But as they had continued to leave their faithful employee without soldiers and without money, nothing had ever been done and the treaty was in full force when war broke out between the two countries and when Stuyvesant was curtly informed that he must pull through as best he could as the Company was unable to help him.

But nothing happened and as I said a few pages ago, that in itself was a mystery. Now it would be very pleasant if I could use this occasion to burst forth into a noble speech upon the virtues of Americanism and start to prove that the English and the Dutch settlers on the American continent decided that they were no longer interested in the everlasting entanglements of their uncles and cousins at home and that they would continue to plow their fields while their fellow-countrymen over in Europe were cutting each other's throats and spearing each other on bayonets. But I would be talking nonsense.

I think however that I come pretty near to the truth of the matter when I say that the consciousness of a common danger rather than the conscious-

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ness of a common purpose kept the colonists from fighting each other. That common danger in the year 1652 was the painted savage—the far from wooden Indian of the forests and mountains.

Years before when the white man first appeared upon the scene, the native had not been unfriendly towards the intruders. Of course, as all explorers were wont to say, there were Indians and Indians. Some of them were cruel and bloodthirsty and loved a fight almost as well as they loved the Christians' gin. Others were docile and of a peaceful nature. All of the different tribes lived on terms of the most cordial mutual dislike and in most cases their apparent willingness to receive the Europeans as their welcome guests was less the result of a sweet disposition than a secret hope that the foreign devils with their superior blunderbusses would join them in their next war, in which case, backed up by Spanish or English or Dutch cannon, they were absolutely certain of victory and could plunder their neighbors as the poor creatures had never been plundered before.

Quite often in his ignorance of native psychology the white man had fallen into the trap, had played Jehovah at some tribal encounter, had juggled his thunderbolts and his flashes of lightning, and at the expense of only half a keg of gun-powder had gained the reputation of being a great and invincible God



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who should be worshipped with a plentiful supply of beaver-skins and ingots.

Whether the American Indian, who never invented the wheel, but who based his mathematical calculations upon the double-decimal system, was a hopeless idiot or a brilliant sage, is a question which I shall not try to solve in this present volume. But the average Indian was intelligent enough to discover that the bandolier of the swaggering Monsieur Porthos was not embroidered on both sides, that the Great Medicine Man from across the water had feet of very brittle clay, in short, that the iron-clad European, with all his silken phrases and his dago-dazzling documents, was nothing better or nobler or finer than the majority of the red men, and that he came to America for one purpose and one only: to steal the red man's territory, to steal the red man's daughter, and to kill the red man himself if he should make so bold as to object. Generally speaking the average Indian was too shiftless and too lethargic to offer very serious resistance and too hopelessly individualistic to make an alliance with other Indians for the purpose of delivering the common country from the European invaders. But persecution hath ever been the mother of revolt and the Indian chieftains were no longer the docile sagamores of before but impudent young men who swaggered into the white settlements with flintlocks

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thrown across their shoulders and who, whenever they were under the influence of liquor but still able to talk, would tell the village loafers that all the land really belonged to them and that the rule of the white man was about to come to an end.

That poor Second Generation! No one ever has a good word to say for it. On the contrary, everybody knows that the Second Generation is always woefully lacking in those agreeable virtues that were so characteristic of the First Generation and has not yet had time to acquire a single one of those staunch qualities that will manifest themselves in the Third Generation.

The Second Generation is just always out of luck.

Take the Second Generation of our own land. It is an object of constant worry to all decent citizens. The First Generation of immigrants—what a fine group they were! How they worked! How well they knew their place! How grateful they were for small favors! How their faces would light up with happy smiles when they thought of the day they moved from their poverty stricken farms and ghettos in the Old World to the cheery neighborhood of Grand Street!

But the Second Generation—it was just one large, animated snarl!

It sneered at the gratitude of the parents.

It had no respect for anything.



THE INDIAN, FIRST GENERATION—ADMIRATION

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It seemed to hate those very ideals of liberty and equality and opportunity-for-all which had tempted their immediate ancestors to make the hideous trip across the ocean in the stench-filled darkness of the old-time immigrant ships.

When the Dutch and English settlers of the seventeenth century contemplated their copper-colored subjects, they felt very much the same way towards the Second Generation of the Indians. These arrogant youngsters who had been given the white man's discarded breeches and had been taught all about the white man's God, who upon more than one occasion had been cured of their ailments by the white man's doctor, never showed any understanding for all those manifold favors. On the contrary, they repaid the white man's kindness by a form of contemptuous hatred that was almost tangible in its violence.

The trouble, of course, was that the Second Generation was rapidly calling the white man's bluff. Those Indians who had been born after the arrival of the first European settlers felt none of that awe and respect which had made their fathers regard the foreign devils as a race of mighty Gods. To them a white man was merely another red man slightly discolored by long exposure to the bleak northern sun, rather clever at turning the harmless experiments of his physicists and alchemists into

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terrible instruments of destruction, but for the rest just as cruel and greedy as any Mohawk or Maqua.

But there was something else which made the Second Generation of the natives even more dangerous. The young Indians were beginning to realize that their fathers in their innocence had cheated them out of their birthright, out of their hunting-grounds, out of their fishing waters, out of everything that by every human right was theirs and that in their trusting imbecility they had done this in exchange for a couple of boxes of spangles which it now appeared could be bought in Europe at any ten-cent store. When, as sometimes happened, the Second Generation showed its resentment at this ancestral arrangement which reduced them from the rank of independent freemen to that of hired trappers or farm-hands, then the white man produced learned documents written in a language that had been dead these last two thousand years but which, by some magic process, were supposed to have made the white man the sovereign owner of something that in the very nature of things really belonged to the Indian.

It was all very complicated.

The Second Generation knew that it was no match for the white man in the business of arguing, that the white man was possessed of certain tricks of the mind which could turn white into green and



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purple into yellow and which could prove that you were standing on your head when you were really standing on your feet.

Nevertheless and notwithstanding, the Second Generation felt in the deepest depth of its soul that it had been cheated and that very soon it would be too late to do anything about it. It might be too late even now. The white man had his fortresses, his cannon, his swift ships, his horses, his steel swords.

But he was still vulnerable. It might take a good many arrows to kill a single white man, but it could be done.

The longer the natives waited to take back that which by every divine right was theirs, the more white men would have come from across the water and the harder it would be to kill them. As a result of which contemplation and cogitation, the first forty years of peace between the natives and the colonists were followed almost everywhere by forty years of war, during which the Second Generation tried hard to undo the work of the First and seriously endeavoured to push the white man back into the sea and recapture the land that was really theirs.

So general and so intense was this conviction among the Indians that they overcame their age-old mutual dislikes and formed federations for the purpose of defeating their common enemy.



THE INDIAN, SECOND GENERATION—RESISTANCE

## THE LORD GENERAL SHOWS HIS MEDALS

And it was also during this period that for the first time in history, the representatives of different European nations gathered together along the seaboard of the New World were forced by a common peril to cease acting and thinking as Europeans and to begin thinking and acting as Americans.

I do not mean to imply that they were supermen and suddenly dropped all their old national prejudices and hatreds. By no means!

There was no love lost between the New Englanders and the New Netherlanders and both of them detested their Canadian neighbors with a most cordial hatred. But over and above all their foolish local dislikes there arose the distinct consciousness that they had one certain elementary interest in common and that was the danger of being overpowered by the native element which was only waiting for an outbreak of war between the different Europeans to begin a campaign of their own, directed against all foreigners regardless of race, color or previous condition of servitude.

All this I know may appear far-fetched, but the ideas which seem far-fetched to-day are the domestic commonplaces of to-morrow and if it had not been for some general feeling of unrest before a danger that threatened all of them from the rear, I doubt whether the colonists would have been able to keep out of the war.

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As it was, both sides loudly accused their opponents of having made secret alliances with the savages and both sides noisily protested their innocence, but neither side took the field and not a shot was fired.

Stuyvesant built a few more low walls around Nieuw Amsterdam and Captain John Underhill collected a band of volunteers and went to Long Island and started a revolution against the misrule of the Dutch. For this he was arrested by a couple of sheriffs and things would have gone badly for him if Stuyvesant, remembering his own weak position, had not decided that this was a fine opportunity for a display of his generous Dutch character. Instead therefore of hanging Underhill, as it would have been his good right to do, he sent him back to New England with his compliments and regards.

Underhill, however, could not be squelched. He set himself up as the champion of liberty, and persuaded the general assembly of Rhode Island to make him commander of their forces and let him march against Nieuw Amsterdam. With an army of twenty-three men (all he could get!) he marched against the deserted fort of "De Goede Hoop," which being by this time unoccupied, offered very little resistance. After this exploit and a public sale of the fort, the Rhode Island volunteers re-

## THE LORD GENERAL SHOWS HIS MEDALS

turned to their respective homesteads and that was the end of actual hostilities.

And so in the end nothing happened, but it is an ill wind that blows nobody good and in the end it was the Director himself who profited most from the encounter. For just before the outbreak of the war, the Estates General had ordered him to appear before a board of inquiry and answer the charges of the van der Donck committee. The Gentlemen XIX, as I told you, had then given their Director a discreet hint that he might as well stay where he was. But a second and more urgent command had arrived and this His Excellency could not well afford to disregard. Then the war had come, the sea had no longer been safe, and the Lord General had been provided with an excellent excuse for not obeying the official summons. Now the war was over and the New Netherlands remained in the hands of the Dutch and Stuyvesant could pose as their saviour.

Whatever damage to his reputation he had suffered through the revelations of the van der Donck committee was wiped out by his heroism. And when the English settlers within his boundaries recommenced their agitation for a share in the colony's government and called together a sort of constitutional assembly to which, with a rare lack of tact, they invited delegates from the independent





THE INDIAN, THIRD GENERATION—RESIGNATION

## THE LORD GENERAL SHOWS HIS MEDALS

municipality of Nieuw Amsterdam, while refusing admittance to the representatives of the Director (because, so they argued, they were willing to recognize themselves subjects of the Dutch government but could not acknowledge any obligation towards the West India Company), and when Stuyvesant, after the usual preliminaries of stamping and stumping and blowing and wheezing, told them that they were a bunch of traitors and blackguards and refused to let the delegate whom they had sent to the Estates General return to the New Netherlands and in the end went so far as to imprison the leaders of the uprising, there was this time no outcry against him in Holland.

Instead, the managers of the West India Company complimented His Excellency upon his energy and added at the end of their letter that in the future he need not show quite so much consideration when dealing with similar outbreaks.

Which kind words of encouragement undoubtedly made Stubborn Pete a very happy man and made him forget all the nasty things the democrats and the other misguided advocates of popular government had said about him during the first eight years of his rule.

## CHAPTER XIX

### HIS EXCELLENCY GOES ON THE WARPATH

AMSTERDAM and Antwerp had always been rivals. Antwerp was much older than Amsterdam, which did not graduate into the dignity of a township until after the sudden growth of the Dutch fishing industries in the thirteenth century and was therefore, not unjustly, called the city built on herring-bones.

During the revolution against Spain, Antwerp had at first taken the lead. Years before Amsterdam had broken with the older faith, different Protestant sects had begun to hold meetings within the vicinity of Antwerp and had caused the magistrates of the city to remove all Catholics from their midst. Then, encouraged by their success, they had indulged in such wild excesses, they had fallen under the influence of such terrible lunatics, they had given hospitality to so many theological freaks, that the people of the city had suffered the inevitable reaction.

The more even-minded among the Antwerp merchants were beginning to feel that this emotional tension, if continued for very much longer, would lead to wholesale insanity. They had never liked to see poor fishmongers and vegetable vendors being

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dragged to the gallows by the executioners of the Holy Inquisition for no other crime than reading the Holy Scriptures, and they had protested so vigorously against further burnings and quarterings that the Spanish government had been obliged to change its policy. But now, so they felt, they were rapidly drifting towards another extreme. The fate of Amsterdam, where naked Anabaptists had suddenly stormed the town-hall and had tried to make themselves masters of the whole town and turn the city into another Münster, was ever before their eyes. Rather than suffer such a fate, they had encouraged the more fanatical among the brethren to try their luck elsewhere. But then, as so often happens during revolutions, the pendulum had swung back to the other side, the Catholics had returned to power and as champions of law and order had purged the town of all disturbing Calvinistic elements, and the people had been placed before the choice between exile or re-acceptance of the old faith. For those who took the new doctrines seriously, there had only been one way of escape. They had fled.

Most of them had not been able to save anything beyond the clothes on their backs and their excellent brains. But soon it was shown that as long as the latter possession remained intact, nothing really had been lost that could not be replaced in a couple of

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months or at most, years. For the moment the cards were undoubtedly stacked against the fugi-



"FROM OUR FORTRESS IN HARTFORD"

tives and in the new country, the green chips seemed to be called purple, the purple chips were pink, and the pink chips were yellow. But they were past-



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masters at the game, and regardless of chips and regardless of cards, they were soon back on top and winning all the biggest pots.

Amsterdam, conscious of Antwerp's superior commercial ability, had at first been quite pleasant to these poor martyrs who were only supposed to be on a visit to their more fortunate relatives of the North. Later (as I told you in a previous chapter) when they stayed and stayed and stayed and moved from a garret to the second floor rear and from the second floor rear to the first floor front and then bought the whole house and then bought the whole block to turn it over into offices and store-houses for their rapidly increasing business affairs, then the hosts became seriously alarmed and did their best to land their dearly beloved Flemish cousins in the bankruptcy court. The exiles from the river Scheldt accepted the challenge and put up a fine fight. They gave tit for tat and hit back with such force that their Dutch opponents were often on the point of being knocked out completely. They displayed an ingenuity and a courage and a foresight which thus far had been very rare in a community that was so essentially the product of small-town minds. In the end they lost out. They were too far away from their own base of operations. The struggle was too uneven. But they contributed a great deal to Holland's commercial glory and their

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many foreign expeditions, sent out to checkmate the success of the different Dutch trading companies (from which all "foreigners" were carefully excluded) were of lasting commercial and geographical value.

One of them, Willem Usselincx, in the beginning was one of the men behind the West India Company and the story of that organization would have been very different if the other stockholders had been willing to listen to him. But blinded by the tremendous and sudden profits of the East India Company, these penny-wise financiers could not understand how a community inhabited by independent settlers (the original idea of Usselincx in connection with the development of America) could ever be expected to produce as large dividends as a wilderness turned into a fur-bearing preserve or how a Limited Company ruled by all the stockholders could be as profitable as a commercial dictatorship exercised by a small board of directors, and Usselincx had been loudly denounced as a sentimental idealist who believed that painted savages had imperishable souls and he had been ousted.

Usselincx was in fact a very sincere Christian who did feel a certain concern about the souls of little brown men. He also was a first rate promoter who thought in terms of continents and not in terms of villages. He was one of the first men to be really

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internationally minded. When Holland would not back him up in his plans, he went to Sweden and there founded a Dutch-Swedish trading company for the purpose of accomplishing certain things on the American continent for which he was unable to find the necessary capital in Holland.

The spot he had chosen for his operations lay at the mouth of the Delaware River. This southern region had been thoroughly explored by the Dutch shortly after the foundation of Nieuw Amsterdam and for its protection a blockhouse called "Fort Nassau" had been built on a spot about four miles south of the present city of Philadelphia. But as no immigrants would come to this lonely region, there was therefore nothing much to protect and the stronghold had been discontinued two years later, in 1625.

Eventually the English, pushing northwards from Virginia, had found the abandoned fortress and had put a garrison of their own in it. Perhaps "garrison" is too flattering a name. There were only fifteen soldiers and when Director van Twiller heard of their arrival, he sent a boatload of Dutch sailors to "Nassau," took the Englishmen prisoners and returned them to Virginia, through the kind services of that same Captain de Vries who always seems to have been wherever he was most needed and who this time appeared in the rôle of an angel

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of peace and persuaded the few English and the Dutch farmers, who were beginning to move from north and south, to live with each other as good neighbors and be loyal subjects of the Company.

To the great surprise of these early Pennsylvanians, early in the month of March of the year 1638 two ships flying the Swedish flag sailed up the Delaware River and dropped anchor a little to the south of the old Fort Nassau. No one else than our old friend Pieter Minuit, the man who a few years ago had bought Manhattan from the Indians, was in command of this expedition. He explained his presence by saying that he had only come for a few days to get a fresh supply of water. But once he had landed his kegs, he remained and soon there was a great ado of hammering and sawing and before the astonished eyes of both the English and the Dutch, there arose the walls of Fort Christina, the capital of the colony of New Sweden.

When the Gentlemen XIX investigated the new enterprise (as they hastened to do) they discovered that one of their fellow-members on the Board of Directors and one of their former governors were the leading spirits of the Swedish Company, that Willem Usselincx was the brains behind the whole affair and that the Swedes hoped to extend their operations along the American coast from Florida to Newfoundland. And they also found that of the

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twenty-three colonists who had accompanied Minuit only one was a Swede. All the others were Dutch. The Gentlemen XIX expressed their total surprise at such an occurrence, but they might have known that sooner or later such a thing would happen. It was absolutely impossible, it was against every law of nature, to keep a land so eminently fit for European colonization in a state of complete desolation for the purpose of raising fur-bearing wild animals. Thus far, competition had come from the English. Now it came from the side of an equally dangerous enemy. For the Kingdom of Sweden, the champion of the Protestant cause in Europe, was on the crest of the wave, bulging with spoils from the Thirty Years' War and dreaming strange dreams of empire. The average Swede, who was conscious of having been the saviour of northern Europe (as undoubtedly he was), could not see any reason why he should be deprived of his share of that vast continent which thus far had been an absolute no-man's-land. Encouraged by this interest on the part of the people at home, half a dozen Swedish capitalists now bought out the few Dutchmen who had been among the original investors and as Pieter Minuit had conveniently disappeared during a storm off Cape May, they made serious plans to turn the whole of the Delaware territory into a New Sweden.

For this purpose they occupied Fort Casimir,



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which also belonged to the Dutch West India Company and which was situated a little further towards the west and then sent home for immigrants. But soon they began to encounter the same difficulties with which we are so familiar from the history of the Dutch settlement. A series of successful wars against their Baltic neighbors had given the Swedes more territory than they could ever hope to fill with people of their own race. Why should a farmer from Svealand move to the wilds of America across three thousand miles of ocean when he could have a comfortable new homestead just across the Bothnian Gulf?

Attractive prospectuses, the building of many churches, the appointment of clergymen of the Lutheran religion (all of them "terrible reprobates" according to good Dominie Megapolensis, who was horrified at the prospect of having these Lutherans as his next-door neighbors), the promise of free land, none of these inducements could turn the Swedish experiment into a success as long as there was not a large surplus population in Sweden willing and eager to try its luck in a distant foreign land.

Furthermore the great period of Gustavus Wasa had been followed by the tremendous slump of Queen Christina. To the genuine horror of all Protestant Europe, the daughter of the great Lutheran chieftain was showing a decided leaning

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towards Popish heresies and when she resigned the throne in the year 1654 (to devote the rest of her long life to pious contemplation and an occasional murder of one of her court officials) the prosperous financial condition of her country had been entirely ruined and during the rule of her successor (a cousin belonging to the German princely family of Pfalz-Zweibrücken) the Swedish foreign policy had been so unstable that the peace of northern Europe had been thoroughly threatened and most countries had turned against their former ally.

Especially the maritime nations of the North Sea had been greatly aroused by the young man's promise to turn the entire Baltic into a Swedish lake and Holland had finally been obliged to send her navy to the assistance of Denmark (which was on the point of being overcome) from fear that one more Swedish victory would put an end to her own profitable trade with the grain ports of Poland and Lithuania.

Stuyvesant had always regarded the presence of Swedes along the Delaware as an inexcusable infringement upon his own rights (just as the English regarded the presence of the Dutch on the shores of the Hudson River as a mere poaching expedition) and he used the state of war between Holland and Sweden as an excuse to rid himself of the intruders.

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But he had more than one reason to wish for a little display of force. Relations between the Dutch and the English along the eastern frontier were worse than usual. Perhaps the old Director hoped that rumors about a short and brilliant military campaign against one set of enemies (who were weak) would have a salutary effect upon others (who were not quite so defenceless) and would give him some more years of that respite for which he was fighting by every means at his disposal.

He made his plans against the Swedes very carefully and laid an embargo on all passing Dutch ships and pressed their crews into his service until he had fully six hundred men at his command. With these he sailed for the Delaware and in less than a week's time, *Dominie Megapolensis*, who had conducted the prayer-meeting before the departure of the expedition from *Nieuw Amsterdam*, was able to preach a sermon of praise within the enclosure of *Fort Casimir*. Three days later, on the fifteenth of September, 1655, the Swedish governor signed the articles of peace and surrendered his possessions to the Dutch.

*Stuyvesant* was on his good behaviour for he knew that the terms he would award to the Swedes would be a subject of deep concern to the colonists of the entire continent. The Swedish settlers who wished to remain were granted every form of per-

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sonal and religious liberty. They could continue to import their own Lutheran pastors from home and they could use their own language and it all sounded very lovely and very fine. There was only one difficulty. The Dutch West India Company had again suffered such severe losses in South America that the little expedition against the Swedes had almost broken her credit. When it was rumored that the town of Amsterdam was anxious to invest some money in a colonial enterprise of its own, the Gentlemen XIX persuaded their colleagues of the Town Hall to buy the whole of the Delaware territory and develop it as a unit. The Directors of the West India Company were often woefully lacking in their understanding of colonial problems. But they were good business men, for they sold New Sweden to the town-fathers of Amsterdam for about ten times more than it was worth. Then they waited to see what would happen.

Well, nothing very important happened. "Nieuwer-Amstel," as the enterprise was called, never prospered. It was the old story of a lack of immigrants of the right sort. After ten years of an almost forgotten existence, Nieuwer-Amstel was ceded to England together with the rest of the New Netherlands and that was the end of that costly experiment.

And in the meantime, things had been far from

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pleasant on the island of Manhattan. Old Pieter, returning to his residence as a conquering hero, was met by the unpleasant news that during his absence the Indians had gone on the warpath.

The uprising this time again was entirely the fault of the Dutch. A former official of the Company, a man embittered by a long quarrel with the Director (the ex-treasurer van Dijck, who had been kicked out of his office to make room for van Tienhoven), one day discovered an Indian woman stealing peaches from his garden. Without any warning he had taken his gun and had killed her. It seemed that the Indians had only waited for an excuse of this sort to declare war. "Wooden Leg" was away. This time they might be successful and rid themselves of their white burden. Suddenly all the Indians of the neighborhood were in the streets of Nieuw Amsterdam. The Second Generation apparently meant business. But the Indian was weak. Toward evening, a liberal supply of gin and promises had weakened their hearts until they allowed themselves to be persuaded to spend the night on Noten Eiland (Governor's Island) and there to await the settlement of their claims for compensation, early the next morning.

But all night long there had been fighting in the outlying districts. Van Dijck, the man who was responsible for the whole trouble, had been killed



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by a mysterious arrow. Other Dutchmen had been hacked to pieces. A number of outlying farms had been set on fire. During the next three days the uprising swept from one end of the New Netherlands to the other. A hundred colonists lay dead. A score of others were prisoners in the hands of the savages.

Then the movement collapsed as suddenly as it had started. The difficulties which the Indians had expected to arise from the war between the Dutch and the Swedes had not materialized. The Delaware territory had returned to the West India Company without the firing of a single shot and "Wooden Leg" was on his way back to Nieuw Amsterdam.

During the negotiations of peace, the Indians used their captives as pawns to get better conditions while Stuyvesant from his side engaged in one of his bi-weekly quarrels with his town councillors (who as usual were complaining about the high taxes), was willing to let by-gones be by-gones and not be too drastic in his demands for retribution.

A few years later another quarrel with the Indians occurred in the village of Esopus (the present Kingston on the Hudson). There it seemed the colonists had sold spirits to certain unruly braves and when they lay about in stupor had quietly

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despatched them to the Happy Hunting Grounds by blowing out their brains.

Fifty years before, such an occurrence would have passed unnoticed, but the new class of natives was touchy about being murdered and began a campaign of quiet retaliation. During several years there was trouble, farmhouses would unexpectedly catch fire in the middle of a winter's night, farmers would go to market and never return, small groups of Company soldiers would be "spurlos versenkt" in the wilderness. Finally in the year 1663, without any immediate cause (as far as any one knew) the Indians suddenly overran the village of Esopus, killed twenty-four of the inhabitants and took the other fifty-five prisoners. No one had time to defend himself. The raid had been over ere the survivors had quite realized what was happening.

As upon all previous occasions when he did not have to argue with the sea-lawyers of his rebellious town-council, Stuyvesant knew exactly what to do and took his measures with calm and efficient energy. Within a very few weeks, the chiefs of the Esopus Indians, tracked down by the soldiers of the Company, came to the fort of Nieuw Amsterdam to sue for peace. The treaty that followed showed that the power of the Indians in the eastern part of the colony at least had been broken for good

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and all. Hereafter no natives were allowed to show themselves within any of the villages of the white men with the exception of Nieuw Amsterdam and Fort Orange. If they wanted to sell their furs they must come to certain neutral spots which were duly indicated but the New Netherlands had become a white man's country and the original owners were warned off the premises.

The treaty was solemnly signed on the sixteenth of May of the year 1664 and on that day, officially speaking, the Indian ceased to be a part of the landscape.

The white man's alcohol and the white man's bacilli had done the rest.

The weaker ones among the natives rapidly degenerated into slovenly paupers, perennial camp-followers, waiting patiently for the crumbs which might fall from the conqueror's table.

The stronger ones pulled up stakes.

And silently they disappeared into the forests and so into oblivion.

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OLIVER CROMWELL died in September of the year 1658. In May of the next year his son Richard resigned as Lord Protector. Exactly a year later, Charles Stuart returned to the land of his fathers and as Charles II began that career of polished perjury which is forever associated with the history of the glorious Restoration.

Now if there were one nation on this planet which Charles despised, it was the Dutch. After the battle of Worcester, he had been forced to spend a few years of his life on the continent. He had not minded the days spent at the court of his good cousin Louis (although \$3,000 a month was a scant income), but Heaven help him when he recollected the yawning boredom of the little town of Breda where he had lived for a while after the death of the Lord Protector when the Stuarts were again permitted to show themselves in the Dutch Republic, and hoped to borrow a little pocket-money from their relatives in the Hague.

But there were other reasons of a strictly political nature why Charles should have felt such resentment against the Dutch. The merchants who were ruling that "counting-house defended by a fleet"

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had actually concluded a treaty of amity with the murderers of his father and by certain special articles they had undertaken to exclude the descendants of his sister Mary (widow of the late lamented Prince William II of the house of Orange-Nassau) forever from holding office in the Republic of the United Seven Netherlands. At the special request of their visitor the Estates General had finally repealed this offensive article and they had allowed His Majesty to borrow large sums of money for his triumphal progress towards the homeland. All the same, when Charles sailed from Scheveningen to regain his throne, he vowed that he would get even for the many humiliations he had suffered in his nephew's country and that just as soon as he had compensated himself for the years of his martyrdom by a little social pleasure he would pay his respects to the Dutch.

There was another part of the world towards which he did not feel pleasantly inclined. That "new" England, which was to have been a refuge for all good Britishers exasperated by the tyranny of his father in the "old" England, had dared to give hospitality to the judges of the sainted monarch and furthermore the Puritans persisted in their aversion to that form of worship which in the eyes of all good Englishmen was the only form of worship fit for gentlemen.





PANIC

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Charles meant to punish them for this double misdemeanour but as he was an easy-going person, even his most secret plans were known to his ministers just as soon as he had mentioned them to his mistresses.

The English and Dutch colonists in America were therefore informed as early as the middle of the year 1659 that the King meant to send three Episcopal bishops to Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut and also that the King, in an outburst of great generosity, had bestowed the central part of the northern American continent upon his beloved brother James, Duke of York, who had fled to Holland after the collapse of the royalist cause and who with his well-known Roman tendencies had not been happy in that stronghold of Dr. Calvin.

When however attempts were made to verify these rumors in London, they were violently denied. The Gentlemen XIX, who had undertaken to make this investigation, assured their Director in the New Netherlands that he need lose no sleep on that account. Stuyvesant, however, an honest Frisian and therefore by nature suspicious, refused to be reassured. He was passing through the most difficult part of his career. America was doing all sorts of queer things to his erstwhile obedient subjects. First they had wanted to be independent. He had allowed them (upon occasions the old gentleman

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could fool himself most beautifully) to get a share in the government of their city. And now many of them were beginning to say that they did not care whether they were ruled by the King of England or by the Board of Directors of the Dutch West India Company, that they never meant to go back to Holland anyway, that the New World was their home and that the Old World meant nothing in their lives and the West India Company which had neglected them for so many years meant less than nothing. And if this sounded like sedition, the Lord General had better make the best of it!

As for themselves, they were tired of the whole business. If the English wanted to come, all right, let them come. They could not possibly be worse than those High and Mighty Lordships in Holland who never showed themselves, who wrote endless letters and wasted endless time to decide the most absurd little points of law, who wanted to meddle with the tiniest bits of daily routine (the price of the ferry to Long Island, the hour of closing of the local saloons) and who then left them to their own fate the moment there was trouble at home or they got mixed up in still another war.

All this was very sad but in the year 1666 there was just exactly one person who continued to uphold the cause of the mother country and he did not even have two good legs to stand upon. Only when

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bands of irregular troops from the east were beginning to invade the Dutch part of Long Island in the spring of 1665 and were threatening to plunder Nieuw Amsterdam and kill all the Dutch, could the town councillors be aroused from their lethargy and be forced to take some action. They grudgingly agreed to meet the Director and discuss plans for the defence of the city. But there was the ever-present problem of financing the enterprise. The Burgomasters thought that it could be done if the Lord General would ask the Gentlemen XIX to give the city a monopoly of the ale-house business. In that way the city would be able to raise enough money to surround the entire lower part of the island with walls.

Lord help us! this is not a very edifying page in the history of our civic past.

But it was only a beginning and worse was to follow.

By this time the short-lived interest in America caused by the van der Donck report had died a natural death. All the best brains of the country and all the surplus funds were once more placed at the disposal of the almighty East India Company. There was hardly one man in ten thousand who cared what happened to the New Netherlands.

And the few belated and panic-stricken measures taken on the morning of the twenty-eighth of

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August of the year 1664, when four British men-of-war suddenly entered New York harbor and dropped anchor before Nyack were what one might call the reflex action of an organism that had ceased to lead an independent existence.

The only person who upon that occasion was really serious in his defiance of the English demand for an immediate surrender was old Stubborn Pete. Far and wide he sent his messengers and called upon all the able-bodied men of the entire colony to hasten to Nieuw Amsterdam and defend the "key to their own homesteads." A sheer waste of time and energy, for no one came.

Then he despatched messengers to the independent Lord of Rensselaerswijck asking him to go to Fort Orange and tell the garrison to come to Manhattan with all possible haste, but the Patroon answered him in a pleasant little note in which he expressed his polite doubts whether the English vessels which had been sighted off Nieuw Amsterdam really meant to do harm and did not move a finger to come to the assistance of his compatriots lower down the river.

Then he counted his own soldiers and inspected his military town guard and made an inventory of his cannon and his gun-powder and found that he could hope to last exactly three hours against the forces of Richard Nicoll's well-equipped squadron.



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In this emergency he resorted to his old and trusted tactics of putting up a bold front and scowling like a whole regiment of dragoons and he despatched a very high-handed letter to the English commander and wished to be informed what this unwonted display of force in the colony of a friendly nation might mean.

Nicoll answered briefly that he had come by order of His Majesty the King of England and of His Majesty's brother, the Duke of York, and that he was there to take possession of "what belonged by right to the British crown"—the colony known thus far (and erroneously) as the New Netherlands.

It was a polite note, so damnably polite that it was insulting and furthermore it left no loophole for doubt.

Nevertheless, the Lord General decided to try once more and early the next day a committee of citizens were sent down the bay to confer with the invaders and ask for verbal explanations.

On Saturday, the thirtieth of August of the year 1664, these delegates reported to a hastily gathered assembly of notables that to tell the truth, they had not got very far with the Englishman. He had been very agreeable but he had repeated his request for an unconditional and immediate surrender of the town in the same words as he had used in his answer to the Lord General. When they had asked

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him to explain by what right or under what treaty he had fallen upon a peaceful nation, Colonel Nicoll had briefly stated that he had come to America to obey orders but not to enter into a debate and that "if anybody wished to argue the case, he had better do so before His Majesty, the King of England, who happened to be living in London."

That was not exactly what one would call a satisfactory answer, but another day had been gained and as the English seemed to be making no preparations to put their troops on shore, Stuyvesant decided to use the next few days for a terrific display of energy. Hoping against hope, the old fellow thought that the sight of hundreds of men busily engaged on the bulwarks, hauling guns from one place to another, filling wheelbarrows with dirt, would discourage his enemies sufficiently to make them go back to Boston. Meanwhile he meant to keep the courage of his people high by telling them of a letter of explanation which Colonel Nicoll had promised to the delegation of burghers on the previous day, which had not yet arrived but which no doubt would put everything in a new light.

As a matter of fact, that letter was already in his pocket. It contained the promise that the rights of all the colonists would be most carefully respected, but that in case of a refusal to surrender the town and the fort, those who opposed His

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Majesty's just demands would be treated with the utmost severity and would experience all the miseries connected with warfare.

Stuyvesant knew his people. He knew them only too well. Their present luke-warm ardour (kept alive by his story about the "temporary nature" of the English visit) would evaporate the moment they knew that the English meant business and would open fire unless they were given the keys to the city. He therefore decided to keep the contents of the supplementary letter of Colonel Nicoll a secret and fight the thing out. But the Burgomasters of Nieuw Amsterdam knew of the arrival of the document and when the English ships approached the town, landed troops on Long Island and on Governor's Island and during the dark of night actually passed the fort, they hinted that the time had come for surrender.

On the second of September two committees were again sent to the English commander to ask him in the name of the civil authorities of Nieuw Amsterdam what would be the best policy for the citizens of the town to follow. On Wednesday, the third, they reported that their visit had been a very unsatisfactory one. Colonel Nicoll, as before, had absolutely refused to discuss the ethics of the case. He had been sent to the mouth of the Hudson by order of the King of England to take possession of

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the New Netherlands. He meant to obey his instructions and that was all.

When urged at least to tell the committee whether he intended to open fire on the town, he had hinted that the first attack would probably occur on Thursday next unless a white flag hoisted on the walls of the fort told him that his wishes had been complied with, in which case the people of Nieuw Amsterdam would find him to be a man of a mild and kindly disposition.

When this answer became known all over the town, it was useless for the Director to try any further defense. Already in the night of the first of September he had sent a message through Hell Gate (which as yet was unoccupied) to inform the Gentlemen XIX of what had happened. This document (which, by the way, never reached Holland) was a sort of last will and testament.

“Long Island is lost,” he wrote, “and Nieuw Amsterdam itself has been called upon to surrender. We have no soldiers, we have no gunpowder, we are short of food. Furthermore the citizens are completely disheartened. They cannot see that there is the slightest chance of relief in the case of a siege and if the island falls into the hands of the invaders, they fear for the lives of themselves and their wives and their children. It is clearly apparent that this town cannot possibly hope to hold out for more than

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a very few days." And he ends his letter by telling the Gentlemen XIX of the hatred for the Company, of which he had heard a great deal these last four days. But what else could they expect, as "every suggestion for improvement made either by himself



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or by others had been disregarded and left unanswered"?

As a postscript he might have added that that very day an inspection of the arsenal had shown that one half of the available gunpowder was no longer safe on account of advanced age and that fully one third of the cannon were of a model that had long since become obsolete.

On the fifth of September, a committee composed of a representative of the Lord General and dele-



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gates from the town of Nieuw Amsterdam held a final session with Colonel Nicoll on Long Island near the ferry to Brooklyn. They carried a power of attorney which allowed them to discuss the full details of the forthcoming surrender.

On Sunday the seventh, after the regular afternoon meeting, the twenty-three articles of surrender were read to the assembled magistrates and to as many soldiers and citizens as could crowd into the church.

On Monday, the eighth of September of the year 1664, Pieter Stuyvesant signed a proclamation in which he acknowledged the fact that he had accepted the act of surrender, which by this time was known to all the people.

It was the last time an official document was dated from the Fort of Amsterdam. As for the Director—he slowly hobbled out of the disreputable old fortress and marching at the head of his handful of soldiers, he led them to the *Gideon* which was to carry them back to Holland.

When he returned, the Dutch flag had been hauled down and the English flag had been run up.

Three weeks later the last of the Dutch strongholds in America was occupied by the troops of Nicoll and a sad experiment in colonization had come to its unavoidable end.

## CHAPTER XXI

### AN OLD MAN ON HIS BOUWERY

THERE was to be a little epilogue.

Holland and England had been at peace with each other for almost a dozen years. During all that time they had fought most bitterly for the markets of the world. As long as our planet continues to be ruled by economic considerations and as long as we have our present system of small national units, it will be necessary for England to ruin those rivals which threaten her absolute dominion on the high seas. Together with the navies of the Dutch Republic, England had reduced Spain to a naval power of the second rank. It was now the turn of Holland to be pushed out of the way, as shortly afterwards it was to be the turn of France, and as in our own time it was the turn of Germany.

The fact that Charles Stuart hated the Dutch had something to do with the outbreak of war. But not very much. The circumstance that notwithstanding the Navigation Act the Dutch continued to monopolize most of the carrying trade was the real cause.

The terrific naval encounters which characterized the second English war and which often lasted two and three and four whole days showed how thor-

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oughly the people on both sides were interested in the outcome of the struggle. Soon afterwards, indeed before the end of that century, the numerical difference between the two countries was going to make itself felt, for a million and a half Dutch were no match for fourteen million English. But during the second English war (the first Dutch war in English histories, which seem to overlook the conflict that raged during the Protectorate of Cromwell) the two navies were still equally matched. A few battles were won by the English and a few were won by the Dutch. It was the era of the great Dutch naval strategists. If political partisanship had not prevented de Ruyter and Tromp from co-operating with each other on a basis of mutual respect, the English would have fared very badly. But Tromp was an ardent Orange-man while de Ruyter believed that the Republic could be better served by the merchants who paid the bills. As a result the two men, while fighting brilliantly whenever they were alone, did not do quite so well when they were fighting in each other's company and in this way, Holland's last chance to destroy her natural enemy was allowed to slip by and what might have been a complete victory developed into a stalemate. The English had conquered the New Netherlands, but the Dutch had conquered the English possessions along the coast of Guinea in Africa

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and they had got hold of the greater part of Guiana in South America and so they were quits.

After two years both sides were so exhausted that



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they were willing to make peace. It was then that the merchant party in Holland played its trump card. In great secrecy a squadron belonging to the province of Holland and commanded by de Ruyter was sent to the mouth of the Thames. Those who

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are interested in further particulars can find them in the diary of Samuel Pepys, for the booming of the guns so near to the English capital made a profound impression upon that flute-playing dignitary and they undoubtedly hastened the successful conclusion of the peace of Breda by which each nation was allowed to keep what it had and which left Holland the victor by a small margin.

It sounds incredible yet it is true that the vast majority of the Dutch people thought the trade of the New Netherlands for Surinam was an excellent stroke of business—a fine triumph for the diplomats of the Republic. For, Surinam, or Dutch Guiana, was situated in the tropics. It raised sugar-cane. The sugar-cane could be worked by slaves. Slaves could be had for next to nothing in Africa and could be sold at an average profit of \$75.00 a head in America. In short, Surinam promised to be a second Java, a rich land where the white man need not work and where a decent and respectable trading company could hope to make a living without being bothered by the complaints of so-called “colonists”—groups of poor white people who were apt to drift into those territories which could not be worked by slave labor and who were forever fussing about their “rights” and their “privileges” and who had proved to be the ruin of more than one commercial venture.



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As a matter of fact, the colony of Dutch Guiana during the first century and a half of its existence proved infinitely more profitable than the New Netherlands had ever been. The rivers that ran from the hinterland to the sea were lined on both sides with hundreds of plantations. But during the first half of the nineteenth century, the world experienced a great spiritual upheaval. Man decided that it was wrong to use other human beings as beasts of burden.

In the year 1863 slavery was abolished in the Dutch colonies in South America. The slaves immediately departed for the interior of the country and although they retained the white man's "Jesi Kist" they at once reverted to that more comfortable state of savagery which had been their birth-right in the old continent of Africa. The plantations went to hopeless ruin. To-day the colony of Guiana is a bankrupt piece of marshland which would probably be sold for a song if there were any nation willing to do the singing, and meanwhile, Nieuw Amsterdam has become New York.

No, that famous swap of the year 1667 was not quite such a good stroke of business as the Dutch people believed when burning barrels of tar brought news of the glorious peace of Breda.

But what a dull affair life would be if no one ever

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guessed wrong or if all people always acted wisely!

And what would become of the poor historians?

. . . . .

There was one man who lived through all these events and had a perfectly peaceful time. That was the late Lord General, the ex-grand-duke of Muscovy, the famous "Wooden Leg" of the Indians—the Hon. Pieter Stuyvesant, last of the Dutch rulers over the New Netherlands.

Immediately after the surrender of the colony, the West India Company had ordered him to return to Holland and explain his conduct. It was the period after the catastrophe when everybody is always looking for a convenient scape-goat. The people of Nieuw Amsterdam were blaming the Company for all their troubles, for these "swindlers" (as they were now pleased to call Their Lordships) had allowed them to come to America and settle down on a piece of land to which (as they were now learning for the first time from the letters of Colonel Nicoll) the Dutch had never had any right at all.

The Gentlemen XIX returned the compliment by calling the citizens of Nieuw Amsterdam a lot of measly cowards, but as they needed a more tangible subject for their wrath they sent for their trusted old servant who during the last eighteen years had

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been predicting just such an outcome and who had foretold what would eventually happen in a whole series of official documents.

Well, they wanted him in Amsterdam, and he meant to go and face the music.

But before he left, on the second of May of the year 1665 the pleasure of his company was requested at the Town Hall. The Burgomasters and Sheriffs of the late town of Nieuw Amsterdam, now "New Yorcke," wished to say farewell to their former master and bid him Godspeed. It was a cordial meeting. Surprisingly cordial when we remember that the old man had not left a stone unturned to prevent the foundation of this independent municipality. But the past was forgotten and His Excellency hoped that all of his late enemies would prosper as brilliantly as his former friends and the magistrates answered that they saw the Lord General's departure with the most sincere regrets and that as a token of esteem they begged him to accept an official letter of explanation in which they, the Burgomasters and Councilmen and Sheriffs of the City of New Yorcke, had given a circumstantial account of the surrender of the city of Nieuw Amsterdam and had explained for the benefit of all those who cared to read how the former Director was without blame and how he could not possibly have acted otherwise than he did.

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The Hon. Pieter pocketed the document and took sail. In October of 1665 he reached the Hague after an unpleasant and dangerous voyage. The Board of Directors, having diligently listened to the tales of woe brought back by the garrison of the fortress of Nieuw Amsterdam, received him with scant courtesy. But Their High and Mightinesses, the Estates General, thought differently, the people of the former colony came to the support of their peppery ex-ruler, who had been just as hard on himself as he had been on the meanest of his subjects, and gradually the excitement died down and the old fellow (he was now over seventy and had lived a hard life) was no longer bothered.

He could have remained in Holland, but the New World had got hold of him.

After the peace of Breda, Stuyvesant entered into private negotiations with the English government to obtain for his former subjects the right of free trade between America and Holland and when that had been accomplished, he took ship and returned to Nieuw Amsterdam. He came back to America in the fall of the year 1667 and went to live on his farm, his famous bouwery on the east side of Manhattan Island.

There he spent the rest of his years, but we really know very little about him during this final period.

He puttered around in his garden and took a

## AN OLD MAN ON HIS BOUWERY

polite but distant interest in the affairs of the community. He had been a man of such imperious character that the other members of his family had never had a chance to assert themselves. His wife had always remained the vaguest of vague shadows. His sister had at one time got up sufficient courage to interfere on behalf of a poor Quaker but had never asserted herself in any other way. There were two sons who stayed in the background. There was a garden and an old man who read his Bible and felt that the world was rapidly going to the Devil.

In the month of February of the year 1672 this grand historical curiosity, this last survival of the days when heroes were pirates and pirates were heroes, was carried to its final resting place.

Two years later the Company which he had served so well and which had rewarded him with such scant appreciation, followed him to the grave. The old West India Company was disbanded and was replaced by a new organization, more in keeping with the changing demands of the time.

What then became of the archives of the old colony we do not know. A small part of them were saved. But most of the documents were lost. Who cared to bother about the papers of an old firm that had gone bankrupt and was no longer listed on the Exchange? As a result the early part of the history





THE END

## AN OLD MAN ON HIS BOUWERY

of the most populous city of the modern world is still shrouded in a dark haze of uncertainty. We really are better informed about several Egyptian kings who have been dead and buried for more than thirty centuries than we are about the obstinate Frisian who tried to start a one-man Dutch Empire on the American continent and whose pear-trees were bearing fruit until a few years ago.

## CHAPTER XXII

### A FINAL VISIT OF THE MOTHER COUNTRY

FROM 1667 until 1672 there was peace between England and Holland.

Then Charles Stuart used the opportunity of a war between the Dutch Republic and France to settle his ancient score and (for a consideration of course) joined the French.

Attacked from four sides at once (for the golden dollars of King Louis had produced other allies) the Dutch people first butchered the man whom they held responsible for the downfall of their country (and who was really the greatest statesman the Republic ever produced, Jan de Witt), and then, with their back against the North Sea, set out to fight a desperate battle which ended with a complete victory for their side.

It was during this period that the colony of the New Netherlands returned to its original owners. A year and a half after the death of Pieter Stuyvesant, two Dutch admirals, Cornelis Everts and Jacob Binckes, chasing certain English merchantmen down the Chesapeake Bay, bethought themselves of the possibilities of reconquering Nieuw

## A FINAL VISIT OF THE MOTHER COUNTRY

Amsterdam. Accordingly they set sail for the Hudson and dropped anchor in the Lower Bay.

Then the comedy of the year 1664 was repeated, but in reverse order. This time it was the English governor who haughtily desired to be informed by what right these twenty-three vessels had approached his territory in so hostile a manner. This time it was the Dutch admiral who refused to enter into a debate and who simply stated that the Dutch had come to get hold of "what really belonged to them" and that they meant to get it by peaceful means if possible, but by warlike measures if necessary.

And this time it was the Dutch who landed troops. Only they did not go to Long Island but they concentrated their forces near the old farm of Anneken Jans and Dominie Bogardus, the present churchyard of Trinity Church, and from there they marched down Broadway and without firing a single shot, obtained the surrender of New Yorcke on essentially the same terms as the English a few years before had obtained the surrender of Nieuw Amsterdam.

The whole of the colony thereafter returned under Dutch rule. It continued to bear the name of the New Netherlands, but Nieuw Amsterdam was re-baptised New Orange and the fort of Amsterdam was called Fort Willem Hendrik after the young



THE RETURN VISIT



## A FINAL VISIT OF THE MOTHER COUNTRY

Prince of Orange who a few years later, as William III, would mount the throne of England.

Just as peacefully as the people of Nieuw Amsterdam had accepted the rule of the English, just as peacefully the citizens of New Yorcke now accepted the rule of the Dutch.

The same people who on the twenty-second of November of the year 1664 had written to the Duke of York that they would behave as good subjects and had thanked his Royal Highness for having given them such a wise and intelligent governor as Colonel Nicoll and who had expressed their firm belief that under the guidance of His Royal Highness they would grow like the cedar trees of the Lebanon Mountains, now took the oath of allegiance to the Estates General of Holland and promised that they would be the obedient servants of Anthony Colve, who replaced Francis Lovelace as Governor of the Colony and commander-in-chief of the forces on Manhattan Island.

Then they elected a small number of influential citizens, from whom the new Governor was to appoint the Burgomasters and the other city officials and peacefully went back to their daily tasks.

Of course Holland was still at war with England and the town was under a state of siege to guard against a surprise attack from the side of His

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Majesty's vessels which were known to be in the nearby harbors of New England. But except for a few soldiers mounting guard near the Battery and a slightly earlier closing hour for the dramshops, everything remained as before.

A year later the United Seven Netherlands and His Majesty the King of England concluded a treaty, the famous Treaty of Westminster, and during the unscrambling of the different bits of conquered territory, the New Netherlands were returned to Great Britain.

Once more a Dutch garrison marched out and an English garrison marched in and a Dutch flag went down and an English flag went up, and it remained up until one hundred and nine years later when the last of the British soldiers left Manhattan Island and the first of the troops of General Washington crossed over from Long Island and took possession of the old Dutch and British settlements in the name of the thirteen rebellious colonies which had grown out of those old European settlements and which were now to become the center of the great new world of the West.

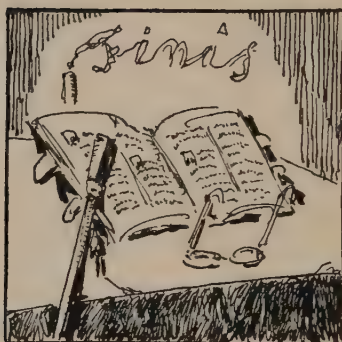
. . . . .  
Thirteen years after the second Dutch occupation the widow of Pieter Stuyvesant committed the only independent act of her long and faithful life. She

## A FINAL VISIT OF THE MOTHER COUNTRY

died. Her will stipulated that part of the family fortune be used to build a church.

The church still stands.

It is erected over the vault that holds the bones of the last Dutch Governor of the New Netherlands.











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THE BAPTISM OF THE FORT CALLED  
"AMSTERDAM," APRIL 25, 1625

*(Translation of the text in the original Dutch)*

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almost finished Mr. Verhulst, the Commissary, and  
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Van Loon, Hendrik.

Life and Times of Pieter Stuyvesant.

Central Bible College Library  
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